PRICE 10 CENTS BY THE YEAR $1.00

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

EIGHT SHORT STORIES

FIRE-FIGHTERS OF THE SIERRA SNOW-SHEDS

A NEW SERIAL BEGINS

JANUARY

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, NEW YORK

THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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A RUNNING MATE

HE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE and WOMAN are not exactly twins. The former began its career on September 10: the latter October 15. They came forth pretty nearly hand in hand and should win public approval together.

You readers of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE know its purpose, know the vastness of its field, know the variety of its contents. You know better than any other class of men that when it arrives in your town it wakes things up.

WOMAN is a gentler, quieter, more soothing magazine, devised for your wives and daughters. She is restful and placid. WOMAN treats of the home, the fireside, the hearthstone. It is to be read by the light of the evening lamp. It is filled with feminine harmonies, in the shape of special articles, departments, serial and short fiction. Yet, with all her fineness, she is the veritable sister of strength. Those of you who take THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE can well afford to take WOMAN and be equally interested in her.

All the other magazines for women are cast on the same model—a little bit of fiction, a few articles, more or less chit-chat, some wise advice, a fashion department, and a smattering of general miscellany. WOMAN doesn't look any more like this coventional model than a yellow dog looks like a race-horse. It is built on new lines for a strictly woman's publication. To know what it is like you will have to get a copy of it.

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I do considerable advertising at times to interest the right sort of people in the almost boundless possibilities awaiting trained ad writers, because the demand for their services is growing at a tremendous rate. Among the host of applications for Powell graduates is the following, which shows that this great call comes not merely from the large cities, but from every section from coast to coast.

Mr. Spencer E. Carr, Spokane, Wash., writes Nov. 9, 1906:

"The writer is interested in forty-five retail stores in Montana, Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and while we do not employ an ad man in every store, at the same time we are always in the market for *half a dozen* good men, and if you have any graduates who are looking for a position kindly have them correspond with me."

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George H. Powell, 280 Metropolitan Annex, N.Y.

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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. I. JANUARY, 1907. No. 4.

Fighting Fire in the Sierra Snow-Sheds.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

Daring Work of the Men Who Spend Their Days and Nights Guarding the Forty Miles of Wooden Sheds That Cover the Southern Pacific Railroad Over the Mountains on the Border-Line of Nevada and California.

HIGH on the crests of the Sierra Nevadas, all through the hot, dry summer, sit lonely watchers with their eyes glued to the long line of wooden sheds that winds snakelike up the mountain-side. They are the fire-sentinels of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the wooden sheds which are their constant care are the snow-sheds. There are forty miles of them, and from the lookout station on the summit of Red Mountain, two thousand feet above the sheds, the entire line is visible.

On the vigilance of these watchers, and on the courage and fortitude of the men who handle the four fire-trains, depend the lives of the thousands of passengers who travel yearly over the line. To the men on duty comfort, rest, safety—life itself—are as nothing beside the great duty which is theirs. How well they have done that duty the facts show.

Over five million travelers have been carried through the snow-sheds since the first one was erected in the seventies by what was then the Central Pacific. The record of those thirty years of operation shows no serious accident to passengers. In the few collisions, engine-crews have suffered somewhat, and that is all.

The ride through the sheds, so far as passengers are concerned, is a delightful experience. Travelers know none of the discomforts of darkness or smoke or heat suffered by enginemen and firemen. The cars are lighted, only a trifle of smoke gets in, and the heat never becomes unpleasant.

But for engine-crews and shedmen the sheds mean something out of the ordinary in railroading. Therefore, it was decided that a story that would be new and of most general interest should be written from the viewpoint of the railroad man, and of the patrolman and lookout.

Mr. Willets's object in living five days in the sheds was to get inside

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the skin of shedmen, enginemen, and firemen. In his story, then, he has tried to write of shed life from the standpoint of those who pass their working lives within the "great boarded ways" for the safety of the public, not from the pleasanter standpoint of the passenger whose ride through the sheds is as safe and as comfortable as a ride through any other tunnels or closed bridges in the country.

First Instalment of the Articles by Gilson Willets to Appear in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE as a Result of His Tour Around the West.

Summit, California, November 5.

A STRANGER walked into the telegraph-room in the Southern Pacific depot at Truckee, California, an important division point just beyond Nevada, at the eastern end of the snow-sheds. Present were Trainmaster Woodward, Passenger Agent White, and Roadmaster Sam Cupples.

To them the stranger showed credentials from J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Harriman lines. Then the stranger said:

"How about a ride through the snow-sheds on an engine?"

The railroad men said something about "strong heart."

"Like a Krupp car-wheel," declared the stranger.

"And lungs?"

"Of boiler-plate."

"Nerves?"

"Have none."

"What's up?"

"A story. Going up to live a few days with the patrol."

"Live in the sheds for a story? Ye gods!"

"All right. I'll wire Superintendent Jones at Sacramento," added Trainmaster Woodward. "Guess we can fix it. Unusual, though—especially here to Summit, through the tunnels."

An hour later the stranger returned to Woodward's office.

"Mr. Jones has wired permission," said the trainmaster. "You can go up to Summit on Two-Nineteen. I've told Arthur Chase, the engineman."

The stranger walked up the yard to the oil-burner that was to haul westbound freight Two-Nineteen. Engineman Chase was oiling up, screwing down, glancing over.

"Shake with my fireman," said Chase. "He's Macanninny, but we call him Mac. Mac's had a cinch since we got these oil-burners, two years ago. To fire up, just turn a handle. But, say, you look like you have an all-right constitution and——"

"Look here, Mr. Chase," interrupted the stranger, "all Truckee talks as if I were going on a surgeon's table for an operation under anesthetics. What's the game?"

"Tunnels!"

"Tunnels? Why, I'm used to the Grand Central, in New York."

Chase smiled grimly. "That's an open tunnel under a mere street. We're going under mountains with hardly any air-shafts. And there's altitude besides. Passengers in cars notice no difference, however. It's all up to the engine-crew. When I was running a coal-burner I had a Jap for coal-passer. He jumped from my moving engine into a pitch-dark tunnel. Japs are usually gritty, too. But that Jap was the most frightened man I've ever seen in a cab. Climb aboard!"

That was Saturday, October 27, 1906. The stranger's name is at the head of this story.

Climbing the Mountain.

Up through the Sierra Nevadas to the greatest altitude reached by the Southern Pacific! Up through the smoke-blackened, oil-reeking snow-sheds and dun-

geon-dark tunnels, over the steepest grade on this Harriman line! Up from Truckee to Summit, the highest point in the sheds! Up a thousand feet in fourteen miles—to an altitude of seven thousand feet! Upward on the most exciting, most terrifying, of runs (on an engine) between the Atlantic and the Pacific!

Our train? Twenty cars, two cabooses, two engines—about a thousand feet long. Our haul? Nearly two million pounds. A 122-ton mogul in front—2,700 class—smashing, pounding, snorting, rocking, pulling upward. A 122-ton mogul behind — same class — banging, ripping, thundering, pushing upward.

In the cab of oil-burner 2,722, I sit on the right side, squeezed in on the little seat behind Engineman Chase. By Chase's invitation I am in that seat of the mighty—a rare honor, I know. I show my appreciation by not speaking when in motion unless spoken to.

The engine rocks like a ship in breakers. Glad I'm an old sailor. The engine vibrates—vibration like a prolonged earthquake. No wonder engine-crews suffer from lumbago and spinal troubles!

Hanging on the mountain-side, above us, parallel with our train, are the first of the snow-sheds. To get into those sheds we are swinging round a horseshoe. Suddenly, Chase moves the throttle and the train stops. We stand by a red signal. Something's ahead, in the blackness, in the windings, twistings, curvings, horseshoeings of the most crooked way in America. For the sheds and tunnels form a succession of stubby S's.

"Got snow-bound on this horseshoe last January for thirty-five hours," Chase volunteers.

"Have grub?"

"Oh, yes! It was a twenty-three-car freight. We had to dig out one car at a time, haul it back with the rear engine, then shovel the snow from under another car, and so on, all afternoon and all night."

"Plenty of grub?"

"Oh, yes! Peary never found it freezinger. Breath froze on your lips."

"And grub came in the nick of time?"

"Now you've got it. After twenty hours the snow-plow from Summit got to us with chuck."

After twenty hours! To Chase, all the shoveling and freezing amid famine were merely in a day's work!

Banging into the Sheds.

Now we slam-bang into the sheds and into a deafening noise. A boiler-factory, in comparison, is as quiet as an empty church. Chase turns and bawls in my ear. I nod a yes. Maybe I should shake a no. I can't hear a word he says, though he shouts into my ear as into a telephone. The whistle blows. A few more blasts like that and my ear-drum will split. Surely the racket will tear the very sheds asunder.

We pass a patrolman, hugging the wall of the sheds to let us get by. About every three miles, all the way through the sheds, we pass a patrolman, shadowy policeman looking "to the safety of the public."

In a cab in the sheds there are no more hardships than in a Pullman. The sheds are so constructed that you can see the whole wild panorama of the Sierras. First a board, then an inch-wide space through which you can see out; then another board, another space—such are the walls of the sheds. There's light and air. What more do you want?

Moreover, every three-quarters of a mile there's a place one hundred feet wide where there's no shed at all. Telescopic sheds! A hundred feet of shed on car-wheels on a track have been pushed inside the main shed. The "telescopes" serve a double purpose. The open places thus made give the passengers a fine chance to view the magnificence of the scenery, and the open places serve to check shed fires. Before they invented the telescopes, miles of sheds burned at a time. Three-quarters of a mile is now the average extent of a blaze—between telescope points.

We come to another red signal, another stop. I take advantage of the quiet to ask Chase about accidents in the sheds.

"Runaways are what we most fear," he says. "Coming down this grade, we are apt to lose control of the train. My

air has gone back on me a dozen times, but only for a few minutes each time.

"In the sheds beyond here, once, I saw a runaway and a blow-up. Engineman was blown three hundred feet—slammed against the roof of the sheds, then flung against the walls, then thumped on the tracks. Yet not a bone in his body was broken. But he was stripped of all his clothes, even his shoes and stockings. I saw him get up and walk back to the caboose. All he asked was, 'What happened?'

"On the steps of the caboose his life went out—as you blow out a candle. Passengers seldom get hurt in these sheds. It's only the engine-crew that carry their lives in their hands."

Through an Inferno.

We are nearing the end of the first series of sheds. Chase and his fireman—Mac—hold a conversation deaf-mute fashion. Mac twirls his fingers in a circle. In answer, Chase turns a little wheel. Then they both begin pulling handles here, turning valves there, pushing rods elsewhere. Mac lights a torch and applies its flame to pipes up top.

The brakeman—Jim—who rides on the engine, in the sheds, simply because he'd get beheaded if he attempted to ride on top of his cars, puts down the lid of the sand-box and sits side-face to the fire-box. Chase settles well in his seat, close up to his guest. Also, he clears his throat.

Evidently all three are preparing for something. What? Next second I know. We plunge into Tunnel Thirteen—length eight hundred and sixty feet—one of the longest in the shed area.

We are now in dungeon darkness. It dawns upon me that Chase plunged into this Hades of a place on pure faith. There is no light, no visible signal, nothing to tell a man that all's well. It's like a run through the corridor of a coal mine without a lamp. I look for Mac on the left. Can't see him. Yes, can just discern his outline. He seems a shade of the underworld.

We have been in the tunnel one second. I cough. So does Chase. So does Mac. So does Jim. Then we cough some more. Are we to be strangled? It's the smoke. Have you ever been shut in a room with one smoking lamp? Shut in a cab of an oil-burner, in the smoke, in a tunnel in the Sierras, is like being shut in a closet with ten thousand smoking lamps. Eyes smart; nostrils, mouth, lungs, all fill with smoke, till you think mortal strength can bear no more.

Two seconds pass. I feel perspiration trickling from every pore in my body. I know the sweat of brow, though I toil not. It's the fire-box, from which heat gusts forth and smites us in the face as hot waves from a blast-furnace. Half a second at a time the heat-waves take your breath away, as when you step under an ice-cold shower-bath.

Compared to this inferno the steam-room of a Turkish bath is cold storage, and a job in the stoke-hold of a steamer a sinecure. We breathe flame. We swallow fire. We are as leaves in a stove. We feel ourselves shrivel.

Every second in this smoke and heat and darkness seems an hour. How long can a man endure it? I say to myself: "What this engineman can endure for five-seventeen the run, I can stand for a story."

Three seconds have passed. If only we could see a point of light ahead, indicating the tunnel exit. But no; the tunnel, like the sheds, curves and winds in a series of S's. If only we had a headlight! But no; the way is so crooked, a headlight could not project its rays far enough ahead to be of any use.

And just as one feels that he can stand this thing not another second, we shoot out into the sheds. We throw the windows open, lean far out, and inhale the blessed cold air. Thus we prepare for the next tunnel. For there are six more tunnels to go through, including Number Six, over sixteen hundred feet, longest and worst of all, before we reach the top of the mountain.

Meantime, I understand a little about the necessity for steel heart, lungs, and nerves. It's heat of fire-box, plus smoke of oil-burner, plus altitude.

At Summit, the top, Chase and I put our blackened hands on each other's blackened shoulders. Looking then into each other's eyes, we understand that the ride, somehow, has made us kin.

Thereafter, on mention of that ride on Chase's engine, to any shedman, I was admitted to a kind of brotherhood.

Tales of the Tunnels.

I have thrown some light upon the perils of riding on an engine through the sheds, or, rather, through the tunnels. More light is furnished by the stories the railroad men told me.

Fireman Lemen—of the fire-train at Summit—tall, thin, called "Slats," guided me up to Eagle's Nest, highest point at Summit, and there told me of a coal-passer he once had on his engine. When his engine emerged from Tunnel Six the coal-passer was missing. "Slats" climbed up on the coal in the tender, and there found the coal-passer lying like a stone. The fellow had fainted.

"Slats" carried him down into the cab and played the squirt on his head. He could do no more then, for he had to keep on firing. Ten tons of coal had to be shoveled in the fourteen miles between Truckee and Summit.

After that trip "Slats" was in the hospital for two weeks, "coughing up black blood." For he got a particularly bad dose of smoke on that trip as a result of the fact that the smoke-separator over the smoke-stack had broken off. In the tunnels, during that awful run, the engineman lay flat on his stomach on the bottom of the cab in the gangway, to get what air he could, breathing, besides, through a wet sponge.

From another source I heard of the ride of Bert Worthington, a former executive of the S. P., now general manager of an Eastern road. Worthington undertook to ride in a cab from Truckee to Summit. He got as far as Tunnel Six, in which the train was held up. When the train stopped he was gasping for breath, coughing, choking—and cursing.

"I give it up, boys—I'm cooked, well done," he said faintly. Whereupon he climbed down and walked back to a Pullman.

It should be added that the fireman gave Worthington heat and smoke good and hard, all the way up, administering a worse dose than was really necessary in order to impress the official with the conditions the engine-crews have to endure in the tunnels.

Once more, a shed foreman, at Cisco, told me of a fireman on a freight who got as far as Tunnel Six and there abandoned his post and went back to the caboose. His act was, of course, equivalent to resigning on the spot.

Superintendent Laws, of the Sacramento division, predecessor of Mr. Jones who gave the writer permission to ride through the sheds on Chase's engine, himself perished in the sheds.

One night in October, 1904, the fire-trains at Cisco and Blue Cañon got the word over the wire: "Fire and wreck at Yuba Pass."

Cisco tore through the sheds down the mountain while Blue Cañon tore upward. Valiantly they fought the flames, yet two thousand feet of sheds burned before the battle was over. Then a shed foreman boarded the Cisco fire-engine and said to the engineer:

"There'll be crape on the door-knob of the super's office at Sacramento tomorrow. Laws!"

"The boss? Killed in the wreck?"

Lacked the Steel Heart.

"No! Not a soul hurt. Laws was riding in his private car, attached to the Limited. Wreck set the sheds afire. After the smash Laws sat perfectly still in his car. Looked mighty white. I jumped aboard his car and told him no one was hurt. He laughed. I'll never forget that laugh. Then he pitched forward to the floor, stone dead. Shock of the accident killed him."

"How'd the smash occur?"

"Operator at Yuba Pass saw the down freight pull into the siding, thought the main track clear, gave the Limited the white signal. But the track was not clear. The freight had broken in two. The front part, only, had pulled into the siding. A few cars and the caboose were left on the track. Down came the Limited bang into the caboose. But, as I said, no one hurt."

"What, then, killed the boss?"

"My boy, Laws lacked the lion heart needed by a railroader in these sheds."

There are forty miles of snow-sheds on the S. P. up through the Sierras. And

there's less than one mile of tunnels, though there are fifteen of them. In the sheds there are seventy five million feet, or thereabouts, of lumber. Every year five million feet of lumber is used in repairs and renewals. The cost of the sheds, merely for lumber, is thirty thousand dollars a mile. Altogether, for sheds and maintenance, to date, the cost has been, some say, twenty million dollars; others, forty million dollars.

The sheds have two terrible enemies—in summer, fire; in winter, avalanche.

Protection against avalanche is in sloping roofs on the sheds, to carry the slide over, and rock walls behind the sheds to break the shock. There can be no further protection, except to flag trains after the slide has done its worst in carrying away the sheds like so much pasteboard.

Protection against fire, however, is organized in three divisions. First, there is a patrol of twenty-four watchmen—twelve by night, twelve by day. Each patrolman may be called also a track-walker, for he watches for broken rails and other dangers, as well as for fire

The beats of these patrolmen average three miles each, and about every half-hour each turns in a report, by telegraphic signal, from a fire-box, showing that he is on duty.

"The Old Man of the Patrol" is Pat O'Brien, who has the "down beat" from Summit. He looks to be about seventy, and is perhaps the oldest of the shedmen. Each and every night for six years he has walked eighteen miles.

Then there are lookouts on top of the sheds and on mountain-peaks above the sheds.

Third, there are the fire-trains, of which there are four, at fourteen-mile intervals. One is stationed at Truckee, at the east end of the sheds; one at Blue Cañon, at the west end; a third at Summit, and a fourth at Cisco. All are kept "hot" night and day, with one hundred pounds of steam up. The engineer of each train takes the day-watch; the fireman and brakeman take turns on the night-watch.

A fire-train consists of a sixty-five-ton engine, and two tank-cars of forty-five hundred gallons' capacity each. Of the three protective divisions against fire, that of the fire-trains is the most interesting. Let us see how they engage in the battle with fire.

Here, for example, is the story of the worst fire ever known in the history of the snow-sheds. Tunnel Thirteen is timbered through the whole of its eight hundred and sixty feet. One August evening in 1898 a day patrolman at quitting time knocked the ashes from his pipe near a pile of chips left by the "B and B" (bridge and building) gang. Soon after that a train passed through the tunnel.

In those days they used coal-burners, and more miles of sheds were fired by sparks from engines than from any other cause. So whether this worst of fires was started by the patrolman's pipe or the locomotive's smoke-stack is not known.

Fighting Fire in the Sheds.

When the night patrolman reached Tunnel Thirteen he saw a blaze at the west end. He ran to the nearest fire-box and turned in an alarm. By that time the whole western end of the tunnel was ablaze

The alarm was received at Summit, the highest point in the sheds. The operator there rushed out of his shack into the sheds and toward the siding where stood the fire-train

"Fire in Thirteen, Joe," he shouted.

Joe, engineman of the fire-train, blew a series of long whistle-blasts, calling his fireman and brakeman, who were at supper in a near-by shack outside the sheds. While waiting, Joe himself shoveled coal, for he needed one hundred and forty pounds of steam. In five minutes he was ready to start, with fireman and brakeman in the cab with him, while ten shedmen, going along as fire-fighters, stood on the footboards of the tank-cars.

But Joe had to wait for orders from the train-despatcher at Sacramento, one hundred and four miles away. There was no use starting till the track was clear.

Meantime, the operator at Summit had notified Sacramento. What a hold-up then followed throughout the sheds! All trains—passenger, freight, and fast mail—were ordered into the nearest sidings.

Then both the Truckee and Summit fire-trains received the word "Go!"

They went! Down the mountain, hickety-split, helter-skelter, dashed and smashed Joe's train—down that steep grade as though the evil one were after them. And up from Truckee came the other fire-train, running faster than even the Limited ever dared in the sheds.

Arrived at the fire, both trains turned loose streams of water into the blazing furnace that had been a tunnel. But what use? The two crews might as well have dashed water on the fire with tea-cups, for all the good they could accomplish with the hose.

"Tunnel's a goner! Save the sheds!" shouted Joe.

After the Fire.

So they turned all their water on the sheds, and let the tunnel burn all night. In the morning every stick of timber in the tunnel had burned. And every tie in the tunnel was reduced to ashes. And all the track in the tunnel looked like twisted, knotted red-hot snake.

But there was worse to come. Tunnel Thirteen is through soft rock. When the timbered roof collapsed, down with it came tons upon tons of rock and earth, piling on the track from four to twelve feet high. All day the fire still raged, abating only during the second night. And on the second day not a man could enter that furnace-like place for the heat.

"Cool her off with the fire trains, a little at a time," came the orders

The road gangs arrived at Tunnel Thirteen to clear away and relay the track. There was Foreman Cupples, now roadmaster, youngest foreman on the Sacramento division. He had a gang of fifteen men at the west end. More and more section-men were brought down, until Cupples had two hundred and fifty men at his end, while the foreman at the other end had two hundred and fifty more. The company's engineers from the coast came over to boss the job, and superintendents galore hurried to the spot.

When they began to clear away, none dreamed that a week would pass before a train could be run through Thirteen. The tunnel simply would not cool off, though thousands of gallons of water were poured in. Finally, a few feet at a time were wet down, and temporary tracks were laid to carry out the débris. When thirty feet was cleared, the permanent rails were put down, and so on through the tunnel, working from each end

With five hundred men working in that chaos by the light of flaming torches, only two were hurt. One was knocked senseless by falling rock, and the other burned his left foot so badly on a red hot rail that it had to be amputated. Night and day for seven days they worked like Trojans, the five hundred, in eight-hour shifts, with double pay for each shift.

For seven days and nights all passengers, baggage, and mail were transferred on foot around the mountain. There was no place for a wagon-trail, and horses or pack-mules could not get as good a footing as men. So all able-bodied passengers on six trains a day had to walk around, while invalids were carried in stretchers, and baggage and mail on the backs of shedmen. Thus forty-two trains were taken care of, three each way each day.

All freight-trains were held up. On the eighth day when the first passenger-train ran through Thirteen, every siding was filled with freight-cars all the way from Reno, Nevada, to 'Frisco.

Jailed by Fire.

Now for the most extraordinary of shed fires. It occurred at Summit, on a summer night in 1892, caused by sparks from a coal-burner. It consumed three thousand feet of sheds, part of Mr. Gowling's hotel, and fourteen cars of lumber. Also, it burned up the Summit fire-train itself, one of the reasons this fire was so extraordinary.

When Engineman Walt Shields, of the Summit fire-train, got the alarm the fire was so near that he waited not for Sacramento orders, but "let her go" to the rescue. A terrific southwest wind was blowing. Flames were leaping fifty feet at a time. Balls of fire literally bounded along the roof of the sheds and through

the sheds. The result was that Walt Shields, while his fireman directed the hose, found himself in a fire-trap—masses of flame ahead, behind, and on both sides of him.

"I'll have to back her out, boys," he shouted. "Here goes."

By this time flames were leaping under and through the engine. It was up to Shields to save the very lives of his crew and his own life. He actually backed his train through seventy feet of burning shed; then, with a fearful jolt, the train stopped

"Track's spread!" yelled the fireman.

"Then run like damnation, boys!" shouted Shields. "This here train is all in!"

The brakeman had already hacked a board from the wall of the shed below the flames, and through the aperture all hands scrambled, slid, tumbled, and rolled down the mountain. Before the engine blew up, all hands were well down in a gorge.

Meantime, the Blue Cañon fire train, twenty-eight miles away, had started up the mountain, bound for the Summit fire. And here comes the second reason why this fire was so extraordinary.

The Blue Cañon train, Engineman Brown at the throttle, herself set fire to the sheds as she approached Summit. Then, with that southwester blowing and the fire of his own kindling leaping fifty feet at a time ahead of his engine, Brown needed every pound of steam to pull up-hill out of the flames.

Brown's fireman, standing on a tank-car, played the hose on the flames that were following them until they reached the holocaust at Summit. Here the situation was maddening. In rushing to one fire they had started another, and a worse one, behind them.

Here, then, was a fire-train between two fires. Advance and retreat were alike cut off. Both before and behind Brown's train, the rails already looked like huge red-hot corkscrews.

"Hang the Summit fire!" cried Brown. "Summit train must be attending to that, though I can't see the water of his —— —— train. What's the matter with that —— —— train, anyhow? We'll drop back and stop our own private fire."

So back he went, and succeeded in checking the "private" flames. When all was over, there stood Brown, with his Blue Cañon train, on a few hundred feet of good track, with two thousand feet of burned sheds, charred ties, and twisted rails behind him, and one thousand feet of the same ahead of him. And there he was penned in for two days, till a temporary track was laid enabling him to get back to his station.

Nothing Doing Last Summer.

What about last summer's battles in the sheds? The warm season of 1906 was a remarkable one for the dearth of fires.

"Six months I've been sleeping with my ear to a telephone; waiting in vain for a call," said Engineman Owen, of the fire-train at Truckee.

"Tell him about the Truckee City fire," put in Fireman Gupton.

"Oh, yes, we did have one call," said Owen. "At two o'clock on the afternoon of August thirteenth, the town fire-bell rang. Might have known that on the thirteenth something would happen. Well, Truckee has twice in its history been destroyed by flames. So that day the people were scared, especially as, owing to repairs in progress, the town water-supply was shut off. That's where we came in.

"We hiked our engine to the water-tank, dragged our seven hundred feet of hose across the yard to the main street, and let her have it. We saved the town, all right, thousands of dollars' worth of property, for the wind was blowing a gale right down the main street.

"That's what we're here for—city fires, forest fires, any fires, as well as sheds. I'm going to test the old gal now. Want to hold the hose?"

It was the usual three o'clock test, to see that all was right and to enable Owen to make his daily report. I climbed upon the coal on the tender and "held the hose." With the squirt of one hundred and fifty feet, every particle of my strength was required. I made the Truckee yard look as if a flood had descended upon it.

"Report her O. K.," I shouted to Owen.

Just then came a call for Owen to do some yard switching. The company had "caught on" that Owen's job was too easy. Think of the fire-train switching, slamming cars! How have the mighty fallen!

The Only False Alarm.

Here is the promised story of the lookouts. Twenty-four of them watch the sheds for fire—twelve by night, twelve by day. They are stationed in shacks either on top of the sheds or on mountain-peaks above the sheds. They report to Summit station, by telegraphic signals or by telephone, every hour.

Dorlan, engineman of the fire-train at Cisco, said to me:

"You should see the lookouts, Bill Spangler and his mate, Archer, on top of the sheds half a mile from here. They're college boys—work as lookouts in summer to get money for education in winter. You'll find 'em on top of Tunnel Four."

I climbed up and met Spangler, who had the day-watch. Archer, the night-watch, was asleep. Spangler was graduated from Pacific University in 1905. During three summers of his college life he lived in this self-same shack over the Cisco tunnel, earning sixty-eight dollars a month as a lookout. After graduation he worked for a piano house in Santa Rosa. The earthquake ended that, and Spangler returned to his old job.

"First thing a lookout must learn," he said, "is the difference between fire-smoke and engine-smoke. My first morning here I turned in an alarm. I saw black smoke pouring out of the sheds below Cisco. Thought it was fire, and ran to my telegraph-box and sent the alarm.

"The section-foreman hadn't shown me how to use the indicator showing whether the fire was east or west of here. So along came the fire-train from Cisco, tearing up the mountain, looking for fire—east. Then back it tore down the mountain, looking for fire—west.

"And down tore the fire-train from Summit, also looking for fire. The two trains met, enginemen swapped experiences, then formed in committee of two, came up here, and addressed me in the purest profanity I had ever heard.

"Meantime, all the trains between Truckee and Sacramento, even the Overland Limited, were tied up for half an hour. That was the only false alarm ever turned in in shed history. It cost the S. P. more than it would pay me in two years."

Lookout Spangler and I went down to the roof of the sheds for a constitutional. On the way, Spangler stopped at his signal-box and turned in his hourly report. Then, as we walked along the shed-roof, trains rolled under us. One nearly blew us off with a single ejection of smoke from the stack. The very roof itself bulged up, threatening to break loose.

"Something the matter with the smoke-separator on that stack," said Spangler. "If an engine has a broken separator, the blow from the stack strikes the roof of the sheds with full force and often blows it full of holes. Watchmen and carpenters have been blown off the roof just that way.

"And talk about perils of patrolmen! Right under us, in the sheds, there's a signal-box. Before they put a box up here by my shack, I had to go down into the sheds to send my report. Once I was down there when a freight came along.

"I heard a terrific noise, and next instant a brake-beam shot through the side of the shed, like a projectile, a foot in front of me. A foot nearer and that rod of iron would have shot right through my body. A freight-car had jumped the track—that was the noise I heard. When the brake-beam shot out from under that car like a projectile, it made me a hero of a hairbreadth escape

A Fire That No One Saw.

"But let me tell you of the fire that no one saw. One summer there was a big fire right here and no alarm was turned in. That summer I got here late. Two college men, Anthony and Macauley, were lookouting. Yes, there are lots of college men on the sheds some summers. That summer, fourteen were here from various Western universities.

"Well, Macauley had the night-watch. At five o'clock in the morning he went to the sleeping Anthony, woke him up,

and said: 'I'm going hunting. Get up.' And off he went with his gun.

"Anthony stretched—and took another nap. At five minutes past five—as near as we know—fire broke out in the sheds just above here and burned down-hill till it reached this tunnel, which is not timbered and hence stopped the fire.

"But the flames reached the sage-brush on top of the tunnel and then crept up to the shack. The crackling of burning wood awoke Anthony. He sprang up and threw a bucket of water on the fire and turned in an alarm. It was then six o'clock. Two thousand feet of sheds had burned in fifty-five minutes, and not one lookout had turned in an alarm. Even those fellows up there"—pointing to the top of Red Mountain, that was almost in the clouds—"didn't see it."

Watchers on the Mountain-Top.

"You mean those mountain watchers—two thousand feet up yonder? Thought they could see the whole forty miles of sheds?"

"They can. Guess they were asleep, same as Anthony."

Spangler lighted a cigarette. Then, meditatively: "If it were not that Mr. Freeman lets me use his piano down at the hotel, I simply could not stay in this God-forsaken place."

That night Spangler came down and played for us. He was a musician extraordinary—a Liszt of the snow-sheds!

Next morning young Ed. Freeman, from the hotel at Cisco, and I started out on horses for a visit to the watchers on top of Red Mountain, highest and most famous of mountain lookout stations. Our horses went up that two thousand feet like flies up a wall. Coming down over loose stones and shale and patches of snow and ice, along a narrow trail on the edge of a precipice where one looked dizzily down to fearsome chasms, dreading one misstep of horse, that was a hair-raising drop down Red Mountain.

In the shack at the top lived the two Norden brothers, Oscar and John, Swedes. The shack was piled about with rocks, almost to the roof, anchored thus to keep it from blowing away. The shack stands on one of the loftiest pinnacles in the Sierras, two thousand feet above the sheds and eight thousand above the sea, and when it blows it blows eighty miles an hour. In order to watch from inside, in bad weather, the shack has windows like those of a pilot-house on a steamboat.

To the north we could see Mount Shasta, three hundred miles away. Below, the forty miles of sheds wound around the mountains like a monstrous, impossible black serpent.

"How is it you fellows didn't spot that shed fire over at Cisco in May, two years ago?" I asked.

"We were not here then," said the elder of the Norden boys, Oscar, who was fairly well educated. "None but a crazy man would live up here a second summer. I'm crazy, for I was here last summer. Well, when that Cisco fire happened one of the lookouts here was on the other side of the mountain getting sage-brush for a fire. The other was a mile east and a thousand feet down, after water. They spotted the fire, however, at a quarter to six, when it was nearly over."

"You reported any fires this season?" I looked at both the Norden boys.

"No; only sage-brush fires. No shed fires this summer. Oil-burners killed the fire business. Then they cut away all the sage-brush both sides the sheds, so that excitement's gone, too."

Last Big Burning.

"But you were here in the summer of nineteen-five," I said to Oscar, "so probably you reported that Crystal Lake fire of September twenty-first, the last big fire in the sheds, you know."

"You bet! Sent in eleven alarms last summer, every darned one of 'em sage-brush. But, then, I sent a twelfth call. That was Crystal Lake, and, as you say, the last big fire in the sheds. A mile of sheds burned and twenty-four freight-cars.

"I was standing on this spot, whittling. It was early in the evening. Suddenly I saw a tongue of flame leap seemingly from the sheds. I thought perhaps it was only sage-brush. But after one look through my night-glass I rushed to the telephone.

"Fifteen minutes later I could distinctly see two fire-trains fourteen miles apart, one at Cisco, one at Blue Cañon, blazing their way through the sheds.

"Next morning I went down to Cisco. They were taking away a brakeman—in a baggage car. He looked like he had tried to crawl through a bonfire. He was burned so he couldn't bear the weight of a finger on any part of his body He said to me:

"'Some one loaded two barrels of gasoline in a way-car at Sacramento. One barrel leaked. At Crystal Lake I opened the car and set my lantern inside the door, so I could climb up. That's all. I was blown a car's length.'"

Mystery of the Mammoth Torch

Among the predecessors of the Norden boys, as watchers on Red Mountain, were two college students. I learned the story of their experience on a certain night in the summer of—I think it was 1901.

At nine o'clock the night-watch was amazed at seeing what appeared to be a torch moving at train speed through the sheds. He ran into the shack and woke his fellow student, the day-watcher, dragged him outside, and cried: "Look! Eder way! What do you make of it?"

"Dinged if I know, but it's good for a 'phone." And the day-watcher rushed into the shack and telephoned the alarm.

Meantime, the mammoth moving torch, approaching Eder, had set the sheds afire apace with its own progress. It had moved perhaps an eighth of a mile since the Red Mountain watcher had first spied it. Now it stood still. But the fire it had started spread mightily

Eder is midway between the Truckee and Summit fire-train stations. As the students, two thousand feet above, watched the blaze spread in the sheds they saw the two fire-trains start out at the same time, both headed for the fire. The watchers afterward told all Cisco that they witnessed "a very devil's race between the fire-trains," Truckee racing up, Summit racing down.

The watchers made bets as to which train would get to the fire first. The bets were tied, for the two trains reached the blaze, one at each end of it at the same time. Instantly the watchers could see a perceptible diminution of the shed fire.

Presently, however, there was a new blaze. Now the mountains for miles around became illumined. Through their glasses the students could see that the shed fire had been checked, and that the new blaze was that of burning cars. Car after car broke into flames, and to the cars the fire trains now diverted their streams of water.

"It was a grand battle!" the students are reported as saying afterward.

All night they watched the battle. At six in the morning one of them fairly tumbled down Red Mountain to Cisco and asked breathlessly: "What was the row at Eder?"

"Two thousand feet of shed, five cattle-cars, a whisky-car, and three baggage-cars."

"But what was the moving torch? The running flame?"

"That? Oh, that was a car of naphtha. There was a leak, and three hoboes were in the car. It is known that one of them lighted a cigarette. Nothing more—'cept that the three remains will be decently interred."

Snowball Starts an Avalanche.

Most of my space I have given to the fire fiend, arch-enemy of the sheds. Yet a volume of stories could be written about that other enemy, avalanche

Three thousand feet up the mountain-side, above the snow-sheds, near Eder, stands a pine-tree that is over a hundred feet high. It is a conspicuous landmark, because all its fellows of the forest, pines, aspens, firs, oaks, and tamaracks, have been cut off, as with a titanic ax, from five to fifty feet from the ground. The stumps stand there now, like so many broken columns of a Roman ruin.

From a branch of that towering pine, at about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th of February, 1906, a clump of snow fell to the great white blanket beneath. It had been snowing for four-

teen days and fourteen nights, and the snow was now some thirty feet deep. The clump that fell from the pine was not much larger than a schoolboy's snowball. But it was big enough to start an avalanche.

Nature flung down that snowball, seemingly, as a signal for half the snow on the mountain to slide three thousand feet to the sheds, then, taking the sheds with it, another thousand feet into a cañon.

When the snowball struck the snow, it rolled. In one second it was as big as a man's head. Two seconds, big as a house. In the third second it set in motion a mass of snow like the Great Wall of China. In the fourth second the mass was carrying half the snow on the mountain with it.

A minute later tens of thousands of tons of snow, intermixed with huge rocks and enormous trees, crashed into two hundred feet of sheds and carried them along into the cañon.

The sheds were of beams a foot square; but they might as well have been of paper, so far as resisting the slide was concerned. Than such a slide no wilder, no more terrible, thing is known to shedmen or mountaineers.

In the sheds, at the time, a gang of section men under Roadmaster Cupples were at work. They heard the roar of the slide, sounding like the roar of a forest fire. They could hear the crack of two-hundred-year old trees as the slide cut them in two like so many matches or tore them up like so many weeds.

That's a terrifying sound in the sheds. The men know not which way to run. However, all got out of the way—that time

But that's not all. A few days after the slide, while the road gang was repairing tracks, the self-same roar was heard. Mount Eder was sliding again.

This time three men went with the slide. The body of one was found at once. The body of the second was not discovered till ten days later. And then only bones were found, for it had been traced to its resting-place by the tracks of coyotes. The coyotes had scented the body ten feet under the snow, and had dug down to it. Not till May was the body of the third victim found, a thousand feet below the sheds, spitted on the trunk of a pine.

What about that snowball? Who knows that a snowball fell from a branch of that noble pine on the afternoon of February 4? I can only quote the words of Cupples and Taylor and Peterson and other long-termed shedmen when I asked them what caused slides.

"A snowball," they said—"a lump of snow falling from a tree far up the mountain."

A Martyr of the Snow-Slide.

He was Bill Hoffman, patrolman. His beat was from Cisco three miles up and back. The day of his martyrdom was some time early in 1904. At six o'clock that morning the patrolman whose beat was from Cisco three miles down and back refused to "go down." Pete was his name. His way lay past the great mountain called Black Butte, rising a sheer one thousand feet above the sheds.

"There's twenty foot of white, and there's flurries a-blowin', and she'll slide to-day sure," said Pete.

The section-foreman besought another patrolman, and a third and a fourth, to take Pete's place. All refused. Then to the front stepped Bill Hoffman.

"I'll take the down beat," said he. "Black Butte be damned! If she slides, some one's got to be there to flag the next train."

So Hoffman took the down beat, with ears cocked as he passed Black Butte. Once he passed her. Twice he passed her. At half-hour intervals he came to an alarm-box and registered merely "Test."

For the third time he came athwart Black Butte. This time he heard the roar, the rush, the shriek of sliding masses of snow, the awesome snap of oak and aspen and pine.

He started to run, then suddenly stopped. He heard another sound—the thunder and panting of an up-coming train. He knew it was Number Five, west-bound China and Japan Mail. There are wicked curves in the sheds at the foot of Black Butte. The engineer

could not see—he would crash into the slide. Number Five must be flagged. But how?

In considering all this, Hoffman had stopped only an instant. The instant was too long. The slide caught him

By a miracle he emerged from the avalanche living, with the flag in his hand. The slide, like a sea-wave, had bowled him over and under. A hundred feet of sheds were swept away. But Bill Hoffman was still on the spot. He dug, he fought, his way out of the snow, determined to flag Number Five, which was now dangerously near.

As Hoffman got free of the snow and began struggling down to the track he heard again the roar and rush of snow, the crack of tree. Black Butte was sliding again.

Miracle of miracles! Hoffman for the second time emerged from the slide—alive—with the flag. He had scratched and ripped his way out as before. Now he was head and shoulders above the snow, when he heard Number Five enter the turn. What now? What but wave the flag frantically. Also, in his despair, he shouted. A whisper could have been heard just as well amid the thunder of the up-coming, curve-rounding train.

A mighty sizzle! Then sounds like sky-rockets and pin-wheels and Roman candles on the Fourth of July. And all was quiet. Number Five had hewn its way half through the slide. The engine was completely buried. There were no rocks, no trees, in the snow, so the damage to the train was slight.

And Bill Hoffman! They carried him into the baggage-car to take him to Sacramento Hospital. He lived long enough to tell his story—to tell how he had escaped death by two slides only to be struck by the train he had tried to flag. And after a while Bill Hoffman lay very still—on the train he had given his life to save.

The Peace of Winter.

There was no snow while I was there till the fifth day. That day, as I prepared to leave, snow began to fall. Fall? No! It was fairly hurled earthward by a wind that whistled like a million flutes. At the very sight of that snow, I knew, all the shed lookouts and mountain watchers would rejoice. For it meant the end of their summer job—the end of the deadly monotony and loneliness.

By the time this is printed all the lookouts will have gone their respective ways—Spangler to his home in the Argentine, the Norden boys to Sweden. And their shacks now are buried deep under the great white.

The fire-trains now are no longer fire-trains. The tank-cars stand empty in yard corners, and the fire-engines are doing flange work—pulling flanger-cars over the tracks, behind the great rotary plows, to clean the rails.

The sheds are no longer light and airy. They are more like continuous, dark tunnels. No more are there open spaces left by the "telescopes." Chains have been hitched to the sections and locomotives have drawn them out and into place. And on and around the sheds there are twenty, thirty, forty, feet of snow. And now, not fire, but slide, is the dread enemy.

What the Sheds "Is."

Yes, the stranger stayed five days in the sheds, going from one fire train station to another. Often he thought of Trainmaster Woodward's exclamation, "Live in the sheds for a story? ye gods!"

When the fifth day came, and the snow was blowing and the wind whistling, the telegraph operator at Cisco came out of his shack and said to the stranger: "There's a wire going through—says Trainmaster Woodward is hurt—was riding on engine of westbound passenger Number Three—engine ran off track at Auburn, just out of the sheds—turned over on her side—Woodward scalded"

"Seriously?"

"No; despatch says severely." The operator returned to his shack

Whereupon the stranger sat down on a keg of nails and leaned against the smoke-blackened, oil-reeking sheds, and smoked a pipe, and ruminated. Poor Woodward! If ever there was salt of the earth! Shed-foreman Taylor came

and sat on another keg of nails, by the stranger's side. He said he had heard of Woodward. They smoked in silence.

Presently Taylor said: "This new stone ballast is hard on a working man." And he pointed to his shoes, all ripped and torn.

The stranger agreed, looking at his own stout boots, ruined from walking miles through the sheds over that stone ballast with Foreman Taylor. All his clothes were as a chimney-sweep's. When he spat, what he spat looked like ink. His face was black, his hands worse. What was the use of soap? In five minutes after washing one looked again like a burnt-cork artist. Smoke hung about the sheds like a shroud, and over them like a pall.

And now, as the stranger sat waiting for Number Five that was to carry him to the cleanliness of the Sacramento Valley, he found that, after all, his lungs were not of boiler-plate. For he spoke hoarsely, the result of five days' inhalation of the smoke of oil burners.

When Foreman Taylor spoke of the ruined boots the stranger laughed nervously. Yes, he found that, after all, he had nerves. For in five days of shed life, with sixty-five passing trains a day, mostly freights, making a din and bedlam as of a thousand thunder-storms, seldom ceasing night or day—yes, it was foolish of the stranger to say to Woodward, "I have no nerves."

He found, too, that his heart was not, after all, as a Krupp car-wheel. For, now that he was going away, there was something in his heart—a feeling for the lonely soldiers of the rail who watch the sheds "for the safety of the public," a feeling for the weary exiles whom the stranger had learned to respect very, very much.

Finally, as the stranger and Foreman Taylor sat together on kegs of nails in the darksome sheds, they heard Number Five thundering up to take the stranger away to a different life. Then Taylor, with a record of thirteen years in the sheds, arose, kicked over his keg of nails, and turned to the stranger to make this last confidential remark:

"These sheds is hell!"

A SHORT TRANSCONTINENTAL ROAD.

Tehuantepec Railroad Stretches from Coast to Coast, but Is Only One Hundred and Ninety Miles Long.

THE Tehuantepec Railroad cuts the continent in two from Coatzacoalcos on the Gulf of Campeachy to Salina Cruz on the Pacific. As far as the road itself is concerned, it is already completed, but its usefulness cannot be fully determined until the completion of the harbors on the gulf and ocean respectively, which are part of the scheme.

The harbor at Coatzacoalcos is a natural harbor, formed by a river. It has an average depth of fifty feet, and is extensive enough for any possible purpose. The only engineering feat which nature demanded of science, apart from the ordinary harbor works, was the destruction of the bar which blocked the entrance and brought the water to a depth of only twelve feet, and the prevention of its re-formation. Jetties four thousand feet long are to be erected, and three handsome steel wharves, equipped with electric cranes, have been completed.

The harbor at Salina Cruz presents a very different problem, and will be a work of a much higher engineering character. The harbor will be artificial, there having been only an open roadstead at that point previously. Dredgers are at work, and the basin, when finished, will be three thousand feet long by nearly seven hundred feet wide, and will have a low water depth of about thirty feet.

The road itself is one hundred and ninety miles in length, and is at its highest point seven hundred and thirty feet above sea-level. Beautiful scenery lines the route, and the road is equipped in the most modern manner.

In addition to the saving of time, much money will be saved by the use of this railroad, as freight can be transported from shiphold to shiphold at two dollars per ton, while in the matter of time five days are saved over the Panama route.

A. LEVINSKY, CHAUFFEUR.

BY FRANK X. FINNEGAN.

A Story in Which Fickle Fortune First Smiles and Then Frowns Upon Her Daring Young Wooer.

LEVINSKY, JR., surnamed Abie, hurrying homeward after the successful transaction of a business deal having to do with sundry gross of second-hand bottles on behalf of the firm of I. Levinsky & Co., of which he hoped at some future day to become proprietor, stopped before the window of Solem & Tapper's shoe emporium.

Abie's attention was attracted primarily by a crowd that had assembled at the window, and secondarily by a placard amid the rows of shoes, which was evidently the lodestone that had drawn the group of interested readers.

Abie, craning his neck over the shoulder of a fat man who was laboriously spelling out the words of the engrossing announcement, read the card almost at a glance, for Abie was in the fifth grade at school and reading had become to him almost a matter of course like breathing or sleeping.

AN AUTOMOBILE FREE

That was the line that caught Abie's eye first and held him rooted to the spot. There was a compelling power in that last word which was to Abie the inheritance of generations of thrifty forebears, and he eagerly read the rest of the announcement:

With every pair of our $3 shoes sold this month we will give a coupon entitling the holder to one chance in our grand prize drawing for a $1,500 automobile to be given absolutely free to the holder of the lucky ticket.

As Abie finished reading this alluring offer he glanced down surreptitiously at his shoes. Certainly they were something the worse for wear. They would hardly pass muster at a cotillion, but as that form of social diversion was beyond the ken of the youthful scion of the rag and-bottle house of I. Levinsky & Co., that phase of the situation did not worry him.

They had been half-soled and patched at Cohen's little shop in Canal Street so often that little of the original shoes remained except the lines of brass eyelets through which the laces ran.

Still surveying the dilapidated shoe with a critical eye Abie thrust his right hand into his trousers pocket where he could feel the soft roll of bills he had obtained at the brewery a few hours before in settlement of the secondhand bottle account of I. Levinsky & Co. A delicious thrill ran through his arm and down his spinal column as his fingers touched the money, and his eyes slowly turned again to the lure in the shoe-shop window.

AN AUTOMOBILE FREE

In his pocket he had eighteen dollars. True, the money belonged to his father, but Abie, even at fourteen, had begun to take a worldly wise view of life. His father, he argued to himself, was in duty bound to support him and furnish him with raiment, and although the elder Levinsky made it a point to take advantage of the most favorable markets in these matters, he had always performed that duty as well as it was given to him to see it.

Shoes are a necessity, thought Abie,

and never before was an opportunity presented to him to replenish that portion of his wardrobe under such favorable conditions as now literally stared him in the face. That it would ever be duplicated he had his doubts, and besides, he recalled with unction, it had ever been a cardinal principle in the business training imparted to him by the elder Levinsky to seize upon a bargain when it presented itself.

Then, with a little thrill of excitement, he remembered that it was the last day of the month. The gambling spirit that lies dormant even in the best of us survived strongly in the clan Levinsky, and as Abie realized that his chance to win the fifteen-hundred-dollar automobile would expire with the day, his youthful mind was made up. With the precious eighteen dollars clutched in a feverish hand deep in his pocket, he walked into Solem & Tapper's.

When he came out he found difficulty in keeping his eyes off the abnormally large feet that twinkled beneath him in a glistening pair of shoes. There was but fifteen dollars in the soft roll of bills in his perspiring hand, and his little heart beat a trifle faster than normal as he anticipated laying that comparatively meager sum before I. Levinsky & Co.

It was the judgment of I. Levinsky alone that he feared, the "Co." being a business fiction invented to add dignity to the house. But in Abie's inside pocket reposed the precious coupon, with its tantalizing row of figures, entitling the holder to one chance in the grand prize drawing for the automobile, and contemplation of that momentous fact nearly outweighed his fears of parental wrath.

"If I win it," he thought, with becoming magnanimity, "I will let father and mother ride in it by theirselves sometimes."

He walked home from State Street, in view of the prodigal manner in which he had already increased his personal expenses, and as he turned into Maxwell Street from Canal and drew near to the Levinsky establishment, his glistening new shoes attracted universal attention and admiration, much to his dismay.

"Oh, look at Abie with such new shoes!" chirped Benny Goldstein, as that embarrassed youth tried to pass his playmates with studied unconcern.

A baseball game in the center of the street came to a sudden stop and the players flocked around Abie to inspect his purchase. From neighboring yards and basements came a host of additional inspectors, in the front rank of whom was Abie's sister Rebecca.

"Oh, Abie, where did you get the shoes?" demanded Rebecca, with starting eyes.

"Bought 'em," said her brother shortly, pushing his way through the clustering children of the Ghetto. Rebecca started for home with the glad news, reporting progress as she went.

"Ma! Ma!" she shrieked, bursting in upon the unsuspecting Levinsky family. "Abie has bought such a shiny pair of shoes down-town! Oh, they're fine!"

I. Levinsky was at the door of the shop when Abie arrived. The purchase of foot-gear had not been included in the financial program of the day carefully unfolded to his son before Abie had been sent on his important mission to the brewery, and the elder Levinsky scarcely credited the news that had been blazoned to a listening and interested neighborhood. Life is lived at close quarters in Maxwell Street.

"You buy yourself some shoes, Abie?" he asked mildly. He knew an explanation was forthcoming of this extraordinary event.

"Sure I did," said Abie, with an attempt at lightness that failed utterly before his father's solemn gaze.

"It vas a sale some place, yes?" inquired the elder Levinsky.

"Maybe I'm going to win an automobile with 'em," burst out Abie, determined to get the worst over at once, "fifteen hundred dollars."

"Maybe vot?" inquired Mrs. Levinsky, in an incredulous crescendo, pushing her glasses up on her forehead that she might examine the shoes more narrowly without their aid.

With infinite detail, but with a flow of language hastened by the lowering faces beside him, the hapless Abie explained the merits of his bargain, and as a climax placed the coupon before his parents with a triumphal flourish. They were unconvinced.

"That's a foolishness," declared his father, pushing the precious coupon aside with contempt. "Three dollars is too much for any shoes. For a dollar and a quarter I could get 'em fine for you

"Oy! That's a shame you should vaste my money, Abie! I'm surprised vith you!"

"But if I win the automobile!" persisted Abie

"You von't vin it," said his mother decisively. "Nob'dy von't vin it. Dot's a scheme by them fellers. You are a bad boy, Abie, and your papa has a right to be mad vith you."

For three days Abie was in disgrace, and the subject of the new shoes caused such acrimonious discussion that by mutual consent it became taboo at the family board, the elder Levinsky finally deciding that the incident was not wholly without its value as a memorable lesson to all the little Levinskys on the criminality of wasting money on gorgeous raiment.

Then came Abie's triumph and justification. It arrived in the form of a letter addressed to "Abraham Levinsky, Esq.," in which Solem & Tapper took pleasure in informing him that he held the coupon to which was attached the lucky number that had drawn the automobile, and further, that they would take pleasure in delivering the car at his address under the guidance of a competent chauffeur.

That afternoon, before the firm of I. Levinsky & Co. had ceased gasping over the marvelous thing that had come to pass, and while Rebecca was still spreading the glad tidings up and down the narrow, crowded streets of the Ghetto, the automobile arrived. Preceded by a cheering mob of little citizens and followed by scores of others who arrived too late to be in the vanguard, the shining red motor-car was driven up to the door of the Levinsky establishment by a chauffeur whose leather coat, gauntlets, and cap excited almost as much admiration as did the wonderful car itself.

Business was suspended from the instant that a chorus of "Here it comes!" announced the appearance of the car in Maxwell Street, and when the chauffeur stopped his coughing engine and descended to the street he was swallowed up and lost to view in the prying, chattering mob of curious men, women, and children who swarmed over the machine, pinched its gleaming white tires, and covered its glittering brass lamps with incautious finger-marks.

"Where will I find Mr. Abraham Levinsky?" demanded the chauffeur, shouldering a place for himself through the crowd.

"That's me!" shouted Abie eagerly. "It's mine!"

The man looked at him in silent scorn and made his way through the gaping crowd into the Levinsky rag-and-bottle emporium.

The elder Levinsky met him with an ingratiating smile. He had been preparing the reception since the receipt of the letter that announced the marvelous change in the Levinsky fortunes.

"Mr Levinsky?" said the chauffeur inquiringly.

"Yes, mister," answered the head of the family. "I am glad to see you, mister."

"This is that machine you won at Solem & Tapper's," said the chauffeur, as though the free delivery of fifteen-hundred-dollar automobiles were an every day matter with him. "Just sign a receipt in this book."

Mr. Levinsky, still smiling, looked at the book as though it were some strange kind of animal. Those of the crowd who had been able to follow the chauffeur into the place looked on with growing interest. Then Mr. Levinsky had an inspiration.

"Abie," he called, "make some writing in the book for the gentleman. I can't look so vell vithout my glasses," he explained to the waiting messenger.

Abie signed the receipt with trembling fingers, and the chauffeur was about to push his way out through the crowd when Levinsky stopped him.

"Mister, please," he said, with his smile wider than ever, "vould you vait a little? Just please a minute, yes? I vant to ask you somethings."

"Sure," said the messenger good-naturedly, and as he turned back toward the cases of second-hand bottles and the piles of junk, the proprietor began to shoo the crowd out of the place.

"Go along out!" he ordered. "Vat you vant in my place? Go on, go home."

As the excitement in the establishment was over, and the automobile was, after all, the real center of interest, the crowd backed slowly out of the place to join the multitude gathered around Abie and his car. The proprietor closed the door behind the last one and turned to his visitor.

"Mister, please," he began, "you can tell me how you make it go?"

The chauffeur stared.

"Oh, that would take a week," he said, with a laugh. "Why, you're not going to keep it, are you?"

"I don't know me yet," said Levinsky sagely, "but before I sell it I vant to make me a little ride around vith my family—my Abie, he von it vith the three-dollar shoes. He gets a ride, but he can't make it go yet."

"Well, I can show him how to start it and stop it," said the chauffeur, "but he had better not take any chances with a big car like that. Besides, you have to go down to the City Hall and get a license."

"A license?" repeated Levinsky. "Vat I vant a license? See, I got a license," and with a shrewd smile he pointed to the framed document whereby the city of Chicago permitted him to rescue vagrant bottles from destruction and corral cast-off bed-springs and oil-stoves.

"Oh, I mean a license to run the car," said the messenger. "You've got to learn all about it and go down there and show them that you can do it. Then you get a license."

"It cost something?" asked Levinsky.

"Sure, it does," said the chauffeur. "You don't get anything in the City Hall for nothing."

"I don't vant no license," declared Mr. Levinsky. "I only vant to take a ride and then I sell it. You show my Abie how to run it a little, yes? Ve only go up and down the block," added Levinsky as a final appeal.

"You're likely to go up a telegraph-pole," said the chauffeur, "but I'll show the kid how to start and stop the car, and after that you take your own chances."

Under the scrutiny of fifty eager eyed neighbors, Abie then took his lessons in automobiling. The chauffeur hurriedly showed him the levers for starting and stopping the car and instructed him in the use of the foot-brake, with many warnings and cautions.

He wisely kept quiet about the second and third speeds, and when he thought Abie knew enough about it to smash a trolley-car or wreck a train he hastened away.

"I don't want to be around when it happens," he said to Goldmark, into whose place on the corner he stepped to cool off a bit after his exertions. "That kid will have this neighborhood on the bum inside of two hours."

As soon as the chauffeur had gone and Levinsky realized that the automobile was really his—for he wholly ignored Abie's claims to the possession of personal property—he indignantly routed the swarm of neighbors' children from the car and looked it over at his leisure.

"That's a fine car, Abie," he said benignantly. "You are a good boy ven you bring home such a one. So soon as your mama gets her black dress on ve take ourselfs on a ride. Do you think can you run it?"

"Sure can I," said Abie, with the boundless confidence of youth. "It's a cinch running 'em. You just push the brass handle and it goes, and you steer with the big wheel. I know how."

Half an hour later the firm of I. Levinsky & Co., including the silent partner in her best black dress and her Saturday bonnet, climbed into the automobile. Rebecca was stowed away in the back seat with her mother, and little Mannie, the baby, and the head of the family laboriously climbed into the front seat beside Abie, the boy chauffeur. An enthusiastic gallery assembled to watch the start, primed with advice.

"Get a horse, Abie!" suggested Sam Finkelberg, who aspired to be the Ghetto wit.

"Better you get out the vay and clear home!" suggested the indignant Mr. Levinsky, glaring at the smiling crowd.

Abie said nothing. He was busy with his thoughts, for although he pushed the lever the chauffeur had pointed out as the proper one to start the machine and twirled the steering-wheel and pulled the

knobs and handles of all the valves he could reach, there was no response in the mysterious mechanism of the car. Humiliation loomed largely in front of Abie and he perspired freely.

"Something is wrong, Abie?" inquired the elder Levinsky anxiously

"Better ve get out," suggested Mrs. Levinsky, who had been timorous about the expedition from the outset. She seized Rebecca in one hand and Mannie in the other and started to climb over the door of the tonneau.

"Sit still!" commanded Abie. "It's all right in a minute."

The gallery grew sarcastic and hilarious.

"Say, you got to have gasoline in them things," suggested Aaron Lewinsohn, the butcher's helper, who had come across to brighten the scene with his grin.

Abie said nothing, but continued jerking manfully at the levers and handles, hopeful that he would strike the right combination at last. Out of the crowd came his deliverer, wizen-faced Louis Lipman, who worked down-town and was intimately familiar with automobiles.

"Oh, Abie!" he called, "you forgot to wind it up!"

He seized the crank that dangled in front of the machine and tugged at it forcefully. Mr. Levinsky, suspecting trickery, watched him narrowly, but was finally convinced that his motives were wholly friendly.

"Should you vind it?" he demanded of Abie.

"I didn't know it," admitted his crestfallen son. "The man, he didn't tell me nothing about winding it."

At that moment Louis Lipman, by a herculean effort, succeeded in turning the engine over, the sparker got into action, and the automobile began to throb and chug-chug in the most businesslike way. A satisfied smile, which was by no means mirrored in the perturbed countenance of his wife, overspread the face of Mr. Levinsky.

"There, you see it?" he said to Abie, who had returned to his struggle with the knobs and handles, "that's easy ven you know it."

As he spoke, Abie happened to turn on the power and the automobile rolled grandly away from the curb, Abie clutching the steering-wheel desperately and by great good fortune managing to head the machine straight up the center of Maxwell Street.

A cheer greeted the successful launch, and a scattering of Abie's admirers set out in the wake of the machine to follow its course and participate in its adventures. Friendly hands were waved from a score of windows as the Levinsky car puffed down the street, greetings which Mrs. Levinsky, who had partly recovered her equanimity, acknowledged with pompous and condescending bows.

Abie kept his eyes on the road ahead, for his heart was in his mouth. Children blossom in the Ghetto like clover on the prairie, and every time the lad saw a group of them crossing the street two blocks ahead of him he thanked his lucky stars that the speed was slow.

At Halsted Street, the great artery of commerce that marks the western boundary of Chicago's Ghetto, half a dozen pedestrians, startled by the loud clamor of the horn which Abie in his excitement was sounding constantly as he approached the trolley-line, were forced to stand aside for the car to pass.

Among them were three of Levinsky's business rivals in the rag-and-bottle line, and his salutations to them were magnificent. He raised his black derby hat with slow grace as he recognized them, and honored the three with three separate bows, which, in their utter amazement, they forgot to return.

"Say, mama," said Levinsky, turning to his wife as the big automobile rolled steadily westward, "that's pretty fine, huh? Did you see Kalisch? He vill not know it where this came from? Ha, ha! I guess."

"Yes, that's fine," admitted Mrs. Levinsky, "if somethings don't happen by it. Sometimes it does."

"Tsch!" warned her husband, "that's all right, mama. Our Abie, he knows it all about these automs—don't you, Abie?"

At that psychological moment the car was passing the Maxwell Street police station, and Abie, inspired by a mad desire to show the Irisher police sergeant on the steps that he was wholly at home

in the chauffeur's seat, idly reached out and pushed one of the long brass levers invitingly near his hand. It was a fatal move.

Just what he had done none of the firm of I. Levinsky & Co. could say, but the car suddenly gathered speed and bounded forward at a rate that bounced Mrs. Levinsky back against her seat so hard that her Saturday bonnet careened over one eye.

"Abie! Abie! don't you do it!" warned the elder Levinsky, who seemed to have divined his son's ambition to show off before the policeman, but his warnings were wasted. Abie's frantic pushing and pulling at the levers with feet and hands had not the slightest effect upon the car, which rushed forward at dizzy speed.

"I can't stop it!" yelled the agonized Abie, holding the steering-wheel in a death-clutch to keep the machine in the roadway.

"Vell, if ve run into somethings," advised the head of the firm, shouting into his ear, "run into something cheap."

At May Street the flying car grazed a milk wagon by such a narrow margin that Mrs. Levinsky buried her head between her two wailing offspring and refused to watch the *dénouement*. Men and women rushed into the street far in advance of the car and dragged children to places of safety.

Policemen shook their clubs at Abie and shouted at him to "slow up," but slowing up was beyond Abie's power. All he could hope to do was to hold the car away from the curb and pray for a clear road ahead.

"If ve could jump vith Rebecca and Mannie!" shouted Mrs. Levinsky in a wild moment.

"Ve couldn't do it," declared her husband, after weighing the chances. "Ve vould be mashed."

By marvelous good fortune the flying automobile escaped collision as mile after mile of street was left behind, and far out on the West Side Abie essayed to turn a corner.

"We must turn pretty soon to Twelfth Street," he shouted to his father as he stared madly ahead. "This street comes to an end after a while, and we will go bump into a house."

"Turn it, Abie, turn it!" advised his father earnestly. Mrs. Levinsky was beyond speech or hope. Sunk in the rear seat, she clutched her weeping children, closed her eyes, and waited for disaster.

At last Abie spied a cross street wide enough for the venture. He had been cautiously experimenting with the steering wheel as the machine sped along, and he found it controlled the car perfectly. Nearing the corner, he twirled the wheel to the right, and the automobile made the turn on two wheels, missed the curb by six inches, and sped north with undiminished speed.

Twelfth Street was but a block distant, and Abie realized that the only hope of safety for the Levinsky family lay in reaching that thoroughfare and speeding out into the country. Emboldened by his success at the first turn, he essayed another and succeeded. The car shot across the car-tracks and sped westward.

"How long should it go like this?" demanded Mr. Levinsky, who was clinging to the hand-rail desperately as one without hope.

"I don't know," said Abie. "The man never told me about nothing like this."

They missed trolley-cars and scared pedestrians in Twelfth Street by narrower margins than the swearing motormen thought possible. The car wove a sinuous path in and out of the car-tracks, forging ever gaily onward with a trail of smoke, surprise, and vain profanity behind it. But a special Providence seemed to be watching over the party, and at last the houses grew farther and farther apart, the street-car tracks were lined by dense masses of rank weeds, and Abie realized that the danger of collisions was past.

They were nearing the open country west of the city. At the same time it was borne in upon the unhappy voyagers that the speed of the automobile was sensibly lessening. The telegraph-poles no longer sped past like a picket-fence. The engine throbbed slower. The gasoline in the tank was almost gone.

"She's stopping!" yelled the elder Levinsky when this fact became plainly evident.

"Yes, I guess I got it all right now," said the imperturbable Abie. "I'm going to stop it."

"Ve vill get out!" exclaimed Mrs Levinsky, rising in her seat and grasping her two young hopefuls firmly. "I vouldn't go home in it; dot's all. If you can stop it I don't care. You can't stop it ven ve vant to stop it. I go by the street-car home."

The car by this time slowed down to a walk, panted, sighed a few times, and stopped dead. In a moment Mrs. Levinsky was on the ground with Mannie and Rebecca. Abie and his father were not far behind in dismounting from the machine, though Abie professed complete confidence in it.

"When it is cooled off a little I can take you home," he said airily.

The elder Levinsky looked around at the landscape rather anxiously. Dusk was coming on and a few lamps glimmered across the desolate wastes of vacant land.

"Maybe you better look vot it is the matter vith it, Abie," he suggested. "Something is not right that it goes so fast."

"All right," said Abie, "I'll look and see."

"How should you look?" asked his father suspiciously.

"You go under it," said his confident son. "I seen 'em do it often. You crawl in under and light a match and then you see it."

"You can do it," announced Mrs. Levinsky firmly. "I'm going by the trolley-car home now with Rebecca and Mannie."

Clutching a hand of either child, the wife and mother indignantly withdrew to the corner to await the coming of the infrequent trolley-cars. Abie threw himself on the ground behind the car, crawled under it, and lighted a match. By its flickering light he peered anxiously at the bottom of the car, but it gave him no information. His father was duly impressed, and it would never do to undeceive him

"I guess it's all right now," said Abie carelessly. "We will get in pretty soon and it will go."

But he had scarcely made this rash prediction when something happened Under the car a little pool of oil and gasoline trickling from the tank and the bearings had formed in the road, and into it Abie had flung the fragment of his blazing match as he crawled from beneath the car. It flashed into flame, and as he spoke the automobile was enveloped in fire and in dense clouds of smoke

"Abie!" shrieked his father, leaping into the air in his excitement, "it is burning! Get the firemen! Make the alarm!"

Abie took one look at the burning automobile and rushed away to a place of safety.

"Come on away!" he yelled. "It will go off! There ain't no firemen—this is in the country!"

"Vot do you do?" cried the elder Levinsky, tearing his hair and rushing disconsolately up the street-car tracks. "You make me a fifteen-thousand-dollar fire vith no insurance! Abie, Abie, you vill have me yet by the poorhouse!"

As the full realization of what he had done came to Abie, he burst into tears and ran to his mother for safety and consolation.

"I didn't go to do it, mama," he assured her. "I only looked what was the matter."

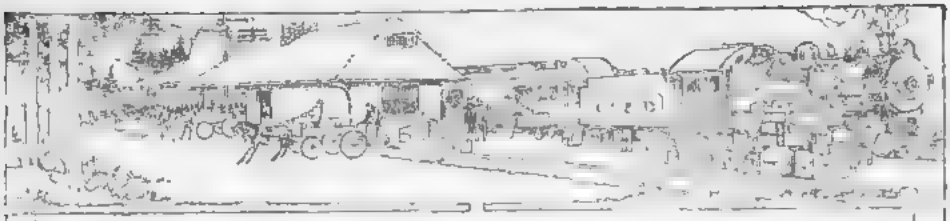
Meanwhile, the glare of the flames had attracted far-away residents of the neighborhood and they came running to the rescue. But they were too late. A twisted mass of steel, burned leather, and smoldering wood was all that remained of the car. On the curb they found Levinsky rubbing his grimy hands together and glaring at the ruins.

"Was it your car, mister?" asked the spokesman of the curious little crowd that had gathered around.

"It vas fifteen hundred dollars, that car," said Levinsky, "and there is it now all spoiled. And it vasn't even insured. My boy, he make me yet a beggar vith his matches."

Mrs. Levinsky, anxiously watching the headlight of an approaching trolley-car, attempted, with but indifferent success, some consolation of the heart-broken and weeping Abie.

"Oy, oy!" she muttered, patting his curly head, "ve get us after this our shoes at Cohen's."



Law for the Railroads.

Curious and Important Chapters from the Statutes as Legislatures Have Created or Courts Decided Them.

An old Nevada law allows desert travelers in distress to stop trains for water and compels train-crews to furnish it to them.

A Louisiana railroad has been fined one hundred dollars for failure to provide separate waiting-rooms for white and colored persons.

The Missouri Pacific has taken the position that under the new rate law it is illegal for a railroad to refund on the unused portions of tickets.

In Texas a dog killed by a railroad is worth in damages whatever his value may have been to his owner, according to the Court of Appeals of that State.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that owners of mills and factories have a statutory right to connect private sidings with the railroads in their vicinity.

Georgia has assumed authority over switching charges in that State, and has fixed a penalty of one dollar per day, per car, for failure to perform the switching service properly.

A freight brakeman may not employ another person to assist him in the performance of his duties, declares the Supreme Court of Missouri, and the person so employed is a common trespasser.

In Ohio railroads may not charge the ten cents excess rate for cash fare over the ticket rate, even when the passenger is given

the right of redeeming the excess payment by presentation of a receipt.

It has been decided by the Massachusetts Supreme Court that a railroad in that State is not responsible for injuries to its passengers on the Fourth of July by missiles entering the car from outside the company's property.

Attorney-General Ellis has announced the validity of the Ohio law providing that after railway trainmen have worked fifteen consecutive hours they may not be required to give further service until they have had eight hours' rest.

The Georgia Supreme Court has decided that a common carrier is under no necessity of caring for an intending passenger's baggage until such person has bought a ticket or in some other way procured the right of transportation as a passenger.

Solar time, and not railroad, is the standard recognized by the Texas Supreme Court, which has upheld a verdict handed in three minutes after the expiration of the term of the trial court by railroad time, but fifteen minutes before by solar.

In a decision against a railroad company a United States court in Chicago holds that the stipulation on the back of a pass exempting the company from liability in case of accident is not effective, since the company cannot escape its responsibility for negligence.

It has been ruled by the Interstate Commerce Commission that low rates for excursions and conventions may be granted under the certificate plan, certifying that the persons applying are bona fide members of the club, association, party, or other organization for which the low rate is being granted.

In Georgia it has been held by the Supreme Court that the operation of a steam railroad on a street renders the use of adjoining property more inconvenient and hazardous, and that its owners are entitled to compensation on the ground that the damage amounts to partial appropriation under the law of eminent domain.

World's Busiest Station.

BY DEAN VAN DER VEER.

NEW YORK CITY will have the distinction of possessing the largest railroad station in the world when the Pennsylvania terminal, now building, is completed, as was shown in the first number of this magazine. In addition, it will have in the new Grand Central, to be finished within the next two years, the busiest station, per square yard of space.

For years the New York Central has had the fame and the advantage of being the only railroad running into the Borough of Manhattan. While this is an asset, it is also a liability. The crowds which pour daily into and out of the Grand Central Station tax its capacity to the utmost. Once in the last five years it has been enlarged and improved, only to find the demand outrunning the supply before the improvements were fairly completed.

Now rebuilding on a grand scale is going forward. Every nerve is being strained to overtake and distance the rapidly advancing tide of travel. Even at that, the best that the New York Central officials hope for is that they will be able to hold their own until 1920. Then new solutions will need to be devised for the old problem of caring for the people who are rushing headlong into New York or creeping reluctantly away from it

The New Grand Central, Which Will Have a Capacity of Ninety Million Passengers a Year, and Is Expected to be Big Enough Only for a Little More Than Ten Years.

WITH its one steam locomotive, hauling its one daily train, the old Harlem Railroad brought its passengers into New York—down Fourth Avenue to the northern limit of city population, at Thirty-Fourth Street. There the locomotive was taken off and run into a roundhouse on the site of the present Park Avenue Hotel. Four horses took the place of the iron horse and pulled the train to the City Hall terminal, where now stands the *Staats Zeitung* Building.

That run of five miles, from the upper terminal at Yorkville (Seventy Second Street of to-day), was made in half an hour. The ambitious Harlem (then Haarlem) Railroad was at that time seeking permission to run down Broadway, promising to "occupy only thirteen feet of the roadway," and declaring it "would refrain from running trains when snow lay on the ground," thus guaranteeing that it "would not interfere with teams and vehicles." That was in 1839

Sixty nine years elapse. It is (we will suppose) the year 1908. One of a hundred daily trains on the Harlem Railroad is hauled from Chatham, its upper terminal, over one hundred and twenty five miles from Forty-Second Street, by one of a hundred locomotives at the disposal of that division, to White Plains. There the steam-engine is uncoupled

and replaced by an electric locomotive weighing a hundred tons, which attains full speed in one minute and a half.

Then, though there is snow between the rails, thirteen inches of it, the locomotive makes the run of twenty-four miles to the Grand Central Station in twenty-four minutes, with a five-hundred-ton train behind it.

As it enters the Grand Central yard it is merely one of one thousand two hundred and fifty trains operated there every day on sixty seven tracks. And the train merely brings its quota of the sixty-five thousand passengers that arrive and depart in a day from the new fourteen million-dollar Grand Central Station—the busiest depot per square yard of ground space in the world

A Railroad Palace.

For size and beauty, the new terminal station of the Vanderbilt lines, at Forty-Second Street, will be worthy of the conception of a Nero. This palace, dedicated to the traveling public, is to be many Roman palaces built as one. On the outside it will be a veritable Pantheon of classical beauty. Inside, it will rival the Vatican in decorative art

It will spread over six city blocks—over eight of the most valuable acres in the millionaire residence section of New York. It will extend northward three blocks, to Forty Fifth Street, and eastward two long blocks, from Vanderbilt Avenue to Lexington Avenue.

Over two hundred buildings, including private residences, apartment houses, hotels, office-buildings, stores, a church, and a hospital, were torn down merely to make room for the increase in size of the new station over the old. It is to be six hundred and eighty feet long and six hundred and twenty five feet wide. Make of that mighty site a tank, fill it with water, and in it twenty battle-ships, or ten steamships like the Deutschland, could float.

The maximum capacity of the station, in respect to accommodation, will be 250,000 passengers a day, or over 90,000,000 a year. If there were trains enough, all the inhabitants of three cities like Memphis, Los Angeles, and San Antonio, at the time of the last census, could pass through the station to and from the train-shed in one day.

Meantime, the actual number of passengers arriving and leaving daily will be about sixty-five thousand the present traffic showing about fifty thousand), or nearly two million a month, approximately twenty-four million a year This means five thousand five hundred passengers an hour in a twelve hour day, or over ninety a minute

For each tick of the giant clock that will surmount the main entrance at least one passenger will come in or go out on one of the trains of the Hudson River or Harlem divisions of the New York Central or of the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

These are some of the reasons the new Grand Central is here called the busiest station in the world. Busier than the Liverpool Street Station in London, busier than the South Station in Boston, in the sense of more passenger traffic and greater train-movement per square foot of ground space.

In the new Grand Central Station, in what particular respects will the accommodations exceed those of the present depot? The size of the space for the cab-stands will be increased twelvefold

The waiting room capacity and the railroad office rooms will each be doubled — the railroad office building itself being so constructed that it can be raised at any time to eighteen stories.

The ticket-office in the new station will be eleven times larger than the present office. The concourse will be seven times greater in size than the one now used The capacity of restaurant and toilet rooms will be five times greater.

The baggage-room and post-office will each occupy twice their present space. The track length in the new terminal will be one and a half times greater than now, and the terminal as a whole will be increased in ground area by one hundred and seventy-eight per cent.

A Double-Decked Yard.

There is to be more than a new station, however, at Forty-Second Street.

There will also be a new yard, and station and yard together will form a new terminal, covering twenty-eight city blocks.

The terminal will be a quarter of a mile wide and nearly three-quarters of a mile long, assuming that Fifty-Sixth Street, where the Park Avenue tunnel begins, will be the yard limit.

In this vast parallelogram there will be really two yards, one above the other. In the upper yard, a little below the street level, through, or express, trains will be handled, and suburban trains will be dealt with in the lower one, which is about on a level with the Subway.

A Two-Story Yard.

In this two-story yard the express level will embrace thirty-nine acres and the suburban level twenty-two acres, or a total of sixty-one acres, as against twenty-three acres at present.

Three million cubic yards of material, mostly rock, were removed in making the mammoth excavation for the lower train-level. And all that material was carried out through the tunnel without interrupting the regular traffic.

In this new terminal, moreover, they are building ten thousand feet of brick sewer, inserting eleven miles of piping, and laying a square mile of paving.

As an example of the enormous quantity of material used in the construction, there are to be two hundred and sixty thousand cubic yards of concrete and one hundred thousand tons of steel, or a greater weight of steel than the total weight of five sky scrapers like the Flatiron Building.

Indeed, there is room in the new terminal to plant twenty eight structures like the Flatiron Building, or some fourteen Waldorf Astorias, or five hundred ordinary rural station buildings.

The total cost of the new terminal improvements at Forty-Second Street, including the cost of the new station, is seventy million dollars.

The sum is three and a half times the amount the United States paid for the Philippines. It is fourteen times as much as we paid for Florida. It is nearly five times as much as the amount of the Louisiana Purchase money. It is almost ten times the amount we paid Russia for Alaska.

It is nearly three times the sum spent on the costliest building in America—the State Capitol at Albany, that cost twenty-four million dollars.

Seventy millions for what? For one brand new station, more artistic than any other in the world; for four tracking two divisions of the Vanderbilt lines for a distance of nearly thirty miles out of New York; for the electrification of a total of fifty two miles of road; for thirty five electric locomotives; for one hundred and eighty steel cars; for the elimination of all grade crossings within thirty miles or so of New York; for two immense power houses and eight sub-power stations; for a cut off at Kingsbridge for a shortening of the main line by nearly a mile; for the best system of third railing in the world; and for the land to increase the yard capacity one third.

All the vast work of making these terminal improvements and building the new station is going on, as already intimated, without serious interference with the regular train service. This feat has brought engineers to New York from many parts of the world—just to have a look.

When the time comes to tear down the present station, temporary accommodations will be established in the Grand Central Palace, on Lexington Avenue. Then, when a part of the new station is opened for business, down will come the Grand Central Palace itself, and on the site of it will be built the last wing of the beautiful new Grand Central Station.

How the New Station Will Look.

Think of the newest of great terminals as completed, and let us follow an outward-bound passenger through the busy place. His experience will be yours within two years from now.

As our friend, in his cab, approaches the main entrance, on the Forty-Second Street side, a "Seeing New York Automobile" rolls by, and the "personal conductor" megaphones:

"This station cost fourteen million

dollars—twice as much as the Congressional Library and two million more than the National Capitol, at Washington. On Forty-Second Street the station stands back forty feet from the curb. On Vanderbilt Avenue it stands back seventy feet.

"So, including the street, you have one hundred and forty feet of elbow-room on Forty-Second Street, and a hundred and thirty feet of open space on Vanderbilt Avenue.

"Notice, ladies and gentlemen, the three grand arches of the main entrance. Each arch is sixty feet high and thirty three feet wide. Above the arches is a group of statuary symbolic of railway progress.

"The station is one hundred and seventy feet high, if you count to the roof of its highest dome, and the lowest part of the terminal is eighty feet below us, while in ground-floor area it is nearly half again as big as the station of 1906."

After passing the "rubber neck wagon," our passenger, in his cab, arrives at the cab-stand, where eighteen cabs can discharge "fares" at one time. Thence he enters directly into the ticket-room, which is three hundred feet long and ninety wide, a room providing sitting and standing space for nine thousand persons

Around this ticket-room are half a dozen waiting-rooms, including one with cribs for the reception of travelers whose extreme youth renders long waiting in an erect position painful to all concerned

The passenger buys his ticket and passes to the adjoining baggage room, where, while he checks his trunk, the baggageman tells him there are facilities for handling twenty thousand pieces of baggage daily, or over seven million trunks and bags in a year.

The passenger then descends by one of four staircases, each twenty five feet wide, to the Grand Concourse, on the express level. He now stands on the largest railway platform in the world. It is four hundred and seventy feet long and one hundred and sixty feet wide, and the top of its dome is one hundred and fifty feet above the passenger

Twenty full regiments of infantry could "parade rest" on this concourse at one time. And each man would have over three square feet of standing space.

Moreover, in addition to this mighty vestibule to the train-shed, there is another concourse on a lower level for suburban traffic

Where the Trains Stand.

Through one of twenty-three gates, our passenger is now admitted to a two story train-shed. This shed is four hundred feet wide and five hundred feet long, with a platform capacity for four hundred and fifty cars, or about eighty to ninety trains.

The passenger walks down one of twenty-three express platforms, each some five hundred feet long, to enter his train, which is standing on one of twenty four tracks. Under him, on the local-train level, there are fifteen more tracks, and beyond the train-shed are storage-tracks to the number of twenty-seven.

So that, altogether, there are, in the Grand Central Station proper, sixty-seven different tracks. Placed end to end, the sixty-seven tracks in the station alone would form one track twenty-five miles long, while by adding all the tracks in the terminal yard we should have a single track sixty-eight miles long.

Before boarding his Pullman for Chicago, our curious passenger goes forward to take a look at the new electric locomotive that is to haul his train out of the city.

"Yes, she's a beauty," says the driver, answering his remark. "She weighs two hundred thousand pounds. She has a rated horse-power of twenty-two hundred, and she can develop three thousand, ours being the most powerful electric locomotives at present in operation in the world

"She's got a starting pull of thirty-two thousand pounds, enough starting power to move any six brownstone fronts in the city. I can stop her in two-thirds the time required for a steam locomotive.

"And, sir," continues the man, with paternal pride, "she can make sixty miles an hour with a five-hundred ton train. With a two-hundred-and-fifty-ton train she can make eighty miles an hour,

if they would only allow me to let her out.

"I ran her on a trial in 1906, in a race with the steam-locomotive hauling the Fast Mail Number Three. She pulled right away from the steam engine, and within four miles was half a mile ahead.

"She's got four motors—one on each driving-axle. She's equipped with automatic air-brakes, of course, and has pneumatic sander, whistle, and bell-ringer. She's thirty-seven feet long, ten feet wide, and fourteen feet to the top of the cab. She has eight driving-wheels, each forty four inches in diameter, and four truck wheels, each three feet in diameter.

Three Engines Run as One.

"We've got thirty-five locomotives like her, sir. Give me a train exceeding five hundred tons and I'll show you the best double-heading ever. We can hitch two or three of these electric locomotives together and run both or all three under full control, as a single unit, from the leading cab.

"Going up the road, sir? Well, I'll run you up to Croton on the Hudson (I would take you as far as White Plains on the Harlem Division), and there I drop you and you get a regular old-time steam-engine to haul you the rest of your trip."

So much for our through passenger. Now, let us suppose our friend to be "traveling local"—in other words, a commuter. He would enter the Grand Central by direct passage from the Subway. And in all his going and coming in a year he need never come in contact with the through passenger. Each class of traffic has its stairways, waiting-rooms, concourse, and tracks separate from the other.

Think of our suburban passenger as aboard his train of, say, six cars. There is no locomotive, of course, for these trains, like the Subway and the "L," are hauled by motor-cars, "multiple-unit trains." So our passenger's train consists of one motor-car and perhaps five trailers.

He enters his car by a vestibuled platform with sliding doors. There is a trap-door on the platform that a trainman can let down with a press of his foot, for use at the new suburban stations where concrete platforms are built flush with the platforms of the cars.

Our passenger occupies a seat of fireproof rattan in a car somewhat similar to those of the Subway, only more comfortable. The conductor, after "lifting" all tickets, gives the inquiring passenger this information:

"Yes, these cars are all steel construction. Even window and door casings and frames and moldings are of pressed steel, and all the fittings are of metal and fire-proof materials. Each car seats sixty-four persons. The length is sixty feet, width ten, height fourteen.

"The motor-cars weigh over a hundred thousand pounds each, and the trailers eighty thousand. That means that we are from twenty to forty thousand pounds heavier than the ordinary coach in the steam service.

"Yes," continues the conductor, "all these cars are lighted and heated electrically. And in summer they are ventilated and cooled with electric fans.

"The motor-cars develop four hundred horse-power, and they can make fifty-two miles an hour. We have now about one hundred and twenty-five motor passenger-cars, fifty-five trailers, and six steel baggage and express motor-cars."

A Ninety-Mile Train.

Train movements at the new terminal will be increased by at least a hundred trains a day. The present movement is one thousand one hundred and fifty trains, of which six hundred and fifty are "revenue," or passenger, trains. In the new terminal there will be a movement, probably, of at least one thousand two hundred and fifty trains a day, of which more than seven hundred will contain passengers, the remainder being "empties."

This means an operation of six thousand two hundred and fifty cars a day—counting five cars to a train—in addition to one thousand two hundred and fifty locomotives. If all these cars and engines moving in and out of the Grand Central terminal in a single day were

coupled in one train it would be ninety miles long, reaching over a Vanderbilt track more than half the distance from New York to Albany

During the first year of operation at the new Grand Central the train-movement will aggregate over four hundred and fifty thousand trains. Hitch all those trains together, and we would have a single train over thirty two thousand miles long.

Break that train up into ten trains, stand them side by side on ten parallel tracks, and each would reach across the continent, each with its engine in New York and its rear car in San Francisco.

Some one thousand two hundred cars will be able to stand in the new Grand Central at one time, four hundred and fifty at passenger-platforms, six hundred and fifty on storage tracks, and about a hundred at mail and express platforms. At present there is room for only nine hundred cars.

Hitch together the one thousand two hundred cars standing in the Grand Central, and the train thus formed would reach a distance of fourteen miles, or from Forty Second Street to Yonkers.

The new electric operations on the Vanderbilt lines in and near New York are confined to what is known as an "electric zone." This zone runs to Croton, on the Hudson Division, twenty-eight miles, and to White Plains, on the Harlem Division, twenty-four miles, a total of fifty-two miles. Within the zone twenty three new stations are building.

Within the Electric Zone.

Both divisions inside zone limits are to be four-tracked, while for a distance of nearly five miles there will be six, eight, or ten tracks, the whole spreading out like a fan, at the terminal, into sixty-seven tracks. Over one hundred and twenty-six miles of new track will be built within the electric zone.

Altogether, there will be two hundred and ninety two miles of "electrified" track—one hundred and twenty to Croton, one hundred and four to White Plains, and sixty eight in the yard. Thus, within a zone of fifty-two miles, there will be rails which, if laid in one single track, would reach from New York almost to Portland, Maine.

In towns within the zone, all grade crossings, fifty-five in all, will be abolished by means of overhead bridges or by carrying streets under elevated tracks, and, to the delight of passengers who are confused by the present left-hand running in the yard and station, all running will be made right-hand, as in earlier days.

Another cause of rejoicing among New York Central passengers is that the smoke and gas nuisance in the Park Avenue tunnel will have ceased forever. With electricity as the motive power, there will be as much comfort in the tunnel as in the Subway, perhaps more, for there will be many overhead openings.

Moreover, trains will be able to run through the tunnel faster than before. With steam, the tunnel signal-lamps often were obscured by smoke, and hence trains had to slow down despite the red-and-white lamp signals that worked automatically (by the Miller system) in the cab of each engine

Safest Third Rail in the World.

The most important feature of the electrification within the zone is the third rail two hundred and eighty-five miles of it, connected with the track at every fourth tie.

The Central's new third rail is the safest and best in the world. You can sleep on top of it, if you wish, and feel not so much as a tingle Yet beneath you runs a deadly current of six hundred and sixty volts.

This insurance against electrocution takes the form of an insulating sheath, or hood, over the top of the rail. The third rail is, to put it another way, boxed over top and sides. Only its bottom surface is exposed

Power is taken from the under surface by "sliding contact." The cover secures protection, not only for human beings, but against interruption of service by sleet, ice, or snow.

Power for all the electric locomotives and motor-cars will be supplied via the third rail by two enormous power-

houses, one at Yonkers, on the Hudson River line, the other at Port Morris, on the Harlem road. There will be eight sub-power-stations.

At the big power-stations all coal will be handled by mechanical stokers. Facilities will be provided for handling eighty tons of coal a day, and twenty-five tons of ashes.

The maximum consumption of coal at each station will be two hundred and twenty tons daily. The smoke-stacks of the two big power-houses form conspicuous landmarks, two hundred and fifty feet high

Power of 84,000 Horses.

The total power developed at the stations will be eighty-four thousand horse-power. In addition, there will be probably the largest railway storage-battery equipment in the world, storage enough to operate the entire train service for about an hour in case of any failure of the power plant.

In the process of electrification a new kind of railroad man has come into being, a new railroad job has been created. He is the "Load Despatcher." It is his duty to see that electricity is distributed where most needed.

In his office he has a huge switch-board, equipped with electric lights and plugs. The lights show where power is plenty and where insufficient. Hence, the load despatcher shifts plugs to "connect in" or "cut out" current when and where it is wanted

This new kind of train-despatcher, this load despatcher, must keep his eye on his entire division all the time.

Finding a weak point where trains are "bunched," or "blocked," and where, consequently, there is a demand for extra power, the load despatcher sends more current to that spot forthwith. He must anticipate every call of his lamps for "Power, please!"

Who Are "on the Job?"

Who are the brain-toilers at the new Grand Central terminal, who the practical men doing the actual work? The engineering head of this herculean task is the New York Central's own engineering head, Vice-President W. J. Wilgus, himself a civil engineer of splendid record.

To Mr. Wilgus the railway world accords particular praise for a third-rail system that is a model of simplicity, convenience, and safety. The system as installed on the Vanderbilt lines in New York is his invention.

Experts declare it to be a distinct advance over all previous designs. The protection that the covering of the Central's third rail affords trainmen and trackmen against the dangers of a six-hundred and sixty-volt current is, so the experts say, so complete that an employee must actually make an effort to reach and touch the third rail in order to receive a shock.

Others who, with Mr. Wilgus, are making railroad history include E. B. Katte, electrical engineer; W. H. Knowlton, principal assistant engineer; G. A. Harwood, terminal engineer; G. A. Berry, engineer of company's forces, and Azel Ames, Jr., signal engineer; while the architects of the new station—the great Roman Palace of Travel—are Messrs. Reed & Stem.

Grand Central Dates.

Dates in connection with the newest and busiest of New York terminals are of some interest. The work was begun in August, 1903. The whole titanic task will be finished in a little less than five years from the time of beginning the work

The date fixed by law for the change of motive power from steam to electricity is July 1, 1908. The Vanderbilts have fulfilled this requirement of the law two years ahead of time, at least so far as running through the tunnel is concerned; for the first electric train was run through the tunnel into the Grand Central Station September 30, 1906. The electric service is now in full operation through the tunnel to Kingsbridge on the Hudson River Division, and to Wakefield on the Harlem.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is, of course, as in the case of the New York Central, required by law to change its motive power to electricity by July, 1908. But while

the Central had electric trains running through the tunnel before the end of 1906, the New Haven may still run by steam for some months to come. As rapidly as possible, however, the New Haven is installing an electric service for the purpose of handling its entire suburban traffic

The New Haven trains will run, as now, over the Harlem tracks, from near Wakefield, into the Grand Central Station. Beyond Wakefield, on its own tracks, the New Haven's electric trains will be run by overhead power, instead of by third rail, as in the case of the two divisions of the Central.

To provide for the two kinds of current, the New Haven's electric locomotives will, of course, be properly equipped.

A Few Glimpses of History.

The new station is the third to be built on the present site. The first was put up in 1871. It served its purpose for twenty-eight years, when, in 1899, it was remodeled and enlarged to its present dimensions. No sooner was it enlarged, however, than it was outgrown, and a brand new one, to be opened in 1908, planned

Before the building of the first terminal at Forty Second Street, however, the Vanderbilts had three other terminals in New York. The first—the one already mentioned (although this was before Commodore Vanderbilt came upon the scene)—stood on the site of the present *Staats Zeitung* building, down by the City Hall. The second stood on the site of the present Madison Square Garden. The third, which was the first really big terminal in New York, was built at Tenth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, where there is now a mammoth freight yard.

Good Till 1920.

"How long do you think the newest Grand Central Station will be equal to the traffic?" I asked a New York Central official.

"Till New York's population is doubled," he replied. "And at the present rate of increase that will be about the year 1920, when we will have eight million inhabitants. If we can't move the people then -well, I guess we'll have to run trains up in the air, in a four or six story yard, with tracks one above the other on the mightiest stilts ever conceived."

In the expenditure by the Vanderbilts of seventy million dollars for a new terminal what a forward march is represented since the days when Mrs. "Commodore" Vanderbilt, living in the little cottage that still stands in New Brunswick, New Jersey, saved eight hundred dollars and gave it to her husband to enable him to embark in the transportation business!

What a change is seen in this easy spending of seventy million dollars since that year when the whole paid-in capital of the Harlem Railroad was only one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!

What a change even since that day when the Michigan Southern found its office furniture in New York seized by the sheriff and was obliged to borrow chairs from another office in order to hold a meeting of directors!

Far Cry From Early Days.

And in that third rail system of the Vanderbilts what an advance in railroading since the days when certain railroads, especially one in Kentucky, made use of rails of grooved stone faced with strap iron!

And in those new electric locomotives on the New York Central lines what progress since the days when the engineman collected the fares and the fireman attended to the baggage and freight; days when, particularly on the Michigan Southern, the train-conductors were elected by the board of directors!

And since the days when the Harlem Railroad ran its one daily train to Thirty Fourth Street and Fourth Avenue with its one locomotive, and thence to the City Hall by three or four teams of horses, what a leap to conditions now involving one thousand two hundred and fifty trains and six-five thousand passengers in a single day at the busiest station per square yard of ground space in the world!

INDUSTRIAL ROLL OF HONOR.

Men and Women Risk Life To Save Life In All Parts of the Country.

Desperate Struggle to Save a Life.

IN spite of three failures in his attempt to save the life of an unknown man in the East River, Peter Pera made one further desperate effort and managed to grasp the hair of the drowning man. Pera is a deck-hand on the tug Harlem River One night he saw a dark form struggling in the river and sprang overboard. He dived three times unsuccessfully, but at the fourth attempt he attained his object. He was then too weak to swim, and had to tread water until the tug backed to his aid

Saved a Woman Seeking Death.

CHARLES CROWLEY is a Boston hero who risked his life in the darkness of the night in order to save a would-be suicide. Julia Clark jumped from Castle Island Bridge into Pleasure Bay, City Point, South Boston, with the intention of taking her life; but, evidently repenting, she began to scream and attracted the attention of Crowley, who was sitting near by

He immediately sprang over the parapet, but it was very dark, and he had to grope about under the bridge, guided by the woman's groans and gasps. His friends were meanwhile seeking a life-preserver to throw over, but they were all knotted. At last they found one. It was so old, however, that Crowley refused to trust the combined weight of himself and the woman upon it and held on to a pile which he had grasped. Fortunately two men were fishing in a boat not far away, and they rowed to the rescue of the brave man and his charge

Notwithstanding his own exhaustion, Crowley insisted on working over the woman before he would take any attention himself. The struggle to keep afloat with his burden was so great that, relating the story afterward, Crowley asserted that it was only the seriousness of the position that gave him strength to hold out.

Into a Raging, Fiery Furnace.

A NIGHT of brave deeds almost too numerous to be mentioned separately was that on which, recently, the buildings of the Metropolitan Livery and Boarding Stables, Sixth Avenue and West Third Street, New York City, were converted into a raging furnace. One deed, however, may be mentioned as among the bravest ever performed at a fire

The basement was one seething, red-hot mass. An iron grating was raised in front of the building and Lieutenant Crawford and Firemen Heller and Morris went down with a hose, the nozzle of which almost touched the flames. Suddenly there was a back draft and the three men fell to the floor enveloped in a sheet of flame. The catastrophe had scarcely happened when Firemen Henvel and Degnan together sprang into the furnace-like pit, and the next thing the onlookers were conscious of was that the forms of the first three firemen were being handed up to them, shortly to be followed by the intrepid two, who immediately collapsed but were soon revived.

Racing with Flying Death.

ENGINEER WEILMAN, of Columbus, Indiana, was waiting in his cab for a fast passenger-train which was to pass him on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Shelbyville, Indiana, when he saw a two-year old child playing on the line in the path of the oncoming train. The train was approaching at high speed. Down from his cab sprang Weilman and raced up the line, grabbing the child and springing with

it to safety just as the train thundered past.

Just then the mother, Mrs. Alonzo Comstock, came seeking her wandering daughter and received her from the brave engineer's arms

Saved by the Breadth of a Hair.

NOTHING could be more terrifying than a train rushing at fifty miles an hour, hurling its tons of iron and steel remorselessly along its path. It therefore requires no small nerve or devotion to rush in front of such an approaching giant and rescue a child the instant before the train crashes over the spot This was the deed of Mrs. John Lafferty, who by the narrowest margin saved the life of her three-year-old daughter from an onrushing Toledo, St. Louis and Western train at Marion, Indiana, on the 8th of October last.

So close was she to death that she was almost swept from her feet by the force of the rushing air caused by the train

As a matter of fact, two people started out to rescue that baby. The fireman of the locomotive had seen her, and had climbed out of the cab and made his way to the pilot. The train was going at such a terrific speed that it was impossible to check it, and the fireman was making a determined effort to save the child when the necessity for further action was averted by the appearance of the brave mother.

Death Beneath the River-Bed.

THERE was no thrill of personal rescue to incite them, no appealing face at a flame-emitting window, no thousand eyes watching them beat their way through a roaring surf, and no pitiful sight of helpless agony to arouse their manhood and make their hearts beat with noble endeavor. The glamour and the romance of a thrilling end were denied them, but they died like men who realized their responsibilities, not throwing their lives away foolishly and needlessly, but in the execution of every atom of duty with which they were entrusted, yielding their lives as part of the day's work, not because they wanted to be heroes, but because they were men.

And because they were men and the lives of other men depended on them, George Chapman, Joseph Pierce, and Michael Daley, all in the prime of their manhood, stayed behind to see that none of the twenty three men for whose lives they felt responsible in the burning, suffocating river tunnel were left. They drove them to the mouth of the shaft, and then staying to see if there were more, were overcome by the fumes and perished.

Some electric insulation in a tunnel under the East River at New York had proved defective and a fire was the result. The three men gathered all the workmen together instead of rushing for their own lives, and stayed too long. That is all! Not quite! There were others just as brave

Man after man insisted on being lowered to the rescue, were overcome as rapidly as they went into the dreadful pit, and as soon as they recovered begged to be lowered again, among them being Chapman's brother. But no human courage or endurance could avail, and the three brave men were only recovered after they had paid the great price for their heroism and devotion to duty.

Four Men Saved by One Woman.

IN all the horror of the recent wreck at Atlantic City there stand out in bright relief the records of many heroic deeds. Among these, the courage, nerve, and endurance of Mrs. McDonald, of Philadelphia, is unsurpassed, and indeed it would be hard to find a braver thing in all the annals of heroic deeds. When the catastrophe occurred and the cars dashed to the bottom of the inlet Mrs. McDonald broke her way through a window, and after reaching the surface dived three times to save her husband, and each time brought up a strange man, only succeeding in her object at the fourth attempt.

"When the cars went over," she said, "I was looking out of the window. I saw that we were all doomed, and my first thought was of my husband. The cars plunged over and the water began gurgling as it rushed into the windows and doorways. Fortunately, I am a good swimmer. Heaven only knows how I broke my way through a window, but I did it.

"As I rose to the surface I thought of my husband, and I dived down in the faint hope that I could reach him. I went down and finally grabbed hold of a body. I came up with it, but discovered that I had rescued some other man, and he got safely ashore. I dived twice more, and each time I brought up a strange man.

"The fourth time I went down I reached my husband and succeeded in landing him safely ashore."

NOT AN ORDINARY MAN.

BY LAVINIA H. EGAN.

The First Heat in Dick Hereford's Race With Fate for the Prize That Was Richer Than He Knew.

CHAPTER I.

Riding to a Fall.

HEREFORD set out from Rexham in the gray of the morning with but one object in view, and that was to get Mallory's signature to the papers he had in his pocket before nine o'clock came

That meant that he would have to reach Mallory's shack at the mouth of the cañon and pay over the five thousand dollars he had offered him for his strip of shale and sage-brush before Dyer and his men got there, and this in turn meant, first of all, that he would have to beat the Overland Express to Minnville.

To an ordinary man this would have seemed an impossibility. But Dick Hereford was not an ordinary man. Perhaps that accounted for the fact that nothing —certainly nothing he made up his mind to do—seemed impossible to him. And this thing he had very thoroughly made up his mind to do.

It was the last link in the chain circumstances that he had been forging for himself for a good six months, and, he told himself, it was the first of a chain of events that would make his future very different from the present and from what the past had been. This was his opportunity; he meant to seize it and to let nothing stand in his way.

He hadn't been prospecting through the mountains for the past six months for nothing. He knew what he was looking for, and on Mallory's rocky, hillside strip he knew he had found it. There was nothing now to do but to get possession of the land, and the way was clear. The rest was easy.

But to get possession of the land he had Dyer to beat—Dyer and the five thousand dollars he was taking by the Overland Express to pay down for Mallory's signature—and that wasn't so easy.

"But I will beat him," Hereford said, as he set his teeth hard, "or hell's to pay."

When Hereford talked like that men usually took it for granted he would be as good as his word and acted accordingly.

Tom Scallon had found this out pretty thoroughly, anyhow, in the five years they had been knocking about the world together; and so when Hereford had sent him across the mountains the night before to have his eye on Mallory and keep him "limber" while Hereford himself stayed behind to get the papers fixed and the money ready to hand over, old Tom knew what he had to do. He knew, also, what Hereford would do. As for Tom's part he didn't see how he could do it. But then, he wasn't Hereford.

But from Hereford's own standpoint, he wasn't taking more than ordinary risk in the thing. It was only the day before that he knew he had Dyer to beat—found it out, too, just by accident as he sat smoking after dinner on the hotel veranda outside his window. His room was just over Mrs. Bartolf's sitting-room, and he had heard Dyer and the woman talking inside.

Dyer had gotten into a way of going to Mrs. Bartolf's sitting-room pretty often of late. Well, that was none of Hereford's business. But when he heard

Dyer telling his plan to buy Mallory's land, that was very much his business.

By the time he had finished his cigar, which he did very deliberately—for that was Hereford's way—he had his own plans all made. He would find Tom Scallon, who was probably in his own room on the upper floor; send him across by the midnight local, let him get a horse at Minnville, and drop down on Mallory early in the morning. As for himself, he would get the papers—and the money That was the hardest part—the money.

For—Hereford acknowledged it with set teeth—he had about reached the end of his tether. Five thousand dollars wasn't easy to get overnight by a man who had "played the game" as fast and as hard as he had. But, to a man like Hereford, there is usually a way, and he found it; found it, too, more easily than he had counted on, for, as Scallon was fond of saying, Hereford "played luck" oftener than any man he knew.

After seeing Scallon and packing him off, Hereford went to hunt up Kilbourne to have the papers prepared. Kilbourne's office was all the way down-town, and Hereford walked to give himself time to think. He knew Kilbourne. He knew he could count on finding him in his office. He was there at all sorts of hours with his desk open and his light going.

"Look here, Dick," Kilbourne said, looking at Hereford shrewdly in his near-sighted way when he had heard what was wanted of him, "what's your game? Is it straight?"

"As straight as any, the way games go," Hereford answered. "I've been prospecting—Scallon and I—and we've found this fellow's got what we want on his land. Naturally enough, we want the land. That's all."

"I know to a dead certainty what Tom Scallon's prospecting means," Kilbourne said, with a grin. "That spells gas."

"The boy guessed right," Hereford answered.

"Sure?"

"Sure; Scallon knows."

"He just about does," Kilbourne said, swinging his swivel-chair upward and bringing his lithe, lean figure to a sitting posture.

"Now, I am no guardian to the widows and orphans, Dick, but are you paying Mallory anything like an adequate figure?"

"Yes and no," Hereford answered. "I am paying him five thousand dollars. If I didn't think it was worth five hundred times that I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. But Mallory isn't worth a continental. He's got a dozen or so beehives and a grape-vine or two, and the bees have to fly all the way across the ridge to find flowers enough to make their winter's honey.

"Mallory is a sort of gentleman hobo whose energies are pretty fairly concentrated on whisky drinking. Five thousand dollars will be a fortune to him, so you can ease your conscience on that score."

"How about yours?" Kilbourne asked.

"I haven't any. A man's got to take his chances in this world. I'm not my brother's keeper."

"All the same, you are about as straight as they make 'em, Dick, I reckon," and Kilbourne brought his feet to the floor and began to fill out the documents.

"By the way, Dick"—he stopped a moment—"is there a woman in this case anywhere? Mallory married, or anything?"

"Not married, at any rate, and no woman in sight. Talks about a sister back East when he gets good and drunk. But I reckon she can take care of herself. Has to do without Mallory, anyhow. He's a poor lot."

"Now, one more question," Kilbourne said, when the papers were made out according to the rather minute directions in Hereford's note-book. "Where are you going to get the money for this deal?"

"I don't know any more about that than you do," and Hereford looked Kilbourne straight in the eye.

"I thought so," Kilbourne answered shrewdly. "I haven't been looking at the set of your jaw for nothing. You've got a close call on this deal, and I know it. Now, how much are you willing to pay for the money?"

Hereford's jaw relaxed and he sat a little easier in his chair.

"A year's time and one hundred per cent," he said quietly. He knew Kil-

bourne, and he knew half-way measures wouldn't go with him.

"Come again, Dicky bird," the lawyer said, grinning in his pleasant, shrewd way.

"Damn you, Kilbourne, what do you want?" Hereford asked irritably.

"Easy, Dick, easy! I want to help you, for one thing. I want to help myself, for another. I've got some money to let out—not my own, more's the pity, but a client's. Now, I've looked into this gas proposition a little. I believe it's bound to go. If you and Scallon have struck it I'm willing to risk something on it. But I'm bound to protect my client. See?"

"I should say I did see. What is your figure?" Hereford's mouth was getting dry. He hadn't any chances to lose

"Fifty thousand dollar mortgage at one year."

"Hell! I won't pay it!"

"Yes, you will, Dick," and Kilbourne leaned back in his chair and stuck his hands in his pockets exasperatingly. "You want the money, and you want it bad, and I don't blame you. If I could get a cinch on some gas lands as easy as that, I am not sure that I wouldn't do it. But the point is, you've got to have the money. Now, where are you going to get it from?"

Hereford got up and walked across the room with vigorous impatience. He stood at the window a moment looking out. In the big office-building across the street all was dark. There were not many night-owls like Kilbourne. Things were pretty quiet everywhere, and from the station down in the valley came the shrill whistle of an engine. It was the midnight local just pulling out.

Scallon was gone. He would be ready for him. He would expect him to make good. He had to have the money. He had meant all along to borrow the money from Kilbourne; he knew if he could get it anywhere at that hour it would be from him. He had expected to pay high for it. But he didn't expect this. He hadn't figured on Kilbourne's knowing he had Dyer to beat. But he did have him to beat, and that in a mighty short time

"Hell!" he said, swinging around sharply and meeting Kilbourne's shrewd eyes with a smile on his lips.

"Good for you, Dick," the lawyer said, turning to his desk "Now I'll fix a few more documents"

"You wait here while I go down the hall and wake up some fellows to witness this," he said by and by. "I have taken a mortgage on the land for my client. I shall have everything recorded in the morning, so see that you make good, Dick."

"Oh, I'll make good, damn you, Kilbourne," Hereford said presently, as he buttoned the papers and the five thousand dollars in greenbacks inside his breast-pocket.

And that was just what he meant to do when he set out from Rexham.

He had spent the rest of the night after leaving Kilbourne's office in getting his car in order. He had raced a good bit once, and he knew just what his big, high-geared machine could do by pushing, and he meant to push it for all it was worth. He cursed the luck that there was no moon. Otherwise he would not have had to wait for daylight.

But as soon as the first streak of gray dawn began to show in the east he was ready. He had buttoned his coat close about his neck, pulled his cap low over his forehead, and set his goggles firmly The thing he had most to fear was the dust, the soft dust of the valley that stirred with every breath of wind and would surround him as a pillar of cloud as he flew along the level road.

Hereford knew the road well. For a hundred miles it stretched straight across the valley, with glimpses here and there of the river winding through like a silver thread and now and then of the railroad track that ran straight as a line of fate drawn between him and the future

To beat the train and Dyer was now his sole business. The night had simplified his difficulties, and beat them he would or —

He set his teeth hard as he cranked the engine and set the car throbbing and spitting darts of blue flame. He let the clutch in slowly and bore down upon the starting-lever.

It was good to feel the throb of the engine as the machine shot out of the barn and trailed off in the gray dawn like

the very breath of the wind, the glorious west wind that swept in from the sea, full of the vigor and thrill of the joy of life, a fierce sort of joy that stirred a man's blood and cleared his brain and strengthened his arm.

It was good to be alive with this great, throbbing, pulsing thing to do his bidding, this wonderful mechanism that stood as the supreme effort of man's development of God-given material made subservient to his need. He felt the quiver of the engine at his touch, and the thrill shot through him, stirring his blood like wine.

The city flew behind him in blocks, then house by house till the streets touched the valley, and the road lay, a dusty brown ribbon, straight ahead. Between miles of orange orchards and acres of vine and olive the road ran, with here and there the soft gray of a eucalyptus wind-break cutting athwart it, but orchards and vineyards melted into a blur of jade, through which the great flying thing sped on and on.

The trees had grown sparser now. Clumps of sage-brush and of cactus made gray dots in the yellow sand. Hereford felt the dust sifting under his goggles, filling his nostrils, and beating like pebbles in his ears. It whirled before his face and gathered in his collar, rasping his neck till it was raw. He pressed his lips close to keep it out of his throat, but he felt the breath draw harsh and dry through his dust-stifled nostrils.

Above the throb of his car and the roar of the wind in his ears, he heard the panting exhaust of the Overland Express as it left the station at Rexham. With one swift backward glance—for the daylight was coming clearer now—he could see the heavy train creeping slowly down the slope.

He had the start of Dyer, but could he keep it? It depended upon his nerve and his driving-gear, and both were working full time. He'd got to win. He had too much of his life behind him to risk losing this chance. He had too much at stake. He had risked everything he had in the world. This was his last card. It had to take the trick. For six months he had been sinking money, all he had and all Scallon had. He had to win now.

He thought he could hear the rumble of the train crawling across the valley behind him as he drew close to the tracks. He knew he could hear the hum of the telegraph wires as the wind whistled through.

"I've got you beat," he said now and then grimly between set teeth, as he gripped the steering-wheel more tightly. But all the same, he knew that the race was only begun. He knew the train would gain on him, perhaps would pass him by and by, for the railroad hugged the foothills closer. The dirt road ran crookedly, following the river.

He knew also that when the train reached the station at Minnville there was a good thirty miles to go. Twenty of them lay uphill, a sheer climb among the rocks and shale until the ridge was passed, and then ten miles down to Mallory's shack. He thought of the last ten miles, picturing himself leaping it with great bounds of his car.

How would Dyer make them? That was the question. On horse-back or in an automobile? If he took a car at Minnville——

This time Hereford knew he heard the rumble of the train behind him, and presently it swept by like a great gleaming worm across the brown desert. The sun had come up over the mountains and shone hot on the sands and on the snow-peak of Old Baldy miles away. Still, the car flew on.

The road left the railroad-tracks here. There was a long sweep of orchards between, and he could not follow the train as it bore down upon the station. Fortunately, the road left Minnville at the apex of a triangle, while it swept on to the foothills diagonally. That was some time gained.

He felt the car slow down as the road began gradually to ascend. This was the hardest part, this slow climb, when he wanted to be flying. He relaxed his hold on the steering-wheel, feeling his muscles quiver with the long strain of intense effort. The car-wheels crunched and slipped and wobbled on the loose stones. If only the tires would escape puncture all might yet be well.

He pulled out his watch and looked at the time. Fifteen minutes past eight. The train had reached Minnville now.

He could hear the hoarse whistle of the engine down below. If Dyer had taken an automobile he might overtake him on this slope at any moment. Hereford looked about him on the narrow roadway. No; Dyer could not pass him. That was one comfort. He smiled grimly at the thought. He still had the right of way. He would win.

Far off now across the valley a tiny black speck appeared in a cloud of dust. Dyer had started. The speck moved rapidly. So he had taken an automobile Well, he had a long distance to gain.

Hereford drew a long breath of relief when he reached the top of the ridge. The mountains rose to the right a sheer, blank wall. To the left the hillside broke sharply to a gorge whose deep abyss was overhung with dense undergrowth.

"Now!" Hereford said, setting his teeth hard and bracing for the descent. He was on the home-stretch now. A little more and he had won.

So far he had met no one since he left the open road in the valley. The thought came to him as a sort of wireless message from the rapidly approaching future If he should meet some one in this narrow way? But there was no time for speculation. He must chance it. He had chanced everything else and won. Now he must not lose.

From somewhere down the slope behind him he heard the honk of Dyer's car; how far away he could not say, the echoes mocked it so

"Now!" he repeated, and the car leaped down the sharp incline, flinging a shower of stones that rattled like hail upon the coarse foliage of the resounding gorge.

Suddenly, straight ahead, from out of the dark of the overhanging rocks and black undergrowth, a pair of horses' heads obtruded themselves sharply, and a wagon swung swiftly into view.

"Hell!" The word thrust itself fiercely between Hereford's clenched teeth. "God! It's a woman!"

One sharp look he gave to the left and the dark abyss; then to the right where the mountain wall lifted. Just ahead the rocks leaned away a little, splitting from the base of the road. But even then it was not wide enough If only—but there was no time for thought; nothing but action, swift, sure, decisive. Hereford threw his full weight against the reverse-lever, braced his feet against the front guard, set his teeth in one fierce clench, and the next moment the car lay ditched under the overhanging rocks at the right of the road and Hereford himself lay somewhere underneath.

CHAPTER II.

Won and Lost.

WHEN Hereford came to himself, he was conscious in a very short space of time of three very distinct sensations. The first was that he was lying prone on his back in the road with the blood trickling down his forehead, and a damnable pain in his shoulders. The second was that some one was mopping the blood from his face. And the third was that he had lost the race.

"Hell!" he said with characteristic energy between clenched teeth.

Then he felt the hand that mopped his brow tremble a little, and somewhere very close to him he heard a woman's laugh, a low, tremulous little laugh, as if there was a sob in it somewhere, but unmistakably a laugh.

Somehow his own lips parted in a smile. He opened his eyes painfully and peered up into a pair of long-lashed eyes looking down at him from a pale face with an oval chin that trembled and a pair of drooping lips

"What is it?" Hereford asked, struggling to bring himself to a sitting posture, in doing which he felt her arms assisting him.

"I was glad to hear you speak, that was all. I thought you were dead. I was frightened"

Her lips had begun to tremble again

"You are not hurt?" Hereford said hastily.

"No, only frightened. I saw you go down. I thought you were dead. It was a great risk."

She had a way of putting a great deal into her words, Hereford thought, and he liked her direct way of saying things. She was only a girl, he could see that

now, a slender, lithe-figured girl with a delicate face and thin nostrils that dilated with feeling.

"But you are very badly hurt," she said, bending over him again as he renewed his efforts to get to his feet. "One arm is broken, I think. I do not know what else."

"The other arm's gone wrong, too," he said, trying vainly to lift it. "Collar bone broken or out of place or something. I'm in the very d—— mischief of a fix."

She stood up and looked at him. "If you think you can get into my wagon, I can take you on to Minnville. I am on my way there; it will not take long."

"Look here," Hereford said, pulling himself to his feet with sudden determination, "I can't turn back to Minnville. I've got to go on and in as short a time as possible. If you could help me——"

He stopped suddenly. There was something in the slender, graceful figure and the pale face with its big, blue eyes that stopped him.

"Must you go on to Minnville at once?"

He was impatient of the delay, impatient of the necessity for courtesy and consideration for her. Every moment counted now, and he had none to lose. If she had been an ordinary mountain woman on her way to market with fruit or vegetables it would have been easy enough to deal with her. But this girl was different. Her very manner demanded recognition, created an aloofness which he was bound to respect

"I had promised to deliver some honey this morning and a little fresh butter," she said, laughing at his evident dilemma.

"Look here," Hereford said, rapidly now; "it's worth a great deal to me to get on down this road as rapidly as possible. There's a man down there I've got to see. I left Rexham at daylight this morning running a race with the Overland Express. So far I've won, but there's a man who came out on that express who can turn me down yet unless I keep on. He's down the slope behind us not far away. He may come along at any moment, and every one of them counts—counts thousands of dollars Will you take me?"

The girl faced him, slender and straight and beautiful.

"How do I know that it wouldn't be better for the other man to win?"

Hereford stood still, but his jaw set. His will was to force her into submission. A sort of primitive masterfulness possessed him to override her delicate womanliness, to compel her compliance without further dallying. He wanted to be off and away. He wanted no conflict of this girl's will against his own. He was used to beating down opposition; he wanted to beat hers down.

A sudden sense of impotence possessed him at the thought that but for his broken arm, whose pain was beginning to assert itself mightily, he could take her by the sheer brute force that was his and carry her to the wagon that stood waiting down the slope and make her drive him to his journey's end. That was the thought that appealed to him, that physical domination of her aroused by this assertion of her will against his. Or he might possess himself of the wagon and go on in spite of her, leaving her to wait in the road till his errand was over. He was a man to whom the mere niceties of conduct weighed little as against the carrying out of his plans.

But even in this he was helpless. Both arms hung limp at his sides. He could neither drive nor compel her to drive for him against her will.

Meanwhile, the girl's eyes had not left his face. He was standing quite close to her, so close that a little trickle of blood from his forehead ran down and fell, a crimson stain, upon her white waist

"I didn't mean to be a brute," he said, falling back a step and trying to put his hand to his head.

The girl reached up and held her handkerchief to the wound. He felt the cool of her fingers against his burning forehead. He felt her breath against his cheek and the touch of her body against his own.

Suddenly, the glare of the sunlight seemed to fade in a sense of glory round about; he felt the breath draw cold in his nostrils; he felt a thrill as new and fierce as life itself, yet ancient as the ages, sweep over him with overmastering force.

He saw the upturned eyes of the girl veil themselves suddenly under their dark lashes and the pale face so close to his own grow warm with color.

She fell away from him with parted lips, catching with her hand at a manzanita bush that hung over the cliff's edge beside her.

"I will trust you," she said in a low voice, but he heard. "Let us go."

But Hereford's own lips were silent. He followed her down the slope to the wagon, seeing, as in a dream, the girl unhitch the horses with deft fingers that nevertheless trembled visibly. He was patient under the delay when she brought some towels from the wagon and bound up his head and made a sling for his broken arm.

But presently when she had helped him into the wagon and had set the horses off at a brisk pace, the honk of an automobile sounding behind them quickened his impatience.

"Dyer's on our trail," he said.

He saw the girl set her shoulders squarely as she gathered in the lines. There was still a spot of color in her cheeks and her eyes were glowing.

"He has not beaten us yet," she said with a sudden sparkling look over her shoulder at Hereford, and the horses swung into a steady gallop down the steep slope.

There was only brief speech between them now, a hasty word shouted above the rattle of the wheels and the clank of the horses' feet on the loose stones. As they passed farther down, trees overhung the road, and now and then frightened wild things scampered, startled out of their way.

It was a strange, wild ride, full of the freedom of the woods and the primal grandeur of the mountains that overshadowed them with a sense of magnitude and mystery. The great, barren rocks far above them linked the earth and sky in close embrace. The echo of their fierce fleeing through those reverberating depths pulsed with the mighty diapason of life itself.

But, underlying all, nearer and closer than the freedom of the woods and the sublime majesty of the mountains, lay that subtler mystery still, that primitive, invisible bond that had linked a man and a woman together in a sense of common cause and common purpose. The brooding mystery held their lips silent.

Hereford was no novice in the ways of women as women went. He had taken the world as he found it, and he had found women no better and no worse than the rest. They were just "a part of the game," that was all. He had seen enough of life to know the part they played in it for good or ill. Usually he had kept his head where they were concerned, that was all he thought was required of any man.

But this was different. The look of the girl beside him, her lithe figure alert, purposeful, her small hands holding the lines with nervous strength and energy, her eyes glowing beneath her long lashes, touched some new chord in his nature, opened new vistas, held out new hopes, new possibilities.

"God!" he whispered softly under his breath. "It would be something like to play the game with her."

As for the girl, she drove. All energy, all effort, all purpose, she bent upon that task. Her very delicacy, her slender, lithe figure leaning a little backward in the seat, alert, graceful, with that look of youth and activity that seem to embody the very spirit of progress itself, were merged in her effort to go forward.

There was something spiritual, almost wraithlike about her, for never once had she lost that sense of mystery and aloofness that surrounded her as a magic circle.

They had reached the foot of the steep declivity now, but at the base the road branched sharply, one angle running to the right leading still downward to the valley below, the other straggling over a gravelly bit of dried grass to where a tiny unpainted shack nestled close at the base of the rock among the sage-brush.

Without drawing rein, the girl bore straight forward in the open right-hand road.

"To the left, please," Hereford said, leaning toward her.

"But that road ends just below at the [illegible]. The river is beyond."

"I know. That is where I wish to go. The man I want to see lives there."

The girl turned upon him sharply.

"Tell me why you wish to see—the man who lives there."

"I am going to buy his place from him, that palatial residence with its two pigeon boxes in front and its lean-to in the rear. I am going to buy his grape vines and his beehives, his clumps of sage brush and Spanish-dagger and all that is his."

"Why?"

A strange look had come into the girl's face, but it was turned away from him, and he kept on mockingly.

"Because I have a mind to return to the soil, to lead the simple life under my own vine and fig-tree; to be monarch of all I survey from the door of that little shack, and be good and lonesome in these rock-ribbed fastnesses."

Somehow his words sounded strange and wild to his own ears, yet he could not stop them. Suddenly something in the girl's manner hushed them

"Tell me why you want to buy that place?" she said.

Hereford looked at her a moment. He seemed to be getting dizzy. He could not quite understand, but he answered her.

"Because there is something under those rocks and sage-brush that I want."

"What is it?"

The horses were going more slowly now, but Hereford scarcely noticed. He was in sight of the goal.

"Oil for one thing," he said; "good old grease enough to float that house and a thousand more like it, and gas enough to set these mountains on fire."

"Does the man know?"

"He knows something, not enough to hurt. He isn't much of a man; he doesn't need to know much."

"How much are you going to give him?" The question seemed a little muffled and strange, and this time Hereford looked at her.

"About a hundred times as much as he gave for it, I reckon. At all events, he's satisfied.

"I made the deal two months ago," he went on. "I've only been getting things in shape to close it. Last night I heard the man behind us was trying to get ahead of me—was trying to block my game. Otherwise I'd have waited—waited till I got all the ends tied.

"It's all a game, life is—a great game with the chances pretty even. For the man who doesn't make a misplay, it's a winning game. The man who muffs deserves all he gets. As for me, I always play to win, and if I get turned down on this deal it won't be my fault nor yours. Do you hear that machine back up the mountains? But he's too late. We're ahead. God bless you! We've won. Now for Mallory's signature."

He had grown suddenly loquacious. There was an expansiveness, a relaxation to his manner, that made him seem quite a different man. Was it that the sudden sense of victory had intoxicated him? His face was flushed and eager, his eyes shining.

One swift glance the girl threw at him, then drew away shuddering. The sense of his nearness seemed oppressive

"But if he should refuse his signature?" she said.

"He won't refuse. I've fixed that. I see a horse under the eucalyptus. If I am not mistaken I see my friend Tom Scallon standing in the doorway. Mallory's fixed. He won't refuse."

They were approaching the house now, the girl sitting lithe and erect, looking straight ahead.

On the gallery of the little cabin, two men were standing, one a big man with gray hair and a stubby gray mustache. The other man half-leaned in the doorway, a hand on either post.

The girl sent the horses forward suddenly. But Hereford had no thought for the girl now. The big man with the gray mustache was running forward to meet them.

"Climb into the wagon, Scallon," Hereford called out. "Everything's all right. Get the papers out of my inside pocket and make that fellow sign 'em quick. Not a minute to lose. Hear that car up the ridge there? Hurry, man, like hell!"

Scallon sprang out of the wagon, the papers in his hand. The girl rose, flinging the lines at her feet.

"Don't sign that paper!" she called out. "Don't sign it!"

She had made ready to spring out. In a moment Hereford was upon her. Setting his foot upon the lines, he threw himself against the girl, forcing her back

upon the seat. His arms and hands were powerless, but the mere weight of his body held her pinioned in a grip of steel. He felt the struggle of her body under his; he felt the pounding and beating of her fists in his face. Presently he felt her blows upon his wounded arm, but he would not let go

The horses had dashed to the end of the cove, and, swerving as if by instinct, had turned back to the house once more.

"Come on, Dick; it's all right." Scallon was coming toward them, waving the papers in his hand.

Hereford released his hold of the girl, feeling the quiver that ran through her as she started free from the contact of his body.

"You dog! You cur!" She towered above him, her eyes blazing, her body shaken with rage.

In another moment she had sprung out of the wagon and was running rapidly toward the house. Hereford saw the girl's face go white as the sprawling figure in the doorway lurched forward, reeling.

"'S all right now; everything's all right. Sold the dear old home—get a bezzer one in town—plenty money now, plenty everything. Come in, gentlemen: le's celebrate——" The maudlin voice trailed off incoherently.

The girl stopped still. She had grown white and shrunken with a shuddering horror, but the maudlin voice had begun again.

"'Scuse me, gentlemen. Thish my sister sister Eileen come to live with me and take care of me 'S all right, Eileen, these gentlemen friends of mine."

Scallon stood folding and unfolding the paper, his chin on his chest, his hat low over his eyes. Hereford stumbled out of the wagon and stood leaning against the gate-post, his face singularly gray and set.

One shuddering look the girl had given the reeling figure in the doorway; another she flung at Hereford with eyes that blazed the scorn and hatred within her

"And you call yourself a man!" she said Her contempt fell scorchingly, and in another moment she had passed swiftly into the house, closing the door behind her.

"Stop!" Hereford cried. "For God's sake, stop!"

He tried to follow her, but instead, he fell forward in the road, his face in the dust

CHAPTER III.

Out of the Depths.

TOM SCALLON was a man of many resources and varied experiences. For one thing, he had been at the head of a scouting party that did good service for the government in days when such things were pretty badly needed. For another, he had been in charge of an ambulance corps in one or two pretty tough skirmishes with the Apaches, and for a third, he had been cook of the company's mess before he reached the conclusion that the United States government could get along without his services.

For a good many others, he had been miner and prospector and all-around oil man from Pittsburgh to Coffeyville and Beaumont, and by and by from Beaumont to "nowhere," as he was pretty apt to express it.

That sort of thing, followed persistently, is likely to produce a man of resources, and within the next month Scallon found that he had need of all the resources available and sometimes a few more

To begin with, there was Hereford. When he picked him up out of the dust in front of Mallory's shack, more dead than alive, his whole thought was of "the boy." Scallon always called Hereford the boy, for the hearts of the two men were knit well-nigh as father and son.

To get Hereford somewhere where he could take care of him was the first thing. To take him inside Mallory's shack was obviously not to be thought of. In the first place, there was Mallory himself, maudlin drunk, and likely to give no end of trouble once he got sober.

In the next place, there was the girl somewhere inside with the door shut. Scallon was sufficiently ashamed of his own part in the morning's transaction

not to want to face that girl's eyes again. So the shack and Mallory's drunken offer of its hospitality were out of the question.

But farther up the ridge was a little shepherd's hut that Scallon knew about, and a cache where the shepherd hid his stores when he followed the sheep to grass. If he could get the boy there he could take care of him and get him well—maybe.

There was a look on Hereford's face that Scallon did not like. He had seen men look like that before, and afterward their getting well was a mighty doubtful proposition. But if he could get the boy to the shepherd's hut he would do what he could; he would try as desperately as ever a man tried.

He had thought once vaguely of Minnville and of getting Dyer to take Hereford and himself there in his car. But Dyer had turned back without completing his journey. No doubt he had seen from the top of the ridge that Hereford had reached the shack ahead of him and had turned back at once.

At all events, he had not come, and Scallon had heard his car high up the mountain side, quite out of sight. To drive to Minnville by wagon under the baking sun would mean death to a man with the look on his face that Hereford had, so there was nothing for it but the shepherd's hut.

There were a couple of burros grazing on the dried grass and sage-brush in front of the cabin. Scallon caught one of them and with difficulty set Hereford astride, strapping him to the donkey's back. He was afraid to risk the hired horse he had ridden over from the station, but he knew he could trust the sure-footed little beast; and once at the shepherd's hut, he could turn the burro loose and he would find his way home.

Throwing the stirrups across the saddle, he sent his horse on ahead of the burro, and himself on foot beside the boy, the little procession set out in the narrow foot path up the mountain-side.

It seemed a very dreary beginning to the undertaking upon which they had counted so heavily for success, and Scallon's heart was troubled. But it was not in the man's nature to give up without a struggle, and he had made up his mind to fight till the last ditch. But the whole thing meant nothing to him without Hereford. If the boy——

Scallon set his teeth hard, for the boy's face looked mighty still and white as it lay on the burro's neck.

Suddenly another pale face shot out of the bushes by the roadside.

"Is he dead?" Eileen said, leaning against a ledge of rock.

"No, no, ma'am, he ain't dead ——" He was about to add "yet," but something in the girl's manner made him afraid to tell her the fear that was in his own heart.

"Where are you taking him?" she asked, still breathlessly.

"To the shepherd's hut up the ridge a bit. It's shady and cool there, and there's a spring."

"I know, I know," she interrupted him eagerly, "but"—she hesitated a moment—"why do you take him away? Why did you not leave him—there?" She pointed to the shack down the road.

Scallon hesitated. "I know," she said. "It is because of me! He turned out of the road—ditched his car and hurt himself because of me—and now you are taking him away. If he does not get well—oh, his face looks so white and still—it will be I who have killed him!" She spoke breathlessly, incoherently, following at Scallon's side, clutching at the bushes.

"'Tain't that altogether, ma'am," Scallon said, speaking slowly. "You see, your brother now, he might make some trouble when—when he comes to himself. He's fitful and moody like. I've seen him a time or two that way. And the boy here, he's got to be kept quiet and took care of a good bit. I'll manage somehow at the hut up there."

The girl shrank a little at the mention of her brother, but Scallon kept on. He knew it would be easier for her that way.

"But you will need food—provisions," she said.

"There's a good bit o' truck in the shepherd's cache. I know where it is."

"But there will be no medicines——"

"None to speak of," Scallon began, looking at the girl's eager face. He was finding out that she was just a woman after all, and not the young tigress he

had been afraid to face back there in front of the cabin door.

"Go on slowly," Eileen was saying. "I have some things—not many, but they may be useful. I will get them and overtake you higher up. Don't wait. I can take a short cut through the under brush."

She overtook the little procession presently, bringing a basket of medicines and small stores and some rolls of linen cloth. Scallon could see at a glance what they would mean to the wounded man, and he felt the tears getting very near to the surface of his dim old eyes when he took them.

"There's something else," the girl said before she turned away. "You will be quite alone up there. The shepherd won't be coming for several months yet. You must keep the burro. Tether him so he will not stray, and if anything happens if you need any one—send him down with a note. He will come straight, poor Beppo! He likes the lump of sugar I give him when he's good."

And the girl's hand stole caressingly into the tangled mane of the donkey's neck, and the man strapped to the little creature's back moaned inarticulately and opened his eyes. But already, fleet as a wild thing, the girl was gone, and Scallon smiled softly, watching her slender, lithe figure swinging through the underbrush.

"She's just a woman, boy," he said, gently putting his rough palm softly on Hereford's cheek. "Just a woman, and as pretty and sweet a one as God ever made."

* * * * *

In the little shepherd's hut up the mountain there were long days and nights of fighting. There were breathless hours when the boy was living over again the fierce flight across the valley. He struggled with the dust and his muscles grew hard and tense with the strain of effort.

He shouted to Dyer behind him; he fought with the rocks and the mountains, and the pillar of cloud that started with him had become a pillar of fire that burned and consumed him. He lay helpless in the ditch, battling with giants, fighting with death.

And then something had happened. He wasn't himself any more. He was somebody else. Perhaps *he* had died in the ditch under the car. At any rate, he was somebody else. Then *she* had come, and he saw her driving away over the mountain-tops. Her horse's hoofs were shod with gold, but they made no noise. They never struck the earth. And there was a cluster of stars in her hair, and all the people shouted: "The lovelight, the lovelight, the lovelight!"

Only *she* never looked at him. She only drove on her shining way over the mountain tops. Only at the last did she look at him, but she had come down from the mountain-tops and there was a great, smooth sea that he had to cross to get to her, and he shouted as he had heard the people shout: "The lovelight, the lovelight!" And he tried to get to her, but suddenly the black sea was on fire and he could not see the lovelight, only on the other side he could hear her calling.

But what was it she said? Sometimes she was quite close to him, so close that he could feel her breath against his cheek and the rise and fall of her bosom against his arm, but he could not hear what she said

Scallon grew to be an older man in the six weeks that passed, an older and a different man. There were new and softer lines in his sun-burned, work-hardened old face, new notes of tenderness in his voice.

He lived the hours over with the boy one by one, piecing out what was untold in the fevered ravings.

He knew pretty much all there was to the boy, Scallon did. He had found him when he first came West—a good five years now—fresh from his Eastern upbringing. He had found him raw from the first whip-lash Fate had given him. For the boy seemed to have gone the pace at his own gait mostly. He'd sowed the wind with a free hand for a pretty long time, but in the end he had reaped the whirlwind like the rest.

Only it had hurt him worse than some. It had taken pretty much all there was to him, leaving him just a few ugly lines about the eyes and mouth, a hard set jaw, and the stain of things forbidden on his soul. But he had been sorer than most—Scallon remembered that—and he

was all man, the boy was. He knew that, and Scallon had learned to know men pretty well.

He had learned to know the boy, too, in the five years they had been knocking about together. He'd seen some of the ugly lines smooth out of his face, and some pretty strong and purposeful ones come in place of them, for the jaw had kept hard set. Men said—most men that the boy was a hard man.

Well, maybe he was. Maybe he had more right to be than some, and he had a long way to go yet. A man wasn't usually the same at the journey's end as when he first set out. But, as far as he could see, the boy was keeping step all right. He wasn't lagging nor getting out of line.

There were times when Scallon began to think of the boy in a new light; times when he saw visions that he had once seen for himself, only the boy was in his place now, living the life he had once thought of for himself, climbing new heights, discovering new lands of promise all his own.

There were times when the old man wrestled with the angel, for his soul was knit to the boy's and he felt himself growing old in solitude and loneliness. But in the end it was the angel that won, and Scallon came out of the struggle a better man, wanting only the boy's life and the chance for him to go on up the heights toward the promised land.

But when life began again for Dick Hereford, it was very far off from the promised land, and at such low ebb that it was a long while before he could even stretch out his hand toward the future.

When he opened his eyes in the little shepherd's hut six weeks later, he was only dimly conscious of the sunshine sifting through the trees outside and of the trickle of water over the rocks sounding cool and sweet and clear. There seemed to be something else that he had heard or felt or seen—he couldn't remember which—but when he opened his eyes he could not find it, so he closed them again.

Yes, he knew what it was this time—a soft step like a woman's, and a low voice, and a hand that took the pain away. There was a pair of great violet eyes, too, looking out of a pale face close to his. Once the face had seemed very far away, and he had lost the violet eyes altogether, but somehow the soft hand had held him and the low voice had called when he was slipping away—and so he had come back out of the depths.

What was it the low voice had said? He knew once, but now he had forgotten. Oh, yes, he remembered now.

"You dog! You cur! And you call yourself a man!"

Hereford pulled himself up on his elbow and looked out through the open cabin door. He could see the sunshine sifting through the trees and the water trickling over the rocks, and Scallon stripped to his waist washing a shirt in the stream.

He looked at his own thin, bare arm, and his bony, white hand that trembled queerly when he held it in front of him. Presently he called Scallon, and his voice sounded like a raven's croak.

Scallon came in, wringing the water from his hairy, black arms.

"Where are my clothes, old man?" Hereford said feebly.

"In the tub, boy, bless ye!" Scallon said joyously, for the boy had come back to him and his heart was happy. "This is wash-day in this here skyscraper, and the most of your outfit is takin' a bath."

"Isn't there anything I can put on?"

"Nary a stitch. But what ails ye, boy? You come mighty near havin' on about as good a one-piece garment as I ever saw, if I did make it myself out of the best sheet the establishment afforded."

"Look here, Tom. How long have I been here?" Hereford asked.

"Six weeks come day after to-morrow, by about the hardest reckoning of the flight o' time I ever done."

"Six weeks lost," Hereford said. Then he seemed to remember something. "Look here, Tom. Have I been here all the time?"

"Well, not to say all the time. You see, boy, you had a mighty close call. That was a pretty tough run o' yours across the valley, and falling under your machine the way you did didn't help you any. And then afterward——"

"I know," Hereford interrupted hurriedly. "Tell me, Tom, have you been here all the time?"

"Every minute, barrin' what I spent on my knees sayin' my prayers in the happy—happy land my mother used to take me to when I was a kid."

Hereford waited a moment, lying flat on his pillows, looking up at the bare rafters overhead.

"Then tell me, old man, has anybody else been here?"

"Shoo, now, boy, what do you take this for? A seaside resort, with cottages strung on a string, and nothin' doin' but gaddin' and gossipin'? Why, look out the door there. This here flat is situated 'bout a thousand miles the other side of nowhere. 'Tain't likely we'd have many neighbors droppin' in. Now, is it?"

Scallon had given his promise and he wasn't going to break it—unless the boy pushed him too close. Fortunately, the boy didn't push him. He was intent on something else. He had found out something, and the rest he could find out later

"How long will it take those togs of mine to dry?" he asked quite irrelevantly.

"Can't say exactly to a tee," Scallon answered, "but I reckon not under a week nohow. You see, in this climate, boy——"

"Yes, in this climate a washerwoman can't get her clothes on the line quick enough; they dry without that formality," Hereford interposed. "Now, I want mine pretty darn quick, Tom, and the sooner you get 'em the better I'll like it. I've wasted time enough here. I want to move on."

"An' where was you thinkin' of headin' to exactly?" Scallon asked modestly.

"I want to get down to Mallory's shack the first thing. I'm going to make things straight with that fellow, Tom I don't know how you feel about it, but I'm going to fix things so that if—when—we do find what we're after, he will be in the deal on the ground floor."

Scallon's blue eyes narrowed a little. "That ain't business, exactly, boy," he said.

"It's my way of doing business," Hereford answered decisively.

Scallon waited a moment. "Is that all?" he asked

"All of what?"

"All of your business?"

"All that you are in, old man."

The two men looked at each other for a moment, then the eyes of the older one softened. "I thought maybe so there might be a little something else that you were in, boy," he said quietly.

"There is, old man," Hereford said, turning his face to the wall. "Tom, I've got to find that girl."

CHAPTER IV.

Hereford's Search Begins.

IT was a very different sort of procession from the one that had come up which set off down the mountain-side on that wonderful day when Scallon found himself forced against his will to admit that the boy's clothes were dry enough for him to wear.

First, there had been a very strenuous hour's work on the boy's part, scraping the stubble from his lean face by the aid of Scallon's pocket-razor and the absent shepherd's cracked mirror that hung outside under a tree. The smooth, closely cropped hair had grown over-long and hung in heavy waves about his ears and neck, but there was no help for it in this shearless mountain outfit, as Scallon persuaded the boy after much effort.

Before the journey began Scallon had broken the last three eggs of his precious store and beaten them up with the last drop of brandy in his flask, and made the boy swallow the foamy mixture. But it was a very thin and very wobbly leg that the boy lifted across the saddle of Scallon's horse for the downward journey.

"It's down we go in great shape, boy," Scallon said, whittling the end of a stout manzanita staff he had trimmed for the journey. "What's the matter with havin' our pictures struck for the flight into Egypt?"

"Into the Promised Land, Tom," the boy called back over his shoulder as they struck the trail—"the Promised Land, though we have to cross the Red Sea to get there."

Scallon had never seen the boy like this before, and he could not tell whether the sight of it made him most happy or most sad. But there was no mistaking

the boy's feelings. There was a look of youth in his face that belonged to another age of the world, and a light in his eyes that never was on land or sea Somehow, the look of it made the older man afraid. He had seen so many lights like that go out in misery and hopelessness

As they neared the end of their journey, Scallon lagged farther and farther behind, and finally, when they reached the pocket in the mountains where Mallory's shack stood, he called down to the boy to keep on without him. He wanted to look at a vein of rock, he said

So the boy went on alone. Things looked very quiet about the front of the house, but the day was young yet, and the boy knew how women were when there was any sort of a house to keep. Anyhow, he wanted to see Mallory first. He wanted to have that good and over with. That part was easy enough.

And afterward? Well, that wasn't so easy. The boy didn't know just what he would say. First, he would tell her what a brute he had been and how he hated himself and how he l——

No, he wouldn't tell her the last just yet. But he would let her know what he meant to do. She was the sort of a girl a man could speak out to. She wouldn't stand for any hanging back or make believe. He knew that. So, somehow or other, the words would come of themselves. He would tell her what he wanted; tell her he had looked through her eyes into the Promised Land, and that he meant to enter in and possess the land, though he had to cross the Red Sea and pass through the Wilderness to get there.

It was all simple enough as he thought of it. Most things were, once a man had made up his mind to them. Much of the boy's old-time strength seemed to have come back to him with the ride, for he threw the reins over the horse's head and went into the house with much of his old time assurance.

But his rap on the thin battens brought no response. The noise reverberated emptily through the house, and presently he pushed open the door and went in.

In the little low-ceiled front room all was as he had been accustomed to see it on the occasion of his infrequent visits to Mallory. The low cot in the corner with its covering of skins, the rough table, the one or two plain chairs. Hereford passed swiftly into the kitchen. There, too, everything was unchanged—the stove with the pipe running through a broken pane in the window, the well scrubbed table, the shining tins hanging against the wall.

There was only one other room, and Hereford crossed its threshold reverently. There was a little white bed with a snowy valence and an old-fashioned patchwork quilt. There was a little home-made dressing-case with muslin curtains, and a square mirror with a knot of ribbon tied at one corner. There was a tiny little table by the bed, and a candlestick with the bit of candle half burned out.

Here, as everywhere, the house showed that no careless tenants had abandoned it, but that careful hands had made it ready for another's coming. Hereford had passed into the little room as if he entered sanctuary. He came out now, groping like a blind man. He had found the altars cold, the spirit flown.

Scallon met him staggering in the doorway "She's gone!" the boy cried hoarsely, the weakness of illness come suddenly back upon him.

"Shoo, boy," the old man said, swallowing the lump in this throat, "the world is a little place for a man to trail a woman in."

Scallon had found Beppo tethered in the sage brush back of the cabin, and a saddle under the shed behind the kitchen. The old man had a warm spot in his heart for Beppo, and when they set out for Minnville the little beast was with them.

They stopped to take a look at Hereford's car as they passed over the ridge, and were glad to find that it was not irremediably damaged. But on the upturned tonneau, scratched with a bit of shale in the polished surface, was this significant message:

"Next time I'll be the winner."

"It was like Dyer, the scoundrel, to ruin that bit of polish," Hereford said, with a grim smile.

Scallon thought it was like Hereford to take Dyer's message so coolly. The

old man was glad to see the boy's jaw set once more and the old fire glow like burnished steel in his gray eyes.

By the time they reached their journey's end Scallon felt sure that the boy's old spirit had come back to him. So far as he could see, there was no lessening of the tension at which Hereford had always gone about any work that he had in hand, and the physical weakness from the fever and confinement seemed to efface itself gradually.

The boy had taken up the lines where he had dropped them with his old energy. If the old man had been able to see a little farther he would have understood that there was an added purpose to Hereford's dogged persistence, that there was a steadier hand on the lever when he bent his energies to move the mountains that opposed him.

There was something about the boy, however, that Scallon did not understand, though he knew well enough the cause of it a sort of quietness it was, as the old man said, "as if he heard somebody singin' somewhere and didn't want to stop the music." But the thing was so subtle, so elusive, that he could not define it, and it did not show itself in any dawdling or lack of power. There was only a steadier, firmer grip, that was all.

For the boy was not to be balked of his purpose. He had set out to find Eileen Mallory, and he meant to find her. He didn't talk to the old man about it, but he was following every clue and trying to find clues where there were none

The first thing he did when they got to town was to ask if the Mallorys' mail still came to the Minnville post-office. When he found that it had been ordered forwarded to Rexham, to be called for at the general delivery, he felt that he had gained a great deal. That Mallory and Eileen had gone East at once was what he had feared most. So long as they were in Rexham he could find them and he would

After a time it dawned on Scallon that Hereford was dropping into saloons with a frequency that finally alarmed the old man.

"I kinder thought you wanted bigger game than that nowadays, boy," he said, when he had stood it as long as he could

"I'm looking for Mallory. Old man, I've got to find that girl," Hereford answered in a way that hurt.

Once, after a long while, Hereford saw Mallory. He was coming out of a saloon staggering, as usual, too drunk to recognize Hereford when he spoke to him, or to answer his questions intelligently. Besides, he showed ugly, as Hereford had a right to expect, and wanted nothing to do with him.

At last, when Hereford followed him, thinking to get his address, Mallory's reeling footsteps ended in a brothel, and the search for the time had to be abandoned

It was tedious business for a man used to dominating circumstances as Hereford was. Scallon began to see lines of care and disappointment and weariness come into the boy's face, though the jaw was still set and the eyes still shone with inward fire. For meanwhile, Hereford was working full time—the full time of a man who has taken things at flood-tide and means to make every effort spell success

As for Scallon's part of the business, according to the old man's own understanding of it, that was easy. He set his derrick low down in the neck of Mallory's strip on a little knoll that rose gentle as a woman's breast, and, as the old man said, once the drill was started, "things were due to happen."

CHAPTER V.

He Plays to Win.

THE Bailey House, with its broad expanse of red brick wall and its staring, blindless windows, occupied a corner, running flush with two streets, a wide veranda overhanging the sidewalk in front, beneath whose shade an easy-going crowd could be seen at almost any hour of the day with their chairs tilted back. It was a popular place, the Bailey House was, in those days, quiet and decent if a little bit homely and old-fashioned, and with a reputation for cuisine that assured a good patronage.

Though Hereford had found it necessary to move up-town near his new offices, Scallon still kept his room at the Bailey House and stopped there whenever he was in Rexham. Hereford found it convenient to meet the old man there sometimes, and one day, finding himself in the neighborhood, he dropped in upon him for luncheon, going in through the side door and making his way familiarly to a table in a distant corner near a window.

It was a good place to be quiet in, and Hereford was beginning to find that he liked to be quiet pretty often nowadays. The strain of the strenuous three months' work following his severe illness had told on him. He was looking leaner, but, if anything, more doggedly persistent than ever.

So far, things were going as he wanted them. The People's Oil and Pipe Line Company had been successfully launched, and Scallon was holding up his end of the line all right, sending characteristic reports that left no doubt that the thing would "make good."

But Hereford knew that, while he had been wasting six precious weeks of time in the little shepherd's hut, Dyer had not been idle. He knew that Dyer had been prospecting on the other side of the ridge, and he was sure that when it came to getting franchises he would have Dyer to fight. Dyer had been lying mighty low of late. Hereford meant that when the fight came he, and not Dyer, should win, and it kept him pretty busy laying his plans.

That was why he liked to get away and be quiet. Besides, he hadn't found Mallory and the girl yet.

The dining room was almost empty. Through the open window near which Hereford had taken a seat he looked out on a cheery little strip of green lawn, with here and there the pink flare of peach trees in early bloom.

He was always keenly alive to sensuous things, and this harbinger of spring stirred his blood. The little strip of yard seemed to stretch itself out like a magic carpet bearing him in fancy to realms of enchantment. It led to another world, the world that was always in his dreams, back of all that he did or strove to do.

He was still following the path of dreams when he became dimly aware that some one was near, that some one had spoken to him.

"Your order, please?" a voice said at his elbow. His face was still turned to the window, but he heard, not with his ears alone, but with every fiber of his being.

"Eileen!" he said, softly speaking to her out of his dreams, "at last you have come! I have waited so long, searched so long for you!"

(To be continued.)

JOURNALISM ON WHEELS.

A Newspaper Written, Edited, and Published by Women on Board a Moving Train in Western Canada.

ONE of the latest and most novel efforts in the world of journalism was the publication of a paper by women on a moving train. Under the auspices of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company and the Canadian Immigration Association, a company of ladies, who included many writers of wide note, made a trip through the Canadian wheat-belt as a windup to the annual convention of the Canadian Women's Press Club, held at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

In spite of the magnificent scenery and the interesting and formidable facts and figures about wheat production, shipping, etc., given to them by the representatives of their hosts, the ladies sought for change and recreation, so they wrote, edited, and "published" a newspaper, and called it the *Sunset Bulletin*.

It was started at Edmonton, the world's greatest fur mart, and continued through all the rest of the journey until the arrival of the party at Winnipeg.

Along the Trail.

Odds and Ends of Curious and Useful Facts Picked Up Along the Rights of Way of the World's Railroads.

RAILS could not be rolled in other than flat shape until the invention of the first suitable machinery, in 1820

THE first elevated railway was projected in New York in 1871, and the first structure was completed in 1878

IN all but the largest stations, in England, tickets are not placed on sale until fifteen minutes before the train leaves.

AN orchestra is the innovation prophesied as being the next addition to luxurious traveling on the great fliers.

THE majority of the great English railways run carriages of first and third class only, omitting second class entirely.

ONE of the Czar's treasures is the first sod of the Siberian Railroad, which he turned when Czarevitch, about thirteen years ago

MANY of the German railroads are now employing Polish women to work in the road-beds, owing to the scarcity of low priced male labor

THERE are sixty-one trains on British railroads which are scheduled to run at an average of more than fifty-six miles an hour from start to stop

THE Russian railways provide books at each station in which passengers may enter any complaint that they wish to make against the administration of the road

A FINE of five pounds was recently inflicted on a passenger who had defrauded the Great Eastern Railway Company of England of twopence halfpenny

THE state railways of the Grand Duchy of Baden use small shunting engines to push express-trains for a short distance in order to help them get up speed quickly.

A TOKYO newspaper has arranged to run an exhibition train containing the merchandise of leading stores in Tokyo as an advertisement and for sales

AN Italian has invented a machine for printing tickets as they are needed The apparatus can print and register four hundred different kinds of tickets, with station, date, and fare

THE term "ballast," in connection with railroads, originated from the practise of using the gravel ballast emptied from the ships in the Tyne for railroads in the vicinity of Newcastle, England

WHEN traveling with a baby on a sleeping-car, insure a good night's rest for yourself and the baby by putting him to sleep in the hammock suspended in the berth, says *Good Housekeeping*.

AN Erie railroad ticket from Mount Morris, New York, to Rochester, issued in 1864, has just been used. It bequeathed to the user by his grandfather, in 1801

ONE explanation of the English use of the word "tram" for what an American is content to call a "street-car" is that it is a shortening of the name of Sir James Outram, the inventor of the cast iron flanged rail

THE various kinds of uniforms on the English railroads are somewhat perplexing to the uninitiated. *Tit-Bits* says the London and Northwestern has one hundred and thirty different caps in use, the trimmings, bands, and lettering of which indicate the wearers' positions.

THE first railway in the United States of which there is indisputable record was built by Thomas Deiper at his stone quarry in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, in 1809, although common report has it that a short stretch of track was laid by Silas Whitney on Beacon Street, Boston, in 1807

"General's" Race For Life.

BY THOMAS BENTON CONNOR.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. Surprisingly little is known of the most exciting and most important race ever run on wheels. Not only did the lives of the participants hang on the issue, but the fates of armies and possibly the outcome of a tremendous war, were at stake.

James J. Andrews anticipated Sherman by two whole years. If he had succeeded, the March to the Sea might not have been necessary. But Andrews failed, and paid the penalty of his daring with his life.

He had, however, with the merest handful of followers, penetrated one hundred and fifty miles into hostile territory, captured a train under the very noses of the Confederate soldiers, and made with it the most desperate race of which there is any record.

The plucky little locomotive with which the run was made was named the "General." It has now become only a relic in the Union Station, in Chattanooga—probably the least known relic of the great Civil War.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER FOUR.

Tale of the Wild Flight of a Confederate Locomotive Captured by Federal Troops in Georgia During the Civil War.

"BIG Shanty! All out for Big Shanty! Twenty minutes for breakfast!" shouted Conductor William Fuller, of the Western and Atlantic Railroad on the morning of April 12, 1862, as his train slowed down at the little station twenty-five miles north of Atlanta.

Engineer Cain set his lever, arranged his steam-cocks, and with Anthony Murphy, master mechanic of the road, who was on a tour of inspection that morning, climbed down from the cab and joined the conductor at breakfast in the long shed which gave the station its name.

The rest of the crew followed suit, leaving the train entirely unguarded. It was their custom and there was no inkling of danger in their minds.

Sleepy passengers had tumbled out of the coaches to eat or to stretch their legs on the station platform. The rattle of dishes and the eager shuffling to and fro of colored waiters in the dining-room almost drowned the sound of the panting little engine outside.

Suddenly clouds of black smoke belched from the big, cone-shaped funnel; the noise of steam could be heard rushing into the cylinders, and the train began slowly to draw away from the station. Fuller looked up from his table just in time to see his train captured from him before his very eyes.

The Man Who Stole the Engine.

In full possession of the engine and train now was James J. Andrews, a lank, shaggy-bearded Kentuckian with a sug

gestion of old "Osawatomie" Brown in his determined features. At the throttle stood William Knight, an enthusiastic young engineer, who had formerly run on the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne Railroad.

Wilson W. Brown, an older man, with a long record to his credit on the Mobile and Ohio before the war, was at his side in reserve. "Alf" Wilson, who acted as fireman, saw his first railroad service that day. In the baggage car behind were twenty-two picked men from Sill's brigade of Ohio infantry.

All these had left the Union camp at [illegible], Tennessee, five days before, and had made their way through the enemy's lines in civilians' disguise to Chattanooga, twenty-eight miles distant. They had traveled in groups of two and three, telling the suspicious Southerners that they were Kentuckians of Southern sympathies coming south to enlist in the Confederate army.

At Chattanooga, on the evening of the 11th, they had boarded the five-o'clock train for Marietta, Georgia, twenty miles north of Atlanta.

Andrews's aim was to seize a train and to break the Confederates' lines of communication by burning all bridges and destroying all the railroad property possible on a flying trip north. A prior effort to do this had miscarried, owing to the failure of an accomplice in Atlanta to perform his part.

Hoped to Break the Rebel Line.

It was a scheme worthy of a visionary hero, but Andrews's large acquaintance in the South, acquired as a dealer in contraband goods, and his proved trustworthiness as a spy convinced General O. M. Mitchell, the Union officer in charge at Shelbyville, of its feasibility.

After several sleepless hours spent in a hotel in Marietta, where they had arrived a little before midnight, Andrews and his band rose at daybreak to catch Fuller's train. They purchased tickets to various points along the route to prevent suspicion, although it was their leader's purpose to attempt a capture at Big Shanty, the breakfast station and the first stop.

Two regiments of Confederate troops were then in camp at Big Shanty, and the gray uniforms of the soldiers were the first things that met the eyes of the startled Union spies on the train's arrival there. Frightened by the unexpected appearance of soldiers, the more timid of Andrews's men tried to dissuade him from the enterprise.

"Boys, I tried this once before and failed; now I will succeed or leave my bones in Dixie," was his grim answer.

Leaving his coach, closely followed by the engineers, Knight and Brown, and with the rest of his party straggling along after them, he quickly uncoupled a number of freight cars attached to the rear of the train, and, turning back, hurried toward the engine.

Start of the Thrilling Race.

Knight sprang into the cab and seized the throttle. So eager was he for the venture that he jerked down the lever, opened the throttle, and had the train in motion before half of the men, who were scrambling into the side door of the baggage car, were aboard. Their companions inside hauled them all safely in, however, and none was left behind.

The nerves of the party tingled with excitement as the train pulled out on its perilous journey north. Andrews had informed himself in advance as to the schedules of all trains on the road and knew that the way was clear for thirty-five miles to Kingston, where they were to pass the regular south-bound.

The Confederate train-crew had been left behind in such a helpless condition that immediate pursuit was considered out of the question. It was not thought necessary to maintain extraordinary speed at the start. Ten miles up the road a halt was made to cut telegraph wires and to place obstructions on the track behind.

A few miles farther on, a pick and crowbar, implements sorely needed in the proposed work of destruction, were taken from a construction gang. No resistance was made. A number of crossties from a pile beside the track were also taken on.

As soon as the laborers were out of sight, Andrews stopped again and de-

tailed a portion of his force to lift a rail or two from the track behind them; another portion was set to cutting more telegraph wires. While they were engaged at this, a wisp of smoke was seen, curling itself lazily against the sky ahead. The expert eye of Engineer Brown was not deceived.

"An engine yonder coming our way," he exclaimed.

After a moment's confusion due to this unlooked-for announcement, the leader proceeded to face the danger. The unfinished task of unfastening a rail was abandoned, and they were off again, faster than before. The smoke that had frightened them was found to proceed from a work-engine on a siding a mile or so ahead, which was used to carry ore to the near-by Cooper Iron Furnaces.

It was safely passed at full speed just after the bridge over the Etowah River—one they had intended to burn—had been crossed.

At Cartersville, three miles farther, a stop had to be made.

"Carrying Powder for Beauregard."

"I am carrying powder and ammunition from Atlanta for General Beauregard," Andrews explained to the station-agent. "I have hurry orders and right of way over all trains. Fuller's train is ten minutes behind me."

For confirmation of his story, Andrews pointed with grim irony to the closed baggage-car where his men were concealed. No credentials were asked for and the General hurried on to Kingston.

Meanwhile Fuller, the duped conductor of the captured train, left seated at breakfast with Cain, his engineer, and Master Mechanic Murphy, had not remained idle. The keen-eyed, wiry Georgian, with drooping black mustache and pointed goatee, was not a man to be dismayed by difficulties, however insuperable they might appear.

When he saw his train moving off without him, he bounded from his seat at table, and calling to his companions to follow started off in pursuit. Engineer Cain was close at his heels. Murphy delayed long enough to scratch off a despatch for aid from Atlanta, which he handed to a boy to be delivered to an operator at Marietta, there being no telegraph station at Big Shanty, and then joined them.

The sight of the three men dashing off up the track, one after another, in pursuit of a locomotive was ludicrous in the highest degree, and a roar of jeers and scornful laughter assailed their ears from the crowd of soldiers, deserted passengers, and station loafers behind.

Following on a Hand Car.

Nothing daunted, they ran two miles without stopping for breath, until they reached a hand-car on a side track. This they hastily pressed into service. Fuller and Cain, strenuously manipulating the handles, made fair progress until they reached the spot where the Federals had loosened a rail, when the car suddenly overturned and plunged all three down an embankment.

Springing at once to his feet, Fuller caught sight of the smoke of the work-engine across the Etowah River, and cheered his bruised and discouraged assistants on to another foot-race.

"Come on, boys," he cried. "We'll get the Yonah now and go after them Yankees right."

Yonah was the name of the Cooper Iron Works' engine, a sorry little affair even for those days, but able to make somewhat better time than a hand-car. It was no sooner reached than commandeered, and the real pursuit began.

By this time Andrews was pacing up and down the station platform at Kingston in an agony of impatience. Momentous events had been in progress since he had left Shelbyville, five days before. The great battles of Corinth and Pittsburgh Landing had been fought, while General Mitchell, on the eastern wing of the Union army, had captured the town of Huntsville, Alabama.

Consequently the greatest confusion had been spread among the Confederates, affecting the territory for more than a hundred miles south of the actual fighting zone. All south-bound trains had been delayed and several specials had been put on to convey refugees and their property away from the widening sphere of hostilities.

What must have been Andrews's dismay then, when, after waiting an hour and a half for the regular train, he saw it roll past with red flags waving from the last car, signifying a train behind. His story about carrying ammunition to Beauregard had at first been received without question, but the failure of Fuller's train to put in an appearance had aroused angry suspicions.

His men were almost suffocating in the closed baggage-car, which he did not dare open for fear of showing his hand. Even after the second train had dragged painfully by, he was handed orders to pass another special at Adairsville, ten miles farther on.

The engineers, Brown and Knight, had not wasted a moment of the time that their chief had been fretting away in anxiety. They had been polishing and oiling up the General, carefully examining her machinery, and getting her in order for the race of her life. An extra supply of wood had been taken on, and an extra head of steam worked up.

Off for the Race of Her Life.

Off on the stretch for Adairsville, with Knight's hand still on the throttle, the little engine shook herself out for a good run, winding safely around the many curves, and spurting away on the straight places like a mettlesome horse on a fair track. People along the way waved their hands in encouragement, little mindful of the real purpose of the desperate men on board.

At Adairsville there was another odious delay. After fifteen minutes, which seemed hours, a long train of freight-cars lumbered by—with red flags waving behind! Five minutes later the second section appeared and both freights drew to a standstill on a siding to wait, as they thought, for Fuller's train. Red flags from the caboose of the last freight again indicated another train.

"What does this mean?" Andrews stormed to the station-agent. "My orders admit no delay and here you're going to bottle me up an hour."

"De-aun passenger, be along in twenty-five minutes," came the drawling reply.

"Instruct him to take siding at Calhoun, quick. I'm going on."

A long, shrieking whistle split the air from behind. The General's crew now knew that they were pursued. Springing to the tender for a better view, Andrews saw faint, white puffs of steam against the sky to the south.

"Let 'er go, boys," he cried. "Let 'er go. Death in a smash up beats hanging."

Death Before and Behind.

Now the real chase began. The more expert hand of Brown replaced Knight's at the throttle, jerking it wide open and almost tearing the train asunder in the violence of the start. They were plunging into almost certain death, but absolutely certain death was behind!

Alf Wilson and Knight toiled like demons hurling stick after stick of wood into the open furnace, which devoured them like paper. Great chunks of half-consumed logs belched from the smokestack to fire the fields around, and the furious workers were enveloped in a shower of red sparks.

"Our locomotive was under a full head of steam," wrote Wilson afterward, describing the event. "Our engineer stood with his hand on the lever with the valve wide open. It was frightful to see how the powerful iron monster under us would leap forward under the revolutions of her great wheels. Brown would scream to me ever and anon: 'Alf, give her more wood.'

"She rocked and reeled like a drunken man, while we tumbled from side to side like grains of popcorn in a hot frying pan. It was bewildering to look at the ground or objects on the road. A constant stream of fire played under her wheels on the track, and to this day I shudder as I reflect on this my first and last locomotive ride.

"We sped past houses, stations, and fields, and out of sight almost like a meteor, while the bystanders, who scarcely caught a glimpse of us as we passed, looked on in fear and amazement. It has always been a wonder to me that our locomotive and cars kept the track at all.

At times the iron horse seemed literal-

ly to fly over the course, the driving-wheels of one side being lifted from the rails much of the distance over which we now sped with a velocity fearful to contemplate. We took little thought of the matter then. Death in a railroad smash-up would have been preferred to capture."

Faster than a Mile a Minute.

During this mad race Andrews stood on the tender, watch in hand. The General passed the station at Calhoun just as the south-bound train was drawing on to a switch, a collision with the last car being narrowly averted.

The nine miles from Adairsville had been covered in exactly seven minutes and a half. This speed, unprecedented for that time, was made by an old-fashioned wood-burner on the most notoriously crooked road in the South.

"If we can only make the water-tank below Dalton far enough ahead of the Rebs to——," muttered Andrews through gritted teeth.

"We'll do it," was the confident reply of Brown, his eyes straight ahead.

Mile after mile they went on, the little engine doing her work under Brown's hand with almost animal intelligence. At last wheeling around a curve, it brought to view the white form of the water-tank, a mile or so ahead, silhouetted against the houses of the little city of Dalton, the most important town they had yet passed.

The General slowed down, and halted with marvelous accuracy before the tank. Knight sprang forward and drew the nozzle over while a switchman turned on the water. The boys from the baggage-car hastened to throw wood into the tender.

The fates were against them. Before they had finished, the smoke of the pursuing engine again appeared on the horizon. Fuller had exchanged the Yonah, at Kingston for the Texas, one of the most powerful engines of the road, and was straining every nerve to recapture his stolen locomotive.

In the greatest confusion the men of the General bounded back to their places. Some of them had barely time to swing on to the last car. Chattanooga was a good fifty miles ahead, and the Union lines twenty-eight miles farther still. There was scarcely fuel and water enough to run twenty miles. The odds were all against them, but they still had the grim energy of despair.

Through the bewildered little town of Dalton they tore like a hurricane. A thunderstorm now broke upon them, the black clouds and blinding rain preventing an outlook of more than a few feet ahead. It was a veritable race with death.

Any moment they might be derailed in an open switch or crash into a south-bound train. Through the din of the storm they imagined they could hear the rattle of the monster behind coming to telescope them.

Soon through a break in the clouds their pursuer again came into view. He was gaining on them. With a sudden inspiration Brown reversed his engine.

Fighting with Freight-Cars.

"Uncouple the last car, and we'll ram them to h——l with it," he yelled to the men behind.

It was done, but not quickly enough. Fuller slowed down to prevent the sudden impact and pushed the car ahead of him without harm. The experiment was repeated with the second passenger coach, but with the same result. Fuller stopped long enough to switch both cars out of his way at the first siding.

The time thus gained was of little use to Andrews, however, as his wood was being exhausted rapidly, and Fuller's engine wheeled into sight again around the next curve.

"Fling your cross-ties to the track behind," Andrews ordered his men.

This was done, but most of them bounded off. One of them which stuck to the track was actually passed over by Fuller's engine without derailing it. The others were shoved out of the way.

Owing to the lack of fuel, the little General was now losing steam every minute. Notwithstanding the herculean efforts of her crew, her speed was dying down. No more than fifteen miles an hour could be maintained. At last the bridge over a little river appeared. A new idea occurred to Andrews.

"Fire your car," he shouted to his men, who had now taken refuge in the baggage-car, the last remaining. Everything in the car was soaked with rain, but after much effort a fire was lighted. The burning car was left standing in the middle of the bridge, and all hands climbed on the tender of the engine.

Scarcely had they passed on a mile when they saw Fuller's engine still in pursuit, pushing the blazing car ahead. It had safely crossed the bridge. The chase was still kept up several miles further.

Just before the village of Tunnel Hill was reached the engine behind set up an unearthly screeching to alarm the villagers. But, the General was allowed to pass. On the other side, a tunnel, a mile long, gave Andrews a new lead on his pursuers. It was too wantonly perilous for Fuller to maintain full speed in the darkness of a smoke-filled tunnel with the General just ahead.

The gain was only for a moment, however. Fireman Wilson had thrown on his last stick of wood, and it was with difficulty that the General could be made to go at all. A shower of bullets whistled over the heads of Andrews's band as the Confederates came within gunshot range.

Tragic End of a Brave Race.

"Save yourselves, all," was the leader's last despairing cry to his men.

Brown shut off steam, and the men sprang to the ground as nimbly as a pack of terrified foxes, and disappeared in the undergrowth along the track. The Confederates retook their engine, and the tremendous chase was ended.

Andrews and his men had failed, but they had covered a distance of just one hundred miles, and their deed is without parallel in railroad history.

A line suffices to recount their subsequent fate. They were pursued by bloodhounds, and all were captured by Confederates. Andrews was executed in Atlanta as a spy, June 7, 1862; seven of his men were court-martialed and hanged in Knoxville, June 18; eight overpowered their jailers and escaped October 16; the remaining six were exchanged March 18, 1863.

The entire engine crew, Brown, Knight, and Wilson, were among those who survived the terrible ordeal

RENUMBERING PENNSYLVANIA'S CARS.

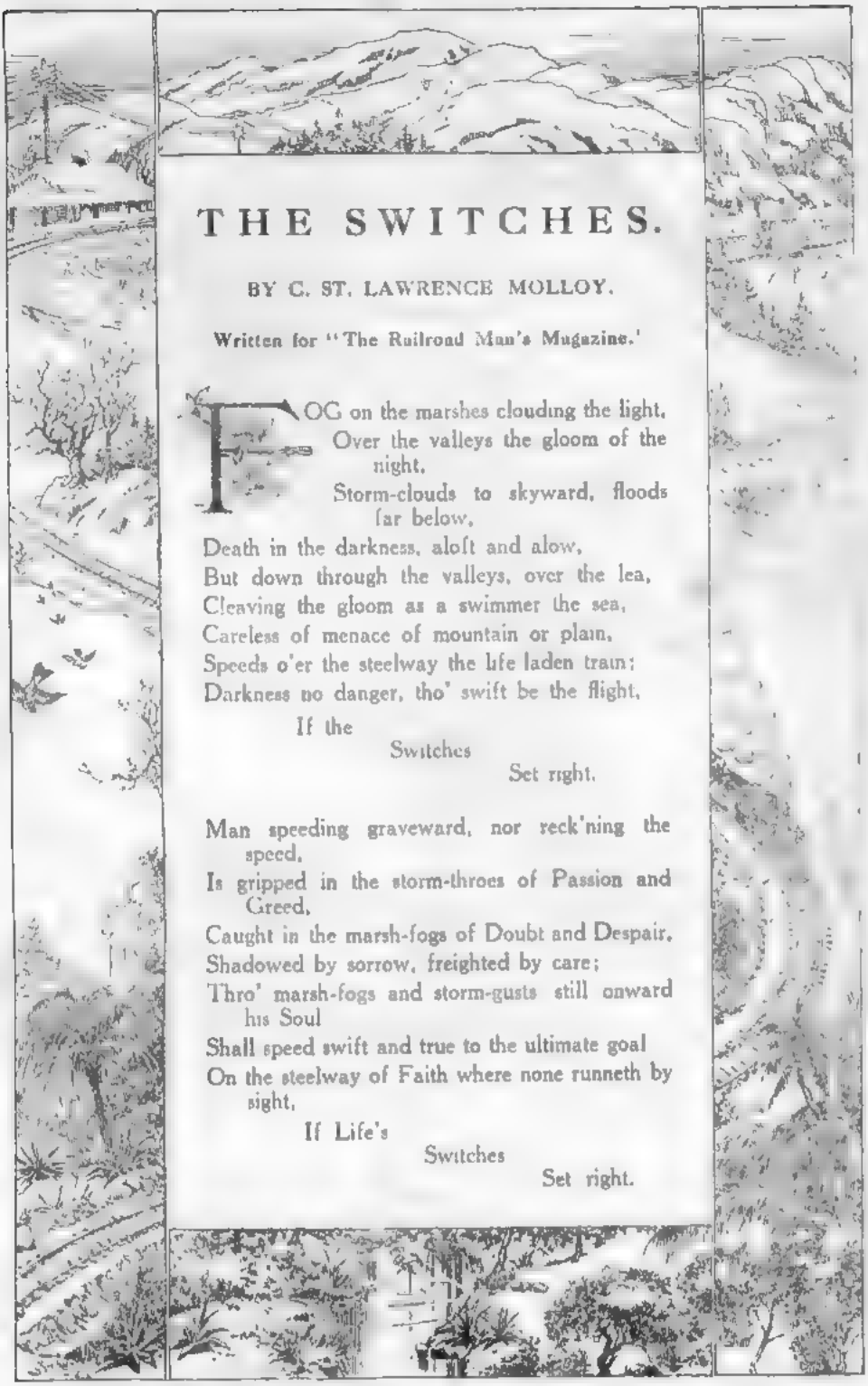
Confusion and Duplication to Be Removed by Wiping the Slate Clean and Starting with a Fresh List.

AT the present time the Pennsylvania Company's quarter of a million cars are in a very involved state as to numbers, because the various companies which go to form the system have each had their own numbers. The whole scheme is therefore undergoing a change which, though of necessity slow, will be of great advantage for the future handling of the vast traffic passing over the Pennsylvania lines.

The similarity of the names, in addition to that of the numbers—"Pennsylvania" and "Pennsylvania Company"—renders them insufficient to make the distinction of the cars certain. Each branch, therefore, is being assigned a division of numbers. Passenger-cars belonging to lines east of Pittsburgh are given the numbers 1 to 7,000 and those belonging to lines west of Pittsburgh numbers 7,001 to 10,000.

Freight-cars are to be numbered 10,001 to 500,000 on the Eastern lines, and 500,001 to 999,999 on the Western lines. The method adopted will allow many of the cars to retain their old numbers, the largest owners, the Pennsylvania proper, being assigned to carry the lower numbers.

The cars are to be repainted, also, and it is this that will occupy the longest time. When the system is complete the cars on the Eastern lines will have the word "Pennsylvania" on the side, over the number, while the ends will bear the letters "P R. R." The Western lines will bear the words "Pennsylvania Lines" and the letters "P L."



THE SWITCHES.

BY C. ST. LAWRENCE MOLLOY.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

FOG on the marshes clouding the light,
Over the valleys the gloom of the night,
Storm-clouds to skyward, floods far below,
Death in the darkness, aloft and alow,
But down through the valleys, over the lea,
Cleaving the gloom as a swimmer the sea,
Careless of menace of mountain or plain,
Speeds o'er the steelway the life laden train:
Darkness no danger, tho' swift be the flight,
If the
Switches
Set right.

Man speeding graveward, nor reck'ning the speed,
Is gripped in the storm-throes of Passion and Greed,
Caught in the marsh-fogs of Doubt and Despair,
Shadowed by sorrow, freighted by care;
Thro' marsh-fogs and storm-gusts still onward his Soul
Shall speed swift and true to the ultimate goal
On the steelway of Faith where none runneth by sight,
If Life's
Switches
Set right.

BRAWLEY THE WOLF-CUB.

BY R. W. HOFFLUND.

A Story Which Proves that Blood Will Tell, Although Perhaps Not in the Way We Usually Mean.

GRAPE-PICKING time had come in the valley, and the reservation were out in force. Hamilton and I had driven ten miles from his ranch, where I was making a long-promised visit, to lay in a wagon load of supplies, and were returning by moonlight.

As we drove through the valley every cypress along the road sheltered a tent, the camp-fires lighting up one family group after another, all alike; a fat squaw tossing a *tortilla* from hand to hand, naked children playing with dogs, and a circle of dusky braves indulging in a social game of cards.

At the cross road a large crowd had gathered to watch a game of *peon* and to make the night hideous with yells of excitement as money, blankets, and even horses were lost or won. Over all the noise rose the monotonous song of the players, like a death-chant in its weirdness, as they swayed back and forth with all the serpentine writhings that their fathers had saved for the ghost-dance. Hamilton pulled up the team and we watched them for a moment.

"All very picturesque and barbarous," I remarked, as he drove on. "Now that you are used to them for neighbors, however, I suppose they seem about as romantic to you as a lot of Norwegian servant-girls would to me."

"Yes," he answered slowly, "they are ignorant and common enough, of course. Still, there is always something mysterious about the race, something a bit different from other ignorant, unwashed people." And as we drove mile after mile over the white road, he told me this story:

"Several years after I bought the ranch and settled down out here, I got a letter from a man I had known fairly well in college. His name was Brawley —a big, strapping fellow, smooth black hair, dark, deep-set eyes, and prominent cheek-bones; a man whose looks would attract attention anywhere.

"At college he had been a famous athlete, popular with the crowd, but generally disliked by those who were with him most. He was conceited, vain both of his handsome face and of his great strength, and overbearing to a point that touched insolence.

"He wrote that he was passing through this end of the State and would visit me. While I had shunned him as much as possible back home, I was delighted at the thought of seeing any acquaintance of former times.

"I was lonesome, tired of the everlasting bleakness of these mountains, and eager to talk to a man who had been to the theater, seen the people I knew, and passed through all the variations of a quiet, civilized, humdrum life. So I wrote him to come as soon and stay as long as possible.

"From the day of his arrival I was disappointed and inhospitably anxious to get rid of him. In the first place, he had left the East before me and had not been back. Then, too, his objectionable qualities seemed to have grown worse.

"He was insufferably selfish, intolerant of any views that disagreed with his own, and absolutely regardless of another man's feelings. You can imagine what a pleasant companion he would make on an isolated ranch like mine, and it was immeasurably more lonesome up there then than it is now.

"We were necessarily together every minute of the day, and, except for my Chinese cook, I had no one to turn to for relief. I suppose he wanted it as badly as I did, poor chap, though I tried to conceal my dislike.

"Well, I neglected my work entirely, and we tramped the hills for quail, which were thicker than fleas, and fished the brook for trout which never were there. Both conditions were unsatisfactory. It was no sport to pop over birds that came up to the back door for breakfast, and equally no sport to angle in a stream that wasn't deep enough to float a goldfish.

"That was Brawley's way of putting it, and he implied that it was my fault. Also, we read a few of my books, which Brawley didn't like, and talked politics.

"Finally, in a supreme effort at entertainment, I suggested a trip with a wagon and camping outfit, with a deer or two as a possible result.

"For driver and guide I hired a notorious old Indian whom we all called Louis—if he had another name I never heard it. He was a small man, black as a negro, and he had a quiet way about him that belied his reputation, for he had been fired from his own tribe for committing some terrible crime long before I came out here.

"He had been their chief, and even after he left them retained a curious influence. He could make them work when no one else could, for one thing, and was much in demand by fruit ranchers who needed pickers. They paid him well for bossing and he lived comfortably in a little shack near my ranch.

"We had always been on good terms. I liked to hear the old man talk in his courteous, well-modulated voice about the early days, and had passed many an evening with him. He knew the country as you know your back yard, and promised to show us a deer if there was one in the mountains.

"For the first few days of the trip Brawley and I got along better than we had at any other time since he came. Looking back at it afterward, it seemed to me that he acted like a man who had been restless and unsettled and had at last found what he wanted.

"I suppose that I got the impression from things that happened later; still, he seemed that way. He was less irritable, less inclined to deny one thing bluntly and insist on another regardless of logic or common sense. At least, he acted better toward me, and I suppose I responded.

"With Louis, I must admit that he was the same domineering, boorish churl. He abused the old man shamefully; ordered him around as if he were a slave, and swore at him when he failed to respond, which he usually did. An ex-chief does not relish such treatment, and more than once I was forced to apologize for my guest or turn around and go home.

"One night, when Louis had cut the wood and I had cooked supper, Brawley told him to clean the guns. I have wondered often if he was not impelled to the foolish order by a recklessness born of some emotion that I couldn't understand at the time.

"He must have known that the Indian would scorn such a task except as a favor to a friend. The old man paid no attention and Brawley repeated the command, embellished by an oath.

"Louis merely smiled, but I saw how angered he was and interfered. I told Brawley gruffly enough to let him alone; but, as usual when any one crossed him, he seemed to grow out of temper.

"'What's the damned nigger for, if not to do the work?' he demanded. 'You baby him altogether too much. Let the old rascal earn his pay for once.'

"It was on the tip of my tongue to reply that, as long as I was paying him, I might naturally expect to decide what he should do to earn it; but I saw the futility of arguing on so trivial a matter. In spite of my forbearance, Brawley got worse and worse. I remember how disgusted I was at the utter uselessness of his anger.

"The old chief sat quietly smoking, dignified as a senator, while Brawley stormed like a spoiled child. Suddenly he stopped talking, picked up a steel ramrod, and struck Louis square in the face.

"As the Indian sprang to his feet, I caught the look in his eyes and jumped between them; none too quickly, for he had his knife in his hand.

"'Put it up!' I ordered. 'Put it up, Louis; he didn't mean it.' Brawley, frightened himself, had retreated to the other side of the fire.

"The old man slipped the weapon back in its sheath.

"'No,' he said, at length, 'I think he does not mean it. I think so. Still,' he added very quietly, 'I have tied a man to an ant-hill for less.'

"'Perhaps,' I said, 'in the old days. This you will forget, and to-morrow we will start back.'

"'No, *amigo*,' he answered, 'I will not forget, and I think that he will not go home yet. Your friend, he will not care to go to-morrow. I think he has come to love these mountains.'

"He stepped to one side and said something to Brawley. I heard him, of course, but it was merely a string of gutturals to me.

"Brawley stood absolutely still, leaning forward and looking a trifle dazed. In the glow of the firelight his prominent features were brought out strongly; he reminded me of a hawk. Whether he heard the old man or not, he said nothing, and finally he went in the tent. I made some remark to Louis about starting in the morning, and followed.

"The next day, however, Brawley wouldn't listen to my suggestion that we return. He was quiet about it and seemed rather subdued generally, but I couldn't budge him.

"Louis, too, argued that we ought to get at least one deer to show for our trip, and as they both seemed to have forgotten the incident of the night before, I couldn't very well insist.

"We broke camp, moving farther up the mountain, and worked almost all day clearing a trail. The sun was low before we got settled in our new location. After supper we rolled up in our blankets and lay down by the fire, too tired and cold to be sociable.

"I had been half dozing for a long time, when I sat up suddenly to fill my pipe and saw that Brawley and the Indian were staring intently at each other across the coals of the dying blaze.

"Brawley looked as he had the night before—dazed, as if he saw something he couldn't understand. More than that, the man was terrified, absolutely terrified. Just as I sat up Louis spoke to him, and he nodded, as if in answer to a question.

"The Indian noticed me, smiled quietly, and slipped away, saying that he would picket the horses.

"I turned to Brawley.

"'What did he ask you?' I demanded.

"'He wanted to know,' he answered, very low, 'if I was *Mo-hee-con-neugh*.'

"'Mohican, do you mean?'

"'Yes.'

"'The old blackguard!' I exclaimed 'Is he trying to insinuate that you are an Indian?'

"'Others have taken me for one before now,' said Brawley, 'but it is strange that this old man should do so. Very strange, too, that he should know the race, is it not?'

"I was beginning to feel creepy, afraid of something intangible. You know the sensation, of course—just unreasonable, superstitious fear.

"'Very odd,' I said. 'What the deuce can an old Digger Indian know about the Mohicans, who vanished before he was born?'

"'They came from here,' he answered dreamily, 'many, many years ago. They all came first from here, and passed over the mountains, crossed the Big Water, and spread over all the land. They grew big and powerful, but first they were outcasts.'

"'Where in the devil's name did you learn all this?'

"'It is tradition,' he said simply. 'The old men told it to the young men, and they grew old and told it to their sons. So I know.'

"'So you know,' I repeated. 'Who told it to you?'

"'Why,' he answered, more naturally, 'I suppose I read it in a book, of course. What difference does it make? I'm not on the witness-stand, man,' he snapped 'For Heaven's sake, let's get some sleep, if you're going to drag me all over your cursed State to-morrow.'

"I could have blessed him for his rudeness. If he had called me a liar in his old, delicate way, I suppose I should have fallen on his neck. But before I went to sleep I thought of something that struck me like a blow in the face. I remember that I got up and took a look

around the tent, with a dim idea that something was wrong.

"It was odd I hadn't thought of it at first. Brawley had understood the Indian's question, but I had not, though I heard it distinctly, and Louis had not spoken in English or in Spanish or in his own lingo, which I did not know but would have recognized.

"That night I was afraid to close my eyes, and it was the first of many.

"During the next few weeks I tried many times to persuade Brawley to go back with me and go home. All that time I was aware that something beyond my comprehension was going on—something between him and the Indian, from which I was excluded.

"Without knowing definitely what it was, I was sure that my friend was in danger and ought to get away. But he refused pointblank, even when I threatened to go and leave him. I have wished often that I had talked with Louis then, but after all, what could I have said?

"A sane man does not like to accuse another of being a sorcerer, in these days, and at the bottom it was something of that sort of which I was afraid.

"So I let things drift and Brawley changed, changed before my eyes. He would go away for days at a time, with his rifle, and twice he came back with the hide of a deer. He brought parts of the meat, too, and cut it up and cooked it himself, in ways that would have been palatable if he had not become so slovenly.

"It was a new trait; he had previously been rather careful of his appearance. Now his unbrushed hair had grown long and matted over his head, he never shaved, and his clothes were torn and muddy. He was reserved, avoided me openly, and seemed interested only in his long, solitary tramps, in hunting, and in eating.

"He would spend hours preparing the meals, sometimes with Louis to help. Then his way of eating was different. It seems an unimportant detail, but at the time it bothered me as much as anything else.

"He would stuff himself voraciously, like an animal, and afterward lie down on his back in the full sunlight, perfectly motionless.

"But it would be impossible to make you understand the change in the man. His personal habits were, after all, only an indication of something deeper, which can hardly be put in words. His mental attitude was different; he was suspicious of what I said and did, as if he hardly understood my motives or my way of thinking.

"I tried to pretend that I observed nothing unusual and to keep up the old relationship, but every day he grew more sullen and dogged in his determination to be left alone, and at the last we hardly exchanged a dozen words in as many hours.

"Finally, to my relief, we ran out of provisions. Brawley refused to admit that as long as the cartridges held out there was any need of flour or bacon. He said we could live on what we killed. But my mind was made up, and I would have gone back if I had had to walk.

"And Louis supported me. The old chief was polite and suave as ever, but there was an undercurrent of devilish triumph in his voice when he talked. He had done whatever it was he had set out to do and was ready to go back.

"Once, on the way down, Brawley had left the wagon and was trudging on ahead, his rifle under his arm. I crawled up on the seat beside Louis and asked him what was the matter with my friend. He laughed good-humoredly.

"'I told you that I would not forget the blow,' he said. 'I think he, too, will remember.'

"'Look here, old man,' I answered in sudden heat, 'if anything happens to him I will shoot you as sure as death! You know me—I am not a boaster. If you injure him I will kill you gladly.'

"'Big talk,' he said calmly. 'I am old and have no fear of shooting. But I will not touch him. After all, it is the law. There are things that you do not know, *amigo*, and whatever happens, do not lay it all to me. At the last, the lone wolf's cub does not live with sheep.'

"Do you mean that he has Indian blood?' I demanded. 'If so, you are wrong. I know his family.'

"Louis laughed again. 'Also,' he said, 'his father's great-grandfather was white. But remember what I have said and do not lay it all to me.'

"It took us a week to make the return trip. Most of the time Brawley was out of our sight. Luckily for us, however, he would show up at night with game of some sort, for we were living entirely on our guns. And as he and the Indian quietly took charge of the cooking and the camp work, and I became virtually their guest, I unconsciously came to associate the two in my mind as being equally different from myself.

"Brawley took to his part so naturally and so completely that I often forgot the strangeness of it all and became reasonably prepared for what followed after our return.

"When we reached my ranch Brawley entered the house long enough to pack up his few possessions, and went on with the Indian. I pleaded, threatened, told him plainly that he was drifting lower than the most degraded, tribeless wanderer in the State.

"I insulted him in every possible way, trying to arouse a lingering spark of self-respect. I spoke of his old life and associations, his love of music and of sports, of anything that might set forth the difference between his former existence and the wild, nomadic life that had so completely captivated him.

"And I told him then that it couldn't last long. I told him that when he had grown tired of living alone like a savage he would come back and live quietly, but still like a savage. For, of course, I knew that it was not merely a mania for hunting that had taken possession of his soul.

"I don't believe that he heard half of my harangue, and I am sure that he did not understand it. He looked at me in open wonder, made no reply, no explanation or excuse whatever. He begged me to give him all my cartridges, and when I asked him what he wanted them for, he said he would need them on the mountain.

"That was all. He went off with Louis, and in the morning he went back, alone and on foot.

"He never returned to the ranch, but during the next few months I saw him several times, once with two young men of the tribe and once with an Indian woman. His skin, always dark, was tanned a deep brown, and he was wearing unspeakably ragged old clothes.

"He had his rifle and cartridge-belt, but no other possessions. If he shot well he had a meal; if not, I suppose he went without."

We drove for a time in silence, broken only by the steady patter of the horses' feet. In the distance a coyote yapped shrilly, followed by the long, weird howl of the pack that sounds like a thousand devils mocking a helpless victim.

"Did you ever try again to make Louis explain what he had done?" I asked. "Assuming, of course, that he was responsible."

"More than once," Hamilton answered, "but it was of no use. Louis died the next year. He was an old man and not very clean. The doctor said he had about all the diseases that one body could accommodate."

"And Brawley?"

"When we were in the store to-night," he answered, "a big, bearded Indian stood near you while you rolled a cigarette. I saw you offer him your tobacco. Do you remember?"

"Of course. Good Heavens, man! Do you mean——"

"Yes," said Hamilton, "he has been here ever since. That was Brawley."

FINEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

THE most magnificent train in the world is the one in which the Kaiser travels. Its first cost was a million dollars, and it took three years to build. There are twelve saloons fitted in the most elaborate and richest designs that the mind can conceive. Oil paintings by famous masters, wonderful bric-à-brac, beautiful statuary, and exquisite works of half a dozen arts besides, tend to form, with the costly furniture, an effect of luxury and grandeur unequaled in the land-traveling equipment of any other monarch, or, indeed, of any other man on the face of the earth. Among other features are two nurseries, a gymnasium, a music-room, and a treasure-room.

News From the Front.

Skirmishers of the Railroad Army Carrying the Battle-Line of Civilization Deeper Into the Wilderness, Over the Mountains, and Across the Desert.

THROUGH THE ROCKIES.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul to Build a Tunnel Eight Thousand Feet Long Through the Bitter Root Mountains.

THE Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has for some time had surveyors at work trying to select a suitable route by which to cross the Bitter Root Mountains, and it has been finally decided to cross at Saltese, Montana. A tunnel eight thousand feet long will have to be constructed through the summit southwest of Saltese. Unlike the Northern Pacific, which goes over the crest at an elevation of four thousand nine hundred feet, the new road will tunnel at four thousand and fifty feet, thus saving a steep grade, as this is the main line and a very heavy freight traffic is expected. A fine timber country is opened up by crossing at Saltese, which would have been missed had the original plan of crossing at Iron Mountain been adopted.

NEVADA BOOMING.

Twelve Hundred Miles of Railroad Under Way as a Result of the Mining Activity.

WITH the opening up of new mining regions in Nevada there has come a corresponding increase in railroad activity in that part of the State. The Las Vegas and Tonopah Railroad, stretching from the former point into the Bullfrog mining district, emphasizes the permanent character of the new impetus which the mines have given to that part of Nevada. The road is now in operation as far as Rhyolite, one hundred and twenty-three miles from Las Vegas, and is being extended to Goldfield and Tonopah, the latter place being two hundred and twenty-five miles from Las Vegas. It connects with the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake at Las Vegas, but is being built as an independent property by Senator Clark, of Montana.

Another new road which has been completed within a year, and is now in operation, is the Nevada Northern, running from a connection with the Southern Pacific at Cobre, one hundred and forty miles south, to the mines of the Nevada Consolidated Mining Company at Ely. All of the track was laid in the year 1906.

Two hundred and seventy-nine miles of new road were built in Nevada during the first ten months of 1906. Including this completed track the new roads now under construction in Nevada aggregate twelve hundred miles.

UNDER BELLE ISLE.

Great Tunnel to Connect the Island of Newfoundland with the Mainland of Labrador.

AMONG the great engineering feats being projected just now, one of the most arduous and most important is a tunnel under the Belle Isle Straits to Newfoundland, which will be a continuation of a railroad proposed to be built to Belle Isle. Negotiations are proceeding between several English firms of the highest standing, in cooperation with the Newfoundland government and the Quebec and Lake St. John Railroad. An agreement has been practically reached by which the railroad company will extend its line to Belle Isle on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, and from there tunnel under the straits to Newfoundland, a distance of twenty miles.

The Newfoundland government is giving the project its hearty support, in view of the great advantages of the scheme in the opening up of Newfoundland as well as Labrador. In addition to the usual commercial advantages of the enterprise, its completion would be a great boon to Canadian shipping,

as it would shorten the voyage to Europe by two or three days and would do away with the most dangerous and unpleasant part of the transatlantic journey.

NEW PACIFIC PORT.

Great Difficulty of Reaching Manzanillo, the Western Goal of the Mexican Central.

THE Mexican Central is carrying its road forward to the Pacific Coast at Manzanillo. The route is a most difficult one, a single section of forty miles being estimated to cost five million dollars. Numerous tunnels and wide cañons will have to be negotiated, and the track will pass close by the volcano of Colima. Great importance is attached to the road. A large lake, with a canal connection with the ocean, will form a splendid harbor, and it is expected that the construction of the road will make Manzanillo one of the most important ports in the world.

GROWTH IN CALIFORNIA.

The Sierra Pacific Railroad to Tap the Richest Parts of Four Fertile Counties of the Golden State.

THE Sierra Pacific Railroad Company has been formed for the purpose of building and operating a road from Springville, Tulare County, California, to Port Hartford, California. The road will extend through the richest parts of Tulare, Kings, Monterey, and San Luis Obispo Counties, and will throw out feeders in different parts of the route as the demand exists. The main line will proceed from Springville, via Globe, Portersville, Woodville, Tulare, Visalia, Hanford, Armona, Lemoore, Huron, Coalinga, Templeton, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita, and San Luis Obispo to Port Hartford.

MILLIONS FOR NEW ROADS.

Extensions Planned in the United States and Canada, and What They Will Cost.

IN Canada and the United States there are more than 22,000 miles of railroad under construction or projected, and $750,000,000 involved in railroad expenditure.

In the United States over 13,000 miles were under contract or in course of construction in the early part of the past year, the Southwestern States contributing the lion's share of this, with a total of 3,488 miles. The Pacific States came next, with 3,137 miles; and the New England States were the lowest in the list, with 36 miles.

Of the other sections, the Middle States were in the competition, with 398 miles; the Central Northern States, with 879 miles, the Gulf and Mississippi Valley States, with 1,303 miles; the South Atlantic States, with 1,462, and the Northwestern States with 2,321 miles.

NEW ROUTE TO EUROPE.

A New Railroad from Manitoba to Hudson Bay to Carry the Wheat of Canada to Tide-Water.

A NEW line is being built as a branch of the Canadian Northern from Manitoba to Fort Churchill on Hudson Bay. The road is to make steamship connections from that place to Liverpool during the period of wheat shipment, embracing the months of July, August, September, and October. The grading of the main line as far as Pas Mission is already under way. Pas Mission is situated on the Saskatchewan River, ninety-five miles northeast of Erwood, and Erwood is about five hundred miles from Fort Churchill.

The land in the vicinity of the bay is enormously rich in minerals, and is considered by surveyors to have even richer deposits than either Yukon, British Columbia, or Cobalt.

AMERICANS IN MEXICO.

Two New Roads in the Southern Republic to Be Built with Capital from the United States.

VICE CONSUL J. H. BRICKWOOD, of Nogales, speaking of the increase of American enterprise in Mexico, calls attention to a new railroad project in the Sonora district. The original intention was to build the road from Port Lobos, on the Sonora side of the Gulf of California, to Caborca, a distance of about fifty miles, but the surveys were so full of promise that it was decided to extend the line to Tucson, Arizona, one hundred and fifty miles farther. A concession has been granted by the Mexican government from Caborca to the boundary. All the surveys have been prac-

tically made, and construction will be commenced as soon as possible

The new road will impart new life to the mining enterprises, which have long languished for lack of adequate transportation. A week is now taken for the transportation of ores from the mining district to the shipping points, whereas when the road is completed a few hours only will be required. The district to be opened is a rich mining region, and the new road is expected to be unusually profitable.

Another American project is well under way, by which several narrow gage roads are to be incorporated and converted to standard gage, and very extensive new sections built in the southeastern part of Mexico. The name of the proposed road is the Mexico, Oaxaca and Yucatan, and it will extend from Mexico City to Merida, the capital of Yucatan; from Concepcion, in Oaxaca, a branch is to be carried to Belize, British Honduras.

The country through which the new road will run is one of the richest parts of Mexico in mineral deposits and timber In one part the course lies for four hundred miles through a hardwood forest, mostly mahogany, while in Oaxaca there are extensive iron mines which have been abandoned for years because of the prohibitive cost of transportation

Extensive preparations for equipment have been made, one hundred and four locomotives having been ordered and specifications prepared for five or six thousand cars. When completed, the line will be about one thousand three hundred miles long and will open the way into a rich and hitherto undeveloped district of Mexico and Central America. A reduction in the cost of transportation and difficulties of travel should do a great deal in the way of attracting capital into a new region and increasing the productiveness of what is already there.

ENTERING NEW ORLEANS.

Edenborn Line Expected to Give Missouri, Kansas and Texas First Admission to Principal Gulf Port.

WITH the completion of the Louisiana Railway and Navigation Company's line from Shreveport to New Orleans, three hundred and ten miles, a way has been opened for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas into New Orleans. Simultaneously with the announcement of the completion of the new line and the first trip over it of President William Edenborn came a semiofficial declaration that an arrangement had been made with the "Katy" for trackage rights from Shreveport to New Orleans. The Edenborn system provides a straight line from New Orleans to Shreveport through the heart of the richest cotton belt of Louisiana.

LIFE IN THE NEW STATE.

Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Kansas Interested in a New Railroad Through the Cherokee Nation.

A SYMPTOM of the rapid growth of Oklahoma is the incorporation of the Arkansas, Oklahoma and Northwestern Railroad. The road is to run from Fayetteville, Arkansas, northwest through the lands of the Cherokee Nation to Caney, Kansas, one hundred and sixty miles away. In addition there will be branch lines one hundred miles long from Vinita, Indian Territory, to Pawnee, Oklahoma. The estimated cost is twenty-five thousand dollars a mile. The road will have offices at Fayetteville (Arkansas), Blackburn (Oklahoma), and Caney (Kansas). The incorporators are all citizens of towns along the proposed line of the road

CHICAGO TO KANSAS CITY.

Work Soon to Begin on What Is Planned to Be the Shortest Line Between the Two Cities.

ANOTHER railway link is to be forged between Chicago and Kansas City The new road is to be called the Chicago, Joliet and Kansas City Railroad, and is planned to be the shortest route between the two cities. That honor now belongs to the Santa Fé, which covers four hundred and fifty-eight miles between Chicago and Kansas City. Contracts for the construction of the Illinois division have been let, and work is to be begun early in the present year.

The new road will cross the Illinois River at Joliet and will parallel the Rock Island for some distance in a southwesterly direction. The Mississippi will be crossed on the Iowa Central Bridge at Keithsburg, Illinois. The new line is to be a single track. Twelve million dollars in stock have been issued for the purpose of covering the necessary expenditures of the immediate future

The region to be traversed by the new road is one of the most fertile in the Mississippi Valley

Imaginary Conversations.

BY OLIVER J. CARSON.

PERSONALITY is the greatest thing in the railroad world, as it is everywhere else. From the bottom of the ladder to the top, it is the man that counts By virtue of their commanding position and of the power which rests with them, the personality of railroad presidents is of peculiar importance.

They are the men who determine the policy of the road, and the means by which the desired ends are to be gained. If it is retrenchment that is needed, the head of the road, not always, but usually, the president, gives the word. In the same way it is the president who determines the great expenditures which are to double the road's capacity for carrying passengers or freight.

No two men at the head of great enterprises are alike in the way in which they do their work. Yet in every case there is something peculiarly fascinating in the observation of these great ones of the industrial world at their appointed tasks It is as though we watched the working of some highly charged human dynamo.

A R. R. PRESIDENT TALKS OF HIS BROTHERS.

Methods of Cassatt the Disciplinarian, Newman the Peacemaker, Hill the Martinet, Gould the Shirt-Sleeves President, and the Other Men Who Are Making Railroad History.

"DUKE," said a soldierly looking man with a weather-bronzed face and gray hair to a soldierly looking man with a weather-bronzed face and black hair, "shake hands with Mr. Curious Passenger. He's swinging around the continent with us.'

This introduction took place in the private car Waythere, attached to the rear end of a south-bound express, as the train pulled out of a great terminal station.

"Duke of what?" asked Curious Passenger of the porter, as his eye took in the comforts of his stateroom, including a writing-desk, electric reading-lamp, and a brass bed, under which the porter was now shoving Mr. Passenger's suitcase.

"His name's Marmaduke," answered the porter, "but the old man talks like he writes telegrams. Ever since the old man's been president of the P. D. and Q., Mr. Duke's been his fifteen-thousand-dollar private secretary."

In Mr. Curious Passenger the reader will recognize our looking-and-listening friend who, two months ago, journeyed with the general manager in a Pullman, and who last month joined the general freight-agent in a trip in a caboose. This month he makes a transcontinental run with the railroad president in the "old man's" private car.

In the main living-room of the car was a huge table-desk. On it stood a telephone instrument, indicating that at stations the car could be connected with a central and "called up." In an adjoining stateroom could be heard the click of typewriters—Duke's two stenographers at work. The car was truly a railroad president's office on wheels.

Above the windows were immense railroad maps—roller maps, the kind you work like window-shades. The president now pulled down one of the maps and said to Mr. Passenger:

"That's our first objective point," putting his finger on Galveston. "Harriman's got something there I want to copy. We'll go to the coast by Harriman's S. P., via New Orleans. We'll return by Hill's G. N." Then, turning to his secretary, "What you got there, Duke?"

At Home With the Haughty.

"Cable from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, sir, saying he'll meet you at the Constitutional Club at three o'clock, on your arrival in London on the eighteenth of next month."

"Prime Minister of England and First Lord of the Treasury!" flashed through Mr. Passenger's mind. "American railroad presidents must be more important men in world affairs than the public imagines."

"But you can't meet Sir Henry at three, sir," Duke continued. "At that hour you meet the Rothschilds. And the Lord Mayor of London calls on you at three-forty-five."

"All right!" snapped the president. "Cable Sir Henry to meet me at four-thirty. What else you got?"

"Prince Hilkoff, Imperial Minister of Russian Railways, cables he will meet you in Berlin. And here's a telegram from Secretary Loeb, sir, saying Mr. Roosevelt hopes you can make it convenient to call at the White House when you reach Washington."

"Wire Loeb from Trenton I'll be there at two. Also wire Baron Rosen (Russian Ambassador) to meet me at the station and drive with me to the White House"

The president stepped into his stateroom. Mr. Passenger seized the opportunity to say to the private secretary:

"Do all American railroad presidents do business like that with the big men of the world?"

"Presidents of big systems, yes," was the answer. "At Philadelphia the Governor of Pennsylvania will board us. The hour we stay in Washington we'll be overrun with Senators, foreign ministers, and members of the Congressional committees on railroads. Yes, with other presidents it's the same way. Gould is in frequent correspondence with Kaiser Wilhelm, and Vanderbilt direct with King Edward.

"Cassatt deals direct with Fallières of France. Hill is often in communication with the Mikado, and Harriman with Czar Nicholas. The dates you heard the old man make just now with big men here and in Europe will be kept to the minute. He's got appointments like that every day for the next six months in half the capitals of the world."

By the steps of the Waythere, at the observation end, stood the conductor and Curious Passenger, as the "old man" came up the platform, after his visit to the White House. The conductor was looking at his watch significantly.

"Think I'm late, conductor? What's your time? Three-twenty-one? Well, it's you who are a minute fast, not I a minute late. It's exactly three-twenty. Better get your watch inspected."

Conductors Watch Their Watches.

"How inspected?" asked Mr. Passenger, as he followed the president aboard the Waythere. He, in turn, was followed by the conductor, the train being already on the move.

"By the standard code of rules for all railways," said the president, "only watches certified as reliable by an inspector may be carried by conductors and enginemen. Show Mr. Passenger your certificate, Harvey."

Whereupon Mr. Passenger read a document certifying that one Conductor Harvey carried a watch that, "having been inspected by me, is found correct and will run within a variation of thirty seconds per week." Here followed name

of watchmaker, number of movement, kind of case and of metal thereof, ending with the words, "a stem winder"—all signed by one Gerard, "watch inspector."

"That watch incident," remarked the president, as he smoked a long, black breva, seemingly enjoying the relaxation after his strenuous hour in Washington, "reminds me of the Cassatt method—the Cassatt school of railroading, strictest school in the world."

"Cassatt method!" exclaimed Mr. Passenger. "What's that?"

"Clock method. The Pennsylvania Railroad is a perfect machine. The human mechanism of that road's system is like that of a clock. Each of the six hundred executive officers and each man in the ranks is a unit working automatically in harmony with the machine as a whole."

"Then each man under President Cassatt," said Passenger, "must do his exact specified work—no less, no more."

The Cassatt Clockwork.

"Precisely! Cassatt wants automatic specialists. One day I was sitting with Cassatt in that plain, almost monastic, office of his in the Broad Street Station, when a visitor's card was brought in.

"'Now there,' said Cassatt, one eye on the card, the other on his office clock, 'is a railroad man who has not become automatic. He sends in his card five minutes ahead of the time of his appointment.'

"A young man came in. 'So, Mr. ——,' said Cassatt in his always kind and sympathetic way, 'you want to be chief clerk of our auditor's department? President Peters, of the Long Island, asked me to see you personally. You have been in the operating department of the Lehigh Valley; you have been in the passenger department of the Rock Island; you have been in the freight department of the B. and O.'

"'Yes, sir,' put in the applicant. 'I know the routine of practically every department.'

"'Which means,' said Cassatt, 'that you know too little of one thing to be a chief clerk on our lines. If you wish, however, you may enter the auditor's office in a subordinate position and specialize in that department, giving no thought to any other. The quicker you specialize, the sooner your promotion.'"

Railroad Organized Like an Army.

"Mr. Cassatt is obviously a disciplinarian," Passenger said.

"More so than any lieutenant-general the War Department at Washington has ever known," answered the president. "Cassatt's army numbers a hundred and twenty thousand trained men—twice as large as the army of the United States. Cassatt, too, is probably the greatest strategist in the railroad world. He sees twenty years ahead and knows what will be needed long after he is dead. Plans the expenditure of millions in construction work as a general plans a campaign.

"At eleven o'clock one night I sat alone with Cassatt in his Broad Street office. On his table-desk were piled reports and estimates, the results of a year of investigation. The floor was strewn with blue-prints, held open with paperweights.

"'Must decide by midnight,' he said in his quiet, unhurried way. 'I've sent away all the experts and engineers and traffic-managers into another office, so I can think. I've been criticized for intimating I might award this contract to Pierson, of London.

"'The newspapers say Pierson's is a one-horse foreign concern and that I should patronize an American firm. But, as you know, Pierson is the biggest contractor in the world, the only one big enough to tackle this job.'

"Cassatt stooped, picked up a certain blue-print, and studied it for five minutes. Then he read page after page of a typewritten report. Finally he went to the window and gazed intently at the stars above the white walls of the City Hall opposite. Suddenly he walked back to his desk and signed his name in succession to five different documents.

"'It's all over,' he said, as he pressed a button.

"Five men came in—the experts, engineers, and traffic-managers before referred to.

"'Gentlemen,' said Cassatt, 'Pierson!'"

"'Pierson! We are glad, sir.'

"And the five men began gathering up their blue-prints and documents. Two minutes later the five departed. Cassatt's table desk was now bare, save for a common glass ink-well, a pen, and a blotter.

"'Hundred million?' I asked, as I put on my hat.

"'Thereabouts,' he replied, looking at the clock and adding, 'Just midnight!'

"Talk about your railroad dramas! In that quiet hour I spent with Cassatt he passed the word to begin one of the greatest construction works in modern railroading, the building of the new terminal and tunnels at New York."

How Vanderbilt Does His Work.

At Atlanta the Governor of Georgia and eight members of the State Legislature, together with Tom Watson, Joel Chandler Harris, and Hoke Smith, paid their respects to the "old man" in the Waythere. When the train again rolled on Duke began opening his inevitable budget of telegrams, for at least a dozen were handed in at each stop.

"Cable from Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, sir, from Kiel, Germany, asking if you can lend him your electric signal installation expert for one month. Needs his help in the new third-rail signal operation into the Grand Central."

"Now there's a railroad man the public does not understand," said the president to Passenger, after telling Duke to wire an affirmative "and no charge for the expert's services."

"People regard Mr. Vanderbilt," said Mr. Passenger, "as they do Mr. Gould—as an amateur, not a practical, railroad man"

"People think Mr. Vanderbilt merely a financier, do they?" said the president "Well, he may be a kind of absentee overlord of his lines—he may not be as well known to his men as Cassatt—but, nevertheless, Vanderbilt runs just as perfect a machine as Cassatt. Vanderbilt lines are run with the same military precision as the Cassatt lines, though by a different method.

"Cassatt's is the one-man method. Vanderbilt's is the method of many men, all his lieutenants, every one of whom executes in his own way Mr. Vanderbilt's orders.

"I have heard Mr. Vanderbilt say to his operating officers: 'Remember, you are bigger than the book of rules, bigger than system. You must be master of system, not let system enslave you. The best system yesterday may not be the best to-day.'

"Thus Mr. Vanderbilt has gathered about him some five hundred officers, each of whom is in almost absolute control of his department. Cassatt says, 'Do it my way.' Vanderbilt says, 'Do it your own way.'"

"But does Mr. Vanderbilt," asked Passenger, "personally take a practical part in railroad operation?"

"Does he?" responded the president. "I'll name one instance typical of many in which Mr. Vanderbilt himself has taken a hand. Late one night I called on him at the Grand Central Station. Mr. Vanderbilt was busy dictating to a stenographer. 'Pardon a second,' he said, and continued dictating. After a 'That's all' to his stenographer, he faced me, saying:

"'There's danger of a blockade of freight-cars, because of lack of engines, at our Lake Shore terminal. Those telegrams I just dictated suggest a way to avert the congestion. I—say, what would you have done?'

"'Called on my reserves on my other lines, emptied all my roundhouses within four or five hundred miles, sent batteries of engines flying toward the spot where motive power was needed'

"'Exactly what I have done!' cried Mr. Vanderbilt. 'Only by way of suggestion to my operating officers, however,' he added hastily, 'for I never interfere. Those telegrams of mine merely suggest that to night, now, we put in motion all the idle motive power on the New York Central between here and Buffalo, to help strengthen the weak spot in the Lake Shore.'

"Just then an officer of the road entered the room. 'Mr. Vanderbilt, we've emptied the roundhouses at Albany, Syracuse, Utica, and Buffalo. Forty New York Central engines are rushing to the relief of the Lake Shore.'"

"What about the actual president of the Vanderbilt lines, sir? Do you know

Mr. Newman?" Mr. Passenger asked this.

"Newman, Mr. Passenger," replied the president, "is the peacemaker among railroad presidents. He's gentle, patient, conservative. And because he is so, his influence is probably more far-reaching than that of any other railroad president

"Let me tell you what happened," went on the "old man" "I was present at a conference of the highest railroad men in the country at Chicago. We were all there—the autocratic Harriman, the martinet Hill, Cassatt the disciplinarian, Gould the inscrutable, Ripley, who rehabilitated the Santa Fé, Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Newman, and many others.

"The conference adjourned in a fizzle, for half the men present lost their tempers and no agreement was reached Another conference was called, again tempers were lost, and seemingly all hope of agreement, too. The bitterest kind of railroad war seemed inevitable

"Just as we were about to adjourn, up rose Mr. Newman. In his gentle, paternal way he pleaded. He showed us the way to an agreement. He taught us our lesson as a schoolmaster instructs his pupils. Ever since that day we have called him the Peacemaking President. For that day Newman, the compromiser, averted what would have been the fiercest war in railroad history."

Harriman the Autocrat.

At the Union Station, New Orleans, where the Waythere was attached to the Sunset Limited of the S. P., fully a score of men, including the Governors of Louisiana and Mississippi and many railroad officers, crowded around the Waythere to "get a word" with the "old man." Within an hour the president had disposed of his callers—all except one, who was short, dapper, bald headed, and brisk. To him the "old man" said:

"Hello, Tom! Here, Mr. Passenger" (turning to his curious guest), "I want you to shake hands with the best G. P. A. in the country, Colonel Thomas Jefferson Anderson, of Houston, Texas, by gad, sir. Well, Tom, you going with me?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Harriman directed me to take you over our line to Galveston."

"All right, Tom; make yourself at home in my car, and I'll do the same on your road, Now" (turning again to Mr. Passenger), "notice that Tom Anderson said Harriman directed him to do this. He didn't get his orders from a G. M. or a V. P., but from Harriman himself. That's typical of Harriman. His is the greatest one-man power in the railway world. Tell you about Harriman's infinite capacity for details later."

At Galveston the Waythere was hauled by a special engine to the great new docks built by Harriman. Here Southern Pacific freight-steamers were discharging cargoes directly into box cars standing in the sheds end-on to the vessels. Moving platforms, operated by electricity, carried the merchandise (loaded on trucks) from vessel to car.

"Minimum effort of human hands!" exclaimed the president.

"Yes," agreed Tom Anderson. "Seven moving platforms, each thirty-six feet long, for each vessel. Each platform carries eight tons. Before nightfall thirty-five hundred tons will have been taken off the ships and sent away by trains."

"Well—here, Duke!" cried the president. "Wire this to Sherard" (his chief engineer): 'You will go to Galveston immediately, see S. P. loading facilities at their docks, and give me estimate for reproducing same at our Pacific terminal.'"

"Speaking of the Southern Pacific," said Mr. Passenger, "railroad men say Mr. Harriman attends to more detail than any other man in North America."

"Quite so—and here's an illustration," responded the president. "I was riding with Harriman over his S. P. in Texas, when he read in a newspaper that a train on his U. P. had hurled a cow into eternity and that the owner was suing the road for one hundred dollars. Harriman at once wired the station-agent nearest to the place of the cow's demise:

"'What price cows your neighborhood?'

"'Fifty dollars,' came the wired answer

"Whereupon Harriman wired his headquarters in New York for details of number of head of cattle killed on his

lines in the last year through lack of fencing. When, some hours later, he read the telegraphed answer, he figured rapidly.

"'Why,' he exclaimed, 'it's cheaper to fence than to pay a hundred dollars each for fifty-dollar dead cows!'

"And forthwith he wired headquarters: 'You will fence every inch of way immediately, whether required by State law or not.'"

Gould, Shirt-Sleeves President.

The Waythere was now rolling out of San Antonio on the long haul to El Paso. Duke, opening the last batch of telegrams, delivered as the train pulled out of the old Spanish mission depot at the Alamo City, said to the "old man":

"Wire from our G. M. (general manager), sir, saying George Gould has accepted Rawding's resignation and that we should take Rawding on."

"Rawding fired!" exclaimed the "old man." "Let's see! George paid him one hundred dollars a day. Wire our G. M. to offer Rawding hundred and a quarter a day. I need him."

"But, sir," said Duke, "this wire says President Truesdale of the Lackawanna promised Rawding a job if ever he left Gould, and Rawding is now on his way to Truesdale."

"Truesdale promised?" said the president. "He'll keep his word. Truesdale never broke a promise in his life. Shippers on the Lackawanna make contracts with him orally, without a scrap of writing. Wire Rawding to release Truesdale from his promise, and offer Rawding hundred and fifty a day.

"That's Gould's way," continued the president, turning to Curious Passenger. "He'll fire his best man because of a difference of opinion as to method. Gould avoids mixed methods. Rawding evidently has caused friction in the Gould railroad machine. Gould inherited his road, as people say, but he's every bit as practical a railroad man as Hill, who built his."

At the new Union Depot at El Paso, the Waythere was sided end-to-end with another private car.

"H-2-O!" exclaimed the president. "Bet that's the Atalanta, George Gould's car. Know it by his H-2-O, which he always carries."

The cabalistic letters and number referred to were stenciled on half a dozen crated jars of water stacked up on the forward, or kitchen, end of the car in question. The president stepped to the station platform, looked through a window of the Atalanta, then said to Mr. Passenger, who was standing on the rear platform of the Waythere:

"Yes, there's George in his shirt-sleeves. He's on his semi-annual tour of inspection, and El Paso's the farthest southwest point on his fifteen-thousand-mile system. George is the shirt-sleeves railroad president, all right. All his chiefs work with their coats off, too—all young, none scared of drafts. I'll call on George, by George!"

Half an hour later, when the president returned to the Waythere, Mr. Passenger said to him: "Gould's the shirt-sleeves president, you say. But the public believes him to be an amateur railroad man who takes life pretty easy."

"Mistake!" replied the president with emphasis. "I know people say Gould inspects his lines at the rate of four hundred miles a day, and that if he sees the fences in order, the rails clean, the track white, he pats his superintendents on the back. People have an idea his inspection is a kind of semiannual jolly on the part of his subordinates.

A Railroad Man at Sixteen.

"But"—here the president banged his table with his fist—"that's all rot. Let me tell you that Gould has bought roads and managed roads practically since his sixteenth year. He knows every inch of his lines as well as Hill knows the Great Northern.

"Some day the country will wake up to find that at last there is one through, unbroken transcontinental line from Atlantic to Pacific. It will be from Baltimore to Puget Sound, and it'll be Gould's road."

"But doesn't Gould trust largely to his lieutenants, sir?" Mr. Passenger asked.

"No more than Hill does, or Vanderbilt, or any of us," replied the president. "If Gould and one of his lieutenants

clash on a matter of method the lieutenant is fired, as Rawding was.

"And as for leaving things entirely to his officers," continued the president, "why, I was with George at his office at 195 Broadway on a Friday afternoon. He asked me out to Lakewood to stay over Sunday. Before he left the office he stuffed a suit-case full of papers.

"'What are those?' I asked.

"'Work!' he answered.

"Well, sir, out at Georgian Court George worked all Saturday morning, played polo in the afternoon, and on Sunday worked most of the day. On Monday morning, on the train in, he showed me a batch of telegrams.

"'Thirty-eight wires,' he said. 'Instructions to men at the different headquarters on our system.'

"When we got to his office, the first thing George did was to hand those thirty-eight telegrams to an operator, saying, 'Rush 'em!' Then off came his coat. Say, Mr. Passenger, you still think George Gould just an [illegible] roader?"

Doing Business at Dinner.

As the Sunset Limited, with the Waythere, pulled out of El Paso on the way across the desert to California, Duke once more began opening telegrams, the last received at the border city. Addressing his chief, he said:

"From James J. Hill, sir, saying he regrets he cannot come to Seattle to accompany you over his road, and hoping you will stop over at his North Oaks Farm, within motoring distance of St. Paul."

"Jim's looking for new business, eh?" said the president. "That's Jim to a T. When Jim's out for business he asks you to that pet model farm of his and gives you a Lucullan feast—eating scarcely a morsel himself. Then, when you light a cigar—the same tobacco of which King Edward's cigars are made—Jim springs his proposition. All right, Duke, wire Jim I'll give him one night."

"Seems that Mr. Hill's method of getting business succeeds," remarked Mr. Passenger.

"Succeeds? I should say so," the president agreed. "Back in ninety-six I was Jim's guest overnight at that same farm of his out of St. Paul. He had other guests—six Japanese statesmen and railroad men, including the Imperial Minister of Railways, all men of highest distinction. The Japs were building new railroads in their country and were on their way to England to buy rails. After dinner, when we had lighted our King Edward cigars, Jim made a sign to his butler, who brought telegraph-blanks.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said Jim, 'before I write this cablegram, will you make my house your own for forty-eight hours? I think I can save money for you on rails.'

"The Japs assented. Jim then sent a cablegram to London rail-agents, asking their quotation for Middleboro rails set down in Yokohama. Early in the morning the answer came—twenty-nine dollars a ton.

"Jim then wired his steel friends in Chicago, naming the London quotation and saying that if they would give a price of nineteen-fifty on Chicago rails the Great Northern would deliver them in Yokohama for eight dollars a ton.

"That evening after dinner Jim said to his Japanese guests: 'Gentlemen, I'll take your order for fifteen thousand tons of Chicago rails at twenty-seven-fifty a ton, laid down in Yokohama. You save one-fifty a ton—and my lines get the business.'

"And that's the story, Mr. Passenger," concluded the owner of the Waythere, "of how Jim Hill sold the Japanese government the first American rails used in the Flowery Kingdom."

"You say Hill is a martinet where his men are concerned?" Mr. Passenger asked.

"Yes, Hill drives his men, as Harriman does, instead of leading them as Cassatt does. But, on the other hand, Hill leaves details to his men, as Vanderbilt does. Hill's method is to allow his men the privilege of broad initiative. He puts his faith in men rather than in system. He long ago decided that you can't run a railroad from Wall Street or from St Paul.

"So he has spent half his life traveling on his own lines. If Jim should find a man on the Great Northern who knew more about any particular inch of that

road than Jim himself—even were the man one of his two sons, whom he has placed in high positions on his lines—I really believe Jim would fire that man for knowing too much."

Saving a Railroad's Life.

As the train rolled through southern California, past Redland Junction, with Los Angeles not far distant, the president said:

"You can see, Mr. Passenger, from what I have told you, that each railroad has its own method, its own individuality. There are as many methods as there are presidents. By the way men load a car, for example, I can tell you whether they are Vanderbilt men, or Cassatt men, or Gould men, or Ripley's Santa Fé men."

"President Edward P. Ripley?" said Mr Passenger. "You have not told me of him, sir."

"Ripley? That's so. We're striking his road here at Los Angeles. What Ripley has done for the Santa Fé is one of the most remarkable achievements in modern railroading. He took hold of the Santa Fé ten years ago, and in that time has proved himself one of the greatest of purely Western railroad men.

"He remade the Santa Fé in his own honest image. The road was discredited. Ripley regained for it all public confidence. He practically rebuilt it from Los Angeles to Chicago—replaced nineteen hundred wooden bridges with permanent bridges, and all that sort of thing. His lieutenants are all young Western railroad men, officering an army thirty thousand strong.

"Ripley has kept the Santa Fé absolutely independent, though Gould and Hill and Harriman have long been making sheep's eyes at it. Ripley is the Cassatt of the West."

"Then Mr. Ripley, sir," said Mr. Passenger, "is a practical railroader?"

"Great Scott, I should say so! I remember years ago calling on Ripley when he was general freight-agent of the Burlington. He was an all-round railroader even then. He said to me:

"'Tell you what! The bully chance for a Western railroad man is on the Santa Fé!'

"'That old broken-down line of hoo-hoo rails?' I cried. 'Keep away, Edward.'

"'No, sir! I'll get on the Santa Fé if I can. I believe it can be remade—well, say, Paul,' addressing one of his clerks who stood by, 'would you go with me to the Santa Fé?'

"'No! Burlington's good enough for me, sir,' said the young man named Paul.

"That clerk of Ripley's was Paul Morton. In the years before Morton became Secretary of the Navy, however, he succeeded Ripley as general freight-agent of the Burlington, and later became vice-president of the Santa Fé, that road being then in the remaking stage. Morton and Ripley worked together like youngsters, full of business-getting enthusiasm.

"'Say, boys,' I said to them when I met them together one day at Albuquerque, 'remember that day you agreed not to go to the Santa Fé together?'

"'Yes,' replied Ripley, 'but I converted Paul. I taught him that the road of opportunity for big initiative by a real railroad man was the Santa Fé, the road with a straightaway main line from Los Angeles or Frisco to its own terminal at Chicago.'

"And now, Mr. Passenger," concluded the president, "if to-day we suddenly had to get back East in the quickest possible time, Ripley's Santa Fé from Los Angeles would be the line for us."

Ready For a Record Run East.

As our friend's train pulled into the yard at Los Angeles a man jumped aboard the steps of the Waythere, at the observation end, climbed over the brass rail, rushed into the car without ceremony, and handed the president himself a telegram.

"I'm the division superintendent of the Santa Fé here, sir," said the intruder breathlessly, "and as I knew there'd be something doing when you read that telegram (it came over our own wires), I came myself for your orders."

Meantime the president read the telegram. In silence he passed it to Duke. Then he produced a long, black breva and applied a match, after which he threw away the lighted cigar and began

pacing up and down the car. The "old man," manifestly, was agitated.

Duke, after reading the telegram, turned to Mr. Passenger and said:

"His daughter—seriously hurt in a railroad accident near New York—old man's only child—wife died years ago—old man mourned—declared he must have something big, big, to distract his mind—exactly same reason August Belmont took hold of the New York Subway. So the old man assumed active management of his own road.

"Now, stand from under—the old man will get busy in a moment—things will happen in the railway world—he'll give you a correct imitation of the power of an American railroad president who is also as rich as Vanderbilt or Gould."

Suddenly the "old man" stopped his pacing and looked intently at Duke.

Borrowing a Road.

"Ripley!" he ejaculated. "Duke, do you hear? Wire Ripley—quick—tell him I must own the Santa Fé body and soul for two days. Fling that message to Chicago over the Santa Fé wires.

"And now, you, sir, what is your name?" continued the "old man," addressing the division superintendent. "Welland? Well, Mr. Welland, go ahead with your preparations. You'll have full authority from my friend Ripley, inside two hours."

"Preparations for what, sir?" said the superintendent. "I don't understand"

"Don't understand? Don't understand that my daughter—well, that Scotty Special of yours last year—here to Chicago—what did she do it in?"

"Forty-four hours fifty-four minutes, sir"

"Well, then, Mr. Welland, surely you can send this car of mine through on a special in time to connect with the Vanderbilt Century from Chicago Thursday afternoon at two-thirty."

"But it's now Tuesday, past eight, sir," protested the superintendent.

"It's got to be done," was the "old man's" ultimatum. "You've got a full ten hours to make preparations to make the run in the same time as the Scotty Special."

"And they won't attach a private car to the eighteen-hour train from Chicago, sir," the superintendent still protested, "not even for President Roosevelt, sir."

"But the Vanderbilt people will do it—for me," said the "old man." "Send all your telegrams to your own and the Vanderbilt lines in my name. That eighteen-hour train must haul my car.

"Duke, wire our Chicago office that I want a special engine to haul the Waythere from the Santa Fé Dearborn Station over to the LaSalle Station, to be coupled to the Century. No use going special from Chicago—can't beat eighteen hours.

"And now, Mr. Welland," went on the president, turning again to the superintendent, "how many trains will we meet or pass between here and Chicago?"

"Over two hundred, sir."

"Very well! My special must have precedence over every one of 'em. Can't you arrange that with despatchers and conductors? How many changes of engines?"

"Sixteen, sir"

"I wish you would notify the enginemen and firemen at every round-house to be ready; two minutes ought to be enough for change of engines. Suppose we allow two and a half minutes for watering and one and a half for coaling? What's the exact mileage to Chicago?"

"Twenty-four hundred and forty-five and a half."

"Then we must average fifty miles an hour all the time we're in motion to catch the Twentieth Century Limited Thursday afternoon. I should like to have each division superintendent accompany my special over his division and see that this fifty-mile-an-hour gait is maintained."

All this time Duke stood by a stenographer while the latter took down every one of the president's requests. To Duke the president now said:

"Fire away—go with Welland—all despatches to heads in my name—and—Oh! Duke fifty dollars to each of the sixteen enginemen and to each of the sixteen firemen—and—Oh! Duke—fifty more among each of the sixteen crews."

Six hours later the special, made up of engine, combination-car (with the crew

and division superintendent), and the Waythere—the train that went into railway-speed history as the "Old Man's Special"—pulled out of Los Angeles.

Through desert heat, over mountains, and across plains, rushed the special, making the run to Chicago in forty-four hours forty-five minutes, beating the Scotty Special by nine minutes. At Chicago the Waythere was hitched to the Twentieth Century, and eighteen hours later the president bade Mr. Curious Passenger good-by at the Grand Central Station, and, with Duke, was whirled away in a motor-car to a Fifth Avenue mansion, where the daughter lay moaning and calling for "Father."

During the coast-to-coast journey of two days, fourteen and three-quarter hours, the "old man" lighted breva after breva, throwing each away half smoked, only to light still another. At night he lay down with his clothes on and tried to sleep. He spoke no word, except when he went into the combination car to say to a division superintendent:

"You've a prairie level here—can't you let her out a little more?" Or, while shaking hands with enginemen in turn at division ends, to say, "Thanks! Thanks!" He smiled only once—at Dodge City, when he set his watch ahead a whole hour.

Said Duke to Mr. Curious Passenger, in the Waythere, as they both watched the "old man" in helpless sympathy:

"Railroads! Presidents! Methods! The 'old man's' forgotten 'em all. What's his twenty thousand miles of track compared to five-feet-five of flesh, of his flesh lying within the shadow of the realm of shades! You have seen, Mr. Passenger, what the public should see—that a railroad president is just a man."

WESTINGHOUSE ON PROBATION.

Had to Promise Indemnity for Damages Before a Railroad Would Permit a Test of His New Air-Brake.

ALL inventions that have created epochs in industrial history have met with discouragement and opposition, not necessarily because of the threatened destruction of some industry or occupation, but because of the innate conservatism of human nature. Westinghouse's air-brake was no exception to this rule, in spite of the fact that he was already the inventor of a successful device for replacing derailed cars on the track. Nobody would let him try his invention on a real train, though they had no objection to his trying a model of it in a shop. They all scoffed at the idea of "stopping a train by air."

From a recountal of the incident of the first trial, in *Success*, it appears that

One day he arrived at Pittsburgh, selling his other invention and talking about his brake notion to a man connected with a railroad out there. "That's a great idea of yours," said the man; "we will try it on our line!"

So the officials of this railroad permitted Westinghouse to put his new "kickshaw" on one of their trains. But he had to agree to indemnify the road for any damage that might be caused to the train as the result of his trials. The train was equipped. On the designated day the confident inventor and a group of skeptical railroad men boarded the train on which the first air-brakes were fixed.

Off went the train on its trial trip; the engineer put on full speed, and just as he rounded a curve he saw ahead at a grade crossing, and in the middle of the track, a loaded wagon, a man, a boy, and a balky horse. The engineer moved his little lever, and the first train that was ever stopped by air pulled up at a standstill several feet short of the obstruction.

Thus, on its first trial the Westinghouse air-brake saved life and prevented damage to property. Thenceforward talking was unnecessary; all that had to be done was to make brakes.

The inventor thought of that clause securing compensation to the railroad for any damage he might do the train, and he laughed. His fortune dates from that day. He was then only twenty-two.

Getting Off the Sidings.

Some of the Many Men Who Are Steadily Moving Out to Better Positions on the Great Main Line of Promotion.

SUCCEEDING R. G Long, resigned, W. L. Calvert has been appointed master mechanic of the Missouri Pacific at McGehee, Arkansas.

W. J. CALVERT has been appointed to succeed R. L. Nutt as treasurer of the Seaboard Air Line, with offices at Portsmouth, Virginia.

J. H. TINKER has received the vacant position of master mechanic of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, with headquarters at Danville, Illinois.

E. F. FLORY has been appointed general foreman of the shops of the Lehigh and New England Railroad, at Pen Argyl, in place of H. L. Wren, resigned.

THE appointment of master mechanic of the Chicago division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Garrett, Indiana, has been given to Dennison Gallaudet, general foreman of the Glenwood shops.

H. A. SCHWANECKE has been appointed chief engineer in charge of the location and construction of the Pittsburgh, Binghamton and Eastern line, with headquarters at Canton, Pennsylvania.

OWING to the death of George R. Knox, the position of general freight-agent of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis was rendered vacant and has been filled by the appointment of Charles Barham.

J. McNAUGHT, late assistant superintendent of the terminals division of the Great Northern at Minneapolis, has been promoted to superintendent of the Montana division, with headquarters at Havre.

W. C WHITAKER has resigned his position as general foreman of the Colorado City shops of the Colorado Midland to become general superintendent of the Hussell Iron Works, at Colorado Springs.

J. B. DORSEY, who formerly held the position of master mechanic of the Denver and Rio Grande, has been appointed to a similar post on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, with headquarters at Indianapolis.

E. B. PIERCE, the general counsel of the Rock Island in Arkansas and Louisiana, has been promoted to the new position of head of the State and interstate law department, rendered necessary by the recent legislation.

THE appointment of chief car inspector of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been given to R. L. Kleine, who will be attached to the office of the general superintendent of motive power at Altoona, in place of J F Elder, resigned.

THE St. Louis and San Francisco has appointed H D. Teed, manager of the telegraph department of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé, at Galveston, Texas, to the post of superintendent of telegraphs, with headquarters at St. Louis.

L. A. RICHARDSON, general foreman of the Oregon Short Line at Pocatello, Idaho, has been appointed division master mechanic of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific at Trenton, Missouri, in succession to A. C. Adams.

THE position of master mechanic of the San Luis division of the Mexican Central has been conferred upon C. F. Roberts, general foreman at Monterey, Mexico, with office at Cardenas, Mexico, succeeding J. J. Cavanaugh, resigned

THE vacancy of acting mechanical superintendent of the Northern Pacific, caused by the resignation of D. Van Alstyne, has been filled by the appointment of W. Moir, formerly general master mechanic at Tacoma. Mr. Moir's headquarters will be at St Paul.

THE position of general manager of the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton and the Ann Arbor railroads has been given to George K. Lowell, who has held the post of general superintendent of the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville. Mr. Lowell's headquarters will be at Toledo, and he will have charge of the operation of both roads.

W. B POLAND, who recently resigned from the Alaska Central Railroad, sailed for Manila on November 1 to take up his new position of vice-president and chief engineer of the Philippine Railway Company. Railroads are being built on the islands of Panay, Negros, and Cebu, and Mr. Poland has gone to take charge of the construction of them

THE Panhandle management has appointed W. W. Mansfield assistant chief engineer of the system, with headquarters at Pittsburgh. Mr. Mansfield's previous position was that of superintendent of the Indianapolis and Vincennes division of the Pennsylvania lines. He is succeeded in that position by J. W. Cooneys, superintendent of the Logansport division.

GEORGE THOMPSON has been appointed superintendent of motive power of the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at Denver, Colorado, succeeding A. Struthers, resigned. Mr. Thompson was previously master mechanic of the Colorado division of the Union Pacific, at Pullman, where he is succeeded by George H. Lickert

FOR more than eight years past, F. B Shipp has represented the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. at St. Louis in the supervision of its railroad work in the Southwestern States and Mexico. He has recently been appointed to a secretaryship at the committee's general offices in New York City. He will be succeeded in St. Louis by E. L. Hamilton, of Chicago.

THE Great Western has created a new office, that of inspector of station service. The first appointee to the post is E. H. Campbell, formerly an agent of the road at St. Joseph. The duties of the position require the inspector to keep the general superintendent posted as to the accommodations for the public at the various stations and to give suitable recommendations for their improvement

W. A. GARRETT, general manager of the Queen and Crescent, announced his acceptance of the position of first vice-president of the Seaboard Air Line. The entire operation of the road will be under his charge. Mr. Garrett has served in various capacities on the Ohio and Mississippi (now a part of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern), the St. Louis Terminal Company, and the Philadelphia and Reading

ON October 1 the following appointments became effective on the New York Central lines: J. Q. Van Winkle, general manager Big Four route; H. A. Worcester, assistant general manager Big Four, J. J. Bernet, general superintendent Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; S. W Brown, assistant general superintendent Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; H. M Tompkins, superintendent eastern division Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; E. B. Cook, assistant superintendent eastern division Lake Shore and Michigan Southern; E. A. Theed, chief trainmaster Toledo division, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern. J. W. Britt, assistant trainmaster eastern division, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern

ONE of the most important appointments in Southern railway circles, this year, is that of Colonel Beverly W. Wren to the position of passenger traffic manager of the Plant system. The position is one recently created, and Colonel Wren is the first man to fill it. Colonel Wren is well known in the railroad world; he was at the head of the East Tennessee's passenger department for ten years, and before that was general passenger agent of the Western and Atlantic for sixteen years. His appointment does not interfere with the existing appointments in the passenger department. Colonel Wren's headquarters will be at Savannah, Georgia.

RUNNING THE SIGNAL.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

Author of "A Round Trip to the Year 2000," "A River Tangle," "Marooned in 1492," Etc.

The Man Who Tried To Save Another's Record Is Made to Suffer Himself for His Good Deed.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

JIM DUANE has been put on the blacklist by an Arizona road for "running" a stop-signal and wrecking his train. He claims in his defense that the signal showed white, but the station agent, Dave Carruthers, and his brother, Than, the conductor of Duane's train, both claim that it was set "against" the train.

Duane is discharged, and finds every road in that part of the country closed to him. Dave Carruthers becomes chief despatcher of the T., S. and W. at Tickaboo, and his brother Than is made roadmaster. Between them they prevent Duane from getting on the road, even under an assumed name.

Duane saves the general manager's special from a bad wreck on the mountain division, and is offered a place on the road. To the general manager's surprise he chooses to be made night man at Sioux Bend, a lonesome, unimportant station. It is the headquarters of Chief Engineer Maxwell, whose daughter, Eunice, was one of Duane's best friends in Arizona, but the general manager doesn't know that.

On his way to the Bend, Duane gets up on top of a freight-train, and is attacked by Red McPherson, a brakeman recently discharged, whom Than Carruthers has persuaded owes his discharge to Duane.

CHAPTER VII.

Duane Reaches Sioux Bend.

IN that frightful moment when he felt the thick sinewy fingers of the ex brakeman close about his throat, Duane all but gave himself up for lost. To release his hold of the boards that ran along the car-roof, seemed tantamount to a spill over the edge, and the instinct of self-preservation caused him to cling desperately even while he was being slowly strangled into unconsciousness.

Red McPherson's design was nothing short of murderous, and he proceeded about his work with brute-like ferocity. His desire to hurry proceedings caused him to pull his right hand clear and strike viciously at Duane's forehead.

Duane saw the descending fist and threw his head to one side. McPherson's knuckles smashed into the boards, and a sharp cry of pain was wrenched from his lips.

With cat like quickness Duane summoned his last ounce of strength, let go his hold on the toe-path, and, with a fierce effort, overturned his bulky antagonist. For an instant afterward, both were put to it to save themselves from tumbling to the right of way.

McPherson, by his own efforts, would not have succeeded in saving himself. He was slipping and sprawling over the car's edge when he was caught by the conductor and pulled to safety. One of the brakemen had laid hold of Duane.

If any of the train-crew had been seconding McPherson's attempts to secure the upper-hand of Duane, the hair-breadth escape from a tragedy had caused them to change their tactics.

"What do you fellows want to rough

things up like that for?" growled the conductor. "There's other places for a rough an' tumble than the top of a freight-train."

"I'll get that ornery cur yet!" muttered McPherson, kneeling on the footway and holding the wrist of his injured hand.

"Are you hurt?" asked the conductor shortly

"It's none o' his doin's if I am!" was McPherson's sullen rejoinder.

"Well, you get back to the caboose, Red. If you try any more roughhouse plays, I'll throw you off. Go on to the cab, Duane."

Duane was more than glad to have the affair end in that way.

"I had no more to do with McPherson's getting discharged than you had," he said to the conductor, "and I can't understand why he has taken such a dead set at me"

"Red don't know any more than the law allows," said one of the brakemen in a low voice to Duane. "Some'un has switched him off on the wrong track—probably you know who it was better'n I do. No man ever yet had the pin pulled on him that he didn't blame somebody."

Duane went forward to the engine, finishing his journey in peace amid the home-like surroundings of the cab. There was one thing about that particular cab that struck a responsive chord in Duane's make-up.

This was a type-written motto, nailed over the clock: "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

When Duane swung himself down from the gangway at the Sioux Bend water-tank, he had that motto indelibly impressed on his mind. He would keep everlastingly at it until he had proved that there was no red light at Rawlins.

In the station the conductor was getting his orders. From the quick look that was turned on Duane when he entered, he was willing to bet that his name had come up for brief discussion.

After the conductor had signed and slammed the door, the operator turned to his key. Duane could hear him calling "Ds," reporting Number Seventeen in and out, and getting his "complete."

"Yez are th' new agent, eh?" inquired the operator, starting up from the table and surveying Duane with a placid grin.

"Yes," Duane answered.

"Well, I'm th' night-man yez are relavin', an' me name's Dennis O'Brien."

"I'm James Duane."

"Flip us your fin, me boy." They shook hands. "Is it true what I hear about yez layin' Red McPherson on his back in th' Tickaboo 'atin'-house?"

It is surprising how news of that sort will spread. Red's fists had heretofore been conceded the best on the line, and for that reason, perhaps, Duane's performance had commanded more than passing attention.

"Well," said Duane, "Red made a pass at me, and when I left the restaurant he wasn't able to follow."

"Th' fin, once more. I was told, just now, that Red laid f'r yez on th' top of Seventeen, an' that if th' conductor hadn't grabbed him an' held him on yez would have spilled th' blackguard into th' right of way, on Tickaboo Mountain?"

"Neither of us had much to brag of in that affair"

"I ain't slow wid th' mitts meself, but Red jolted me wid an upper-cut, a month back, an' I saw more shtars an' comets in broad day than a sky-gazer iver picked out wid his tillyscope at night. Would yez mind pushin' yer fin at me ag'in? Faith, I hate t' keep yez so busy wid it, but it does me heart good t' grip th' fist that did th' business fer Red Mac."

Dennis had all the inborn love of his race for a good fight. He had a dozen things to say about Duane's clashes with McPherson, but not a word for the quick work that had wrecked the runaway box car and saved the general manager's special.

The Irish operator hunted up a piece of court-plaster for Duane to put over a scratch on the side of his face, and they filled their pipes and talked, and worked, and smoked out the night. Duane took the orders that drifted in and repeated them back for the despatcher's O K.

His work at the key was so clean, and so different in its way from O'Brien's that the man at headquarters wanted to

know who was doing the sending. O'Brien, sitting near with his pipe, laughed as he caught the words off the sounder.

"That's Dave Carruthers, the night despatcher," said he. "Faith, I don't wonder he sees a difference in th' way th' key's handled at this end. Yez have got me roped, downed, an' tied, Duane, when it comes t' jugglin' th' lightnin'."

"It's Jim Duane, the new night-man."

There was a grim look on Duane's face as he clicked off the message. Nothing came back in reply.

"Divil take him!" grunted O'Brien, "he was short enough about it. Yez are a better hand wid th' dots an' dashes than Dave ever thought of bein'."

"The night despatcher is the road-master's brother, isn't he?" Duane inquired carelessly.

It was a useless question, so far as the information contained in the answer was concerned. Duane drove it in as an opening wedge for something else.

"Yez have it right," said O'Brien. "A bunch of those Arizona yaps blew into th' operatin' department in th' shake-up that followed th' shtrike. Than Carruthers was th' first t' come; then he got th' night trick fer his brother, an' put a flea in Gindele's ear about Steve Maxwell."

O'Brien had dropped neatly into Duane's opening.

"Maxwell has his headquarters here in Sioux Bend, hasn't he?" asked Duane.

"He has that. Th' old Howe truss bridge across th' Sioux River, beyant th' Bend, went out wid th' last high water an' Maxwell has been lookin' afther th' job of replacin' it."

"Does the roadmaster ever show up here?"

O'Brien took his pipe from between his lips and winked at the new man through a haze of smoke

"Sure, he does; he comes up on an inspectin' tour ivery Sathurday. But divil a shtep does he go near th' new bridge. He spends th' time at th' constructin' engineer's wickiup, observin' th' engineer's daughter. A peach, Duane; yez'll say th' same when yez see her."

Duane glanced out of the big bay-window at the station lights and grew thoughtful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Juggling With Duty.

DUANE put in four solid weeks as night operator at the Bend without advancing an inch the secret mission that had impelled him to seek the place. His surroundings and the routine were inexpressibly dreary, yet he clung to the post, hoping against hope.

Fate, aided and abetted by the constructing engineer, worked against him from the very start-off. Maxwell changed his headquarters to Tickaboo on the identical day it became known that Duane had asked for, and received the night-trick at Sioux Bend.

This might mean that the engineer had seen through a part of Duane's plan, at least, and had sacrificed convenience for the sake of a checkmate. On the other hand, Maxwell's change of base was bound to have come, sooner or later, in the natural progress of events.

The Sioux River bridge was all but finished, and the engineer was needed to get Gindele's tunnel plans in shape for presentation to the directors. But, even so, it was quite plain that Maxwell had hastened his departure from the Bend.

Then, too, Eunice did not return to Sioux Bend at all. Duane heard that she had gone to visit friends in Tannersville while her father superintended the removal of their goods to Tickaboo.

The absence of the Maxwells put an end to the Saturday visits of the road master. Duane thus found himself without any material to work upon in pursuing a more or less vague course that was to make for his vindication.

In the midst of his disappointment and despair, an opportunity came to him that promised much—came like a thunderbolt from a placid sky. The tangled affairs of Andy Morrison, night operator at Smoky Hill—the first station west—were the indirect cause.

Morrison was a prime favorite with all the trainmen on the line. Not only that, but he was an A 1 operator. What queered him with the headquarter's

staff, however, and kept him pounding a night-key in a third-rate station when he might have been in the despatcher's office, was a weakness for strong drink. If left to his own devices and the pleadings of his widowed mother, he was able to resist the tempter successfully; but let him once fall in with a convivial companion, and his genial nature was quite apt to prove his undoing.

Three times Andy Morrison had gone wrong, while on duty—fortunately with no very serious consequences—and three times he had been reprimanded and reduced. The last two times he would have been discharged but for the pleading of Mrs. Morrison, who carried the matter personally to the division boss.

Even Mrs. Morrison could not have saved Andy the last time, had not her dead husband's record been a cherished memory among the higher officials of the road. Andy Morrison, Sr., had died at his post on the right hand side of a L. S. and W. cab, but he had saved five car loads of passengers.

The widow received a small pension from the railroad company; enough, with what her son gave her, to keep her in tolerable comfort. So young Andy, after being warned for the last time to leave evil companions alone and keep "straight," was sent to Smoky Hill. The day-man there was told to keep an eye on him, and forestall any backslidings.

Along toward the tail-end of Duane's fourth week at the Bend, the Smoky Hill section boss came over on a hand-car with some of his gang to do a little tinkering on the road-bed. He brought a letter to Dennis O'Brien.

At noon Dennis sent for Duane. The day-man's usually jovial face was abnormally long when Duane stepped into the station and entered the operator's room.

"Something gone crossways, Dennis?" queried Duane.

"True fer yez, Jim," replied Dennis. "I'm bothered out of me five wits, but it's on another man's account, not me own. Ye've heard of the Widow Morrison, at Smoky Hill, and of that son of hers, the fiend take him?"

Duane nodded.

"Well," sighed Dennis, "Andy's off ag'in."

"He'll get fired this time."

"Sure, if th' old man finds it out."

"He can't help finding it out, can he?"

"Faith, Andy wasn't on duty last night, but Harris, the day operator, doubled up an' stood his trick. I've a letter here from Harris. He says Andy can't go on t'night, d'yez see, an' Harris has already been at th' key fer goin' on thirty-six hours."

Duane sat down on one corner of the table. Dennis struck the ashes from his pipe with petulant discontent, filled the bowl nervously, and began to smoke.

Duane understood. An attempt was being made to shield Andy from the consequences of his misdoing. The train-crews would help, and Harris had already pushed himself to the limit of human endurance.

"One of your friends got th' lad into it," said Dennis suddenly, lifting his eyes to Duane's face.

"Who?"

"Red McPherson. He's been hangin' around Smoky Hill ever since that night he tried t' cook yer goose on th' top of Seventeen. He caught Andy between shifts an' loaded him up. I wisht yez had killed th' red-headed brute when yez downed him in that short-order joint in Tickaboo. It ain't Andy I'm thinkin' of now, Jim; it's th' little woman that brought me through a bad attack of typhoid, th' summer I first came West. Begorry, I'll help her if I lose me job!"

"What does Harris want?" inquired Duane.

"He wants somebody t' come down from here an' stand th' night trick. By t'morrow night Andy ought t' be back at his key. It's me fer it, bedad. I'll go down on the hand-car with the section-boss if yez'll fill out th' tag ends of my work ag'inst th' time I get back."

"You went to a dance last night, didn't you, Dennis? The shindig over at San Leone?" asked Duane.

"Things happen that way, Jim," returned O'Brien ruefully; "did yez ever know ut t' fail? I wint ten miles t' th' dance an' got back home at 5 A.M."

"Suppose I go over to Smoky Hill with the section-boss; do you think you could keep your eyes open long enough to stand my trick?"

"Faith, Jim, if I can keep awake here I can in Smoky Hill."

"I have a private reason for wishing to see Red McPherson," said Duane.

"I didn't want t' ring yez in on this t' that extent," answered O'Brien, shaking his head dubiously. "All I wanted was t' have yez bridge over th' gap between my goin' an' comin'."

"But I tell you I want to have a talk with Red McPherson, and you say he's in Smoky Hill. I'll come back on Number Sixteen in the morning."

"Yez know what this means if th' old man gets hold of it?"

"We're juggling with our duty just to help Andy Morrison," said Duane calmly. "A drinking-man has no business in an operator's room, and sooner or later Andy is going to be let out. The thing to do is to get him clear of this scrape, and then insist that he get into some other branch of the service.

"Th' night trick at Smoky Hill carries as little responsibility as any place on th' line, Jim," said O'Brien.

"You never can tell, Dennis," replied Duane. "Something might happen that would make a clear head in the Smoky Hill station mighty important." O'Brien thought of Duane's words later. They were prophetic.

Duane went over to the Hill with the section-gang late in the afternoon. Primarily he was going to relieve Harris and help save Andy Morrison's scalp; indirectly, he hoped to see Red McPherson, and have a talk with him.

A month had passed since McPherson had been discharged. This lapse of time might have caused the ex-brakeman to see things differently. If so, it was within the range of possibility that judicious questioning would give Duane a line on Than Carruthers, and develop the true reason for Red's unreasonable hostility.

CHAPTER IX.

Who Made the Mistake?

IT was a tremendously tired man who greeted Duane when he thrust his head into the operator's room in the Smoky Hill station.

"Dennis couldn't come?" Harris asked, limp as a rag and half-dazed with fatigue.

"I'm Duane, night-man at the Bend. Dennis is going to do my work, and I've come on here in his stead."

Harris was in no mood for words. Staggering over to one corner, he fell sprawling on a cot.

"Is there anything I ought to know?" called Duane

Harris mumbled incoherently. Duane went over, shook him, and repeated the question.

"Ev-everything's all right," said Harris, without opening his eyes.

"Do you know where Red McPherson is?" went on Duane.

"He left — he left town last night, on——" The last word died feebly, and the exhausted operator's head fell back in deep slumber.

Harris might have misunderstood the last question. Duane, with a feeling of disappointment, turned away from the cot. He would make another try for information about the ex-brakeman after Harris had had a few hours' rest.

Duane took a look at the order-book, lying open on the table. Everything seemed to be all right, just as Harris had said.

Dusk was falling by that time, and Duane, looking from the window, saw the switch-lamps gleaming up and down the track. Harris, notwithstanding his fagged-out condition, had apparently neglected nothing.

The lamp on the table was smoking a little. Duane turned it down and adjusted the shade. Then he leaned back in his chair, and filled and lighted his pipe.

The instrument was clicking sharply. Duane listened involuntarily and heard the operator at Hamlin report a soft track three miles east.

Hamlin was twenty-three miles west of Smoky Hill, and the thriving mining and cattle town of Okaday lay in between.

Presently the despatcher opened up with a slow order for Number Ten and the Midnight Mail between Hamlin and Okaday. Both these trains were eastbound, Number Ten being a local passenger, due at Smoky Hill at 8.05, and

the Midnight Mail a limited, due to pass the station at 3.15 in the morning.

A slow order also went to Okaday for Number Seventeen, fast freight westbound, between that point and Hamlin, and for an "Extra west, engine six-nine, cond'r Holcomb." All this, of course, because of the soft track between Hamlin and Okaday.

That extra west, engine six-nine, Conductor Holcomb, was to cause considerable trouble before the night was through.

After a while, "sh, sh, ds," came rattling along the wire. It was the Smoky Hill call and Duane answered immediately. An order followed for Number Ten to meet Number Seventeen at Tickaboo. Duane repeated the order back and got the despatcher's O. K.

By that time Dave Carruthers, the roadmaster's brother, had the train sheet at division headquarters in Skiplap. Dave, the former agent at Rawlins, Arizona, who, with his brother Than, had conspired to discredit Duane and put his name on the black-list.

Duane's long suffering spirit fired at the thought. From a peg in the wall hung the operator's red lantern. His eyes rested on it as he lifted them from the table.

There had been no such signal at Rawlins on that fateful night, a year before. Dave Carruthers, remiss in his duty, had not flagged Duane for orders but had allowed him to rush onward into wreck and tragedy, injustice and disgrace!

Duane roused himself from his bitter thoughts only when Number Ten whistled for the station.

"How's Andy?" asked the conductor as he signed the order-book.

"You'll find him here when you come through next time," answered Duane briefly.

"I suppose we're to keep this business under our hats, eh?"

"I suppose so. Tell Dennis, at the Bend, that everything is going all right here."

"Sure."

The conductor could not linger. Number Ten had fifteen minutes to make up on account of that slow order between Hamlin and Okaday.

After reporting the passenger train to headquarters, Duane fell back into his unpleasant reflections. There were no orders for Number Seventeen, and she went through a-humming at eleven o'clock. Everything was quiet in the office, save for the spasmodic clicking of the sounder and the deep, resonant snores of the exhausted man on the cot. Duane got up from the chair and took a turn or two about the office.

Then he heard something that drew his attention. It was about extra west, engine six-nine. He listened as the message went over the wires.

"Extra west, engine six-nine, Cond'r Holcomb, will meet Midnight Mail at Smoky Hill."

A little later he heard Tickaboo telling the despatcher that, owing to a hot-box, Holcomb would be forty-five minutes late getting out. A glance at the clock showed Duane that it was then almost midnight.

In order to keep himself from useless and unsettling reflections, Duane continued to distract his mind by following the messages as they flew over the wires.

Perhaps it was one o'clock when he heard this: "Midnight Mail, eng'r Labuy, will meet extra, engine six-nine, cond'r Holcomb, at Sioux Bend."

Dave Carruthers had cancelled the other order. This was nothing unusual, considering that Tickaboo had reported a delay for the extra on account of a hot-box.

It was not until after three o'clock, when Duane heard the whistle of the Midnight Mail, that a thought darted like fire through his brain and lifted him gasping out of his chair. The extra! He had heard nothing cancelling the order for the extra to meet the Midnight Mail at Smoky Hill.

God of Heaven! The Mail, supposing it had a clear track to Sioux Bend, might be against the extra between the Bend and Smoky Hill!

For the space of one labored breath horror froze him into inaction; his ears echoed with the awful din of a head-end collision and the shrieks and moans of the injured; his frantic eyes, fixed on vacancy, saw a vision of wreck and tragedy that brought his pounding heart into his throat.

But Duane, who had already proved

himself a reliable emergency man, did not waste many ticks of the clock in inaction. If he made a mistake, he would be jerked up for flagging the fast train without orders; if there had been a slip in the despatcher's office, he would prevent a wreck and loss of life. It was one of those rare moments when personal consequences are to be ignored.

He jumped for the red lantern, snatched a match from his pocket, struck it, and turned back the globe. The roar of the Mail was quite plain to him now, and its growing clamor breathed haste, *haste*. Yet his hands never wavered, never made a single false movement. His nerves were clamped to his purpose with a resolution strong as steel.

Snapping the globe over the flame of the lamp, he flung himself through the waiting-room and out of the door to the platform. The eye of the Mail was full on the station, and the train was rolling up at a terrific speed.

He passed the lantern across the track again and again. As soon as Labuy had answered his flag with the whistle, he went back into the station and dropped nerveless and unstrung into his chair.

When Labuy, badly shaken-up, ran into the office, he had a slip of tissue in his hand.

"What in blazes does this mean?" he cried. "My orders take me to Sioux Bend regardless of other trains! What are you stopping us for?"

Before Duane could answer, the distant rumble of the extra could be heard above the throbbing of the engine on the track in front of the station. The rumble increased to a roar, then died away, to be renewed again with a muffled whirl of drivers on a sanded track. The extra was taking the siding.

Labuy, his face pale and bewilderment in his eyes, had stood like a statue listening to the other train.

"What—what train is that?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Extra west, engine six-nine, Conductor Holcomb," replied Duane quietly.

"But my orders—— Here, look at them for yourself! I was to meet the extra at the Bend."

"You were up against lap orders, Labuy, or criminal carelessness of some other sort."

"Did the despatcher tell you to stop us?"

"No; it was done on my own responsibility."

Then, briefly, Duane told why he had used the red light. Labuy gripped his hand impulsively.

"Somebody's head will pay for this," the engineer muttered as he went out on the platform.

CHAPTER X.

Forebodings of Trouble.

WHEN Duane dropped off the way-car of Number Sixteen, local freight, east-bound, at seven o'clock the following morning, O'Brien met him with a gray face and ominous eyes.

"Th' divil's t' pay entirely," said O'Brien. "We're all in it, Jim. Hivin keep us, afther this, from tryin' t' help our friends by playin' tag wid our personal business. How'd yez leave Harris?"

"He slept like a dead man from the time I got there until I left," answered Duane. "He's bright enough now, but badly worried."

"Och, wurra! An' hasn't he th' cause t' be? Did yez ever see such a tangle? Yez was supposed t' be here at th' Bend, last night, an' Andy was supposed t' be at th' Hill—supposed, that is, by everybody that has th' power t' jack us up an' pull th' pins.

"An' then, look! That divil of an extry had t' go ag'inst th' Mail. Of course yez had t' but in—though how yez did it I don't know—yez couldn't stand fer a wreck. As it stands, Andy—fiend take him!—is supposed, at headquarters, to've shtarred himself by a brilliant play he niver could have made in a thousand years; an' yez are supposed, Jim, to've missed a cue an' let that extry west go through when yez was told t' hold it at th' Bend fer orders.

"An' what's th' true shtate of affairs? Why, Jim, yez are th' one that turned that pretty trick at th' Hill, an' yez are th' one they'll be unloadin' th' blame onto fer dereliction of duty here at th' Bend. Labuy'll have t' cough up th' truth, an' I'll have t' chip in me own little shtory,

an' Harris'll have t' speak his own piece —an' that'll cook Andy's goose t' th' quane's taste. Och, me head! It's fair shplittin' wid it all."

When Sixteen had pulled out, Duane and O'Brien went into the office.

"Labuy, at Tannersville, an' th' division boss, at Skiplap, have been keepin' th' wire hot fer an hour," went on O'Brien mournfully. "Dave Carruthers says Sioux Bend had orders to flag an' hold th' extry west. As sure as yez are a foot high, Jim, no such order ever came into this office. Th' night despatcher made a shlip an' is tryin' t' hedge an' save his bacon."

"You were wide awake all the time, Denny?" asked Duane.

"As wide awake as I am now!"

"Has Labuy said anything about me being at the Hill last night?"

"He's gloriously indifinite about that. He shtopped fer water here so as t' go up Tickaboo wid a full tank, an' he told me what sort of a go had been pulled off at the Hill. I suggested that he leave th' idintity of th' operator that pulled th' red light on him in th' background fer a while

"So in his reports he simply says 'th' nightman at th' Hill,' d' yez see. But every trainman that shtopped fer orders at th' Hill knows yez was takin' Andy's place. It's got t' come out. It's only fair t' yerself, Jim, that it does come out. We've got t' square around an' make th' best of it."

O'Brien had just filled his pipe. He knocked out the fresh tobacco absently and filled it again.

"By the way," he went on, seeking relief for his overburdened mind by a change of subject, "did yez see Red McPherson?"

Duane shook his head. "They loaded him into a box car and sent him out of town before I got there."

At that moment the sounder began clicking the Sioux Bend call. O'Brien took the message.

"Here's where th' lightnin' shtrikes," said he, tearing the sheet from the clip and handing it to Duane. "What do yez think of that?"

James Duane, night-man at Sioux Bend, will take the first train for Skiplap and report at once to the superintendent.

Duane read the summons calmly. Then he continued to stare at the message, thinking over the strange tangle into which events had drifted. Some one had blundered, and that some one was either O'Brien or Dave Carruthers. So far as Gindele or Carruthers or any one else at division headquarters knew, Duane was at his key in Sioux Bend the night before.

When O'Brien said positively that no order to hold extra west had been received, Duane knew that he told the truth. Hence it was certain that Dave Carruthers, the night despatcher, had not protected the Midnight Mail against the extra; but it would have been possible for him to doctor his order-book so as to throw the responsibility on the night-man at the Bend.

Was Carruthers, in the attempt to shield himself from the consequences of his own criminal carelessness, seeking to repeat the tactics that had been successfully carried out at Rawlins, more than a year before? And, if so, had his brother, the roadmaster, helped?

Now, as then, Than Carruthers was dancing attention upon Eunice Maxwell. In Arizona, Eunice had favored the handsome, sandy-haired freight-runner, and her father had been his friend. That Arizona wreck, which had been unjustly laid at Duane's door, had turned Maxwell against him; and Duane was too high-spirited, and too jealous of his good name to ask Eunice to be anything more to him while he was under a cloud.

Duane had never thought that Than and Dave Carruthers had deliberately plotted the withholding of that red signal at Rawlins. What he did think was that Dave, at that time the night-operator at Rawlins, had neglected to show the signal. In order to save him, the brothers had cold-bloodedly planned to sacrifice the engineer who had run past the station. Than Carruthers had been all the more ready to do this because that engineer happened to be Duane.

In the present instance the two Carruthers had even more cause to seek Duane's downfall than they had in Arizona; for now, suffering unjustly as he

was and seeking to retrieve his good name. Duane was a constant menace to both the despatcher and the roadmaster.

Yet, in spite of this, Duane could not believe that Dave had deliberately planned to wreck the Midnight Mail. He had simply made a mistake, as he had in Arizona. And circumstances now, as then, conspired to make it possible—as Dave and Than must have believed—to shift the blame to Duane.

"An' th' gineral manager," O'Brien remarked, after a long study of Duane's troubled face, "is in New York. He's yer only friend at headquarters, Jim."

"I'll have to work this out without Mr. Kinsley's help," said Duane.

"But I'll help, begorry!" cried O'Brien, bringing his fist down on the table; "an' so'll Labuy help, an' Harris, an' Andy Morrison, an' every trainman that blew into Smoky Hill station lasht night an' saw yez there, t' say nothin' of the section-boss that took yez down on th' hand car. If th' division-boss pulls th' pin on anybody it'll be on Andy an' O'Brien—that's flat."

"But I don't want it that way, yet awhile," said Duane. "The truth is bound to come out, sooner or later, but I want it held up as long as possible. See Labuy, if you can, when he comes back on his run west, and tell him to do his best to hold off about the identity of the man at the Hill last night. And pass the word to the other trainmen. If they haven't done too much talking I think we can manage it."

O'Brien's face went blank. He stared at Duane as though he could hardly believe what he heard.

"What th' divil—— Look here, Jim, if th' old man has yez up on th' carpet, bein' in th' dark like he is an' knowin' no more than Dave Carruthers tells him, yez are ditched. An' Andy—why, man, he'll never have th' face t' take credit fer that work at th' Hill lasht night; he'll blurt out every blissid thing he knows."

"Then let him; by that time, perhaps, I shall have accomplished what I have in mind."

"It's crazy yez are! What bee have yez in yer bonnet that makes yez act th' fool like that?"

Duane leaned toward O'Brien, his face full of mystery and intense earnestness.

"My one purpose in life, Dennis," said he in a low tone, "is to sponge the slate clean of a double-cross that was put opposite my name in Arizona. I see a chance, and it may work out or it may not. I can't explain the thing to you now, but I may be able to do so later. All I want is your help, and I've told you how. May I depend on you?"

"Well," returned O'Brien slowly, "if I can help yez by shtandin' by an' lettin' th' old man kick yez out, I will. But I'm yer pard, Jim, an' I hate t' have it look like I was actin' th' part of a hired man."

So it fell out that Duane boarded the morning passenger when it stopped at the Bend for water, and bore away for Skiplap. Success, for him, hung in a web of gossamer. The snapping of a single thread spelled failure.

CHAPTER XI.

On the Carpet.

GINDELE had a chip on his shoulder. A casual glance at him would have convinced any one of that. As Duane stepped into the room he gave him a curt nod and motioned toward a chair at the right of his roll-top desk. Duane took the chair. Gindele pressed an electric button. A boy showed himself.

"Ask Mr. Carruthers to come in here," he snapped. "Tell him to bring the order-book."

Duane was looking for the despatcher to show himself. Instead, the roadmaster materialized with the order-book under his arm. Than Carruthers was a bit pale, but otherwise serene. He did not look at Duane or give him any recognition whatever.

"Sit down, Carruthers," said the superintendent, taking the order-book and laying it on the desk. Then he whirled around in his revolving chair and confronted Duane.

"Did you run past a red signal, down in Arizona a year ago, and wreck a freight train?" he demanded.

"I have been up for that once, Mr. Gindele," said Duane. "Has it any bearing on the matter that brought me here?"

"It has," was the sharp response, "in so far as it proves whether or not you are a man to be trusted. You were fired for it and blacklisted."

"On the testimony of two men, Mr. Gindele: the night man at Rawlins and the conductor of the freight,—Dave Carruthers and his brother Than. There was no red light at Rawlins on the night I ran past the station."

"You lie!"

This from the roadmaster; and it was hardly out of his mouth before Duane had jumped from his chair. Gindele reached over and grabbed him.

"Sit down!" he commanded angrily. "Remember where you are. And you, too, Carruthers," he added, shifting his threatening eyes to the roadmaster.

"This isn't the first time Carruthers has given me the lie, direct and indirect," said Duane, settling back and gripping the chair-arms. "My temper is none of the best, and it is hard to have to put up with it."

"A man who has been guilty of criminal carelessness has to put up with a good many unpleasant things," said the superintendent.

"I agree with you," said Duane with a keen look at Carruthers. "But the position of an innocent man, unjustly blamed, is grace itself compared with that of the man who caused the injustice."

"Do you mean to insinuate——" began Carruthers hotly, but Gindele interrupted him.

"That will do, Than. How is it," he went on grimly, turning again to Duane, "that you had no one to corroborate your story regarding the failure of the Rawlins operator to show a red light?"

"My fireman was shoveling coal when we passed the station," replied Duane. "The front-end brakeman must have seen the signal, but he was killed. The rear brakeman was in the way-car."

"And I was in the lookout," snapped Carruthers. "My brother had the red signal out. I saw it and we both swore that it was there."

Duane made a gesture of dissent.

"There's no need, I suppose, of threshing this over again," said Gindele, "but I was curious to hear what you had to say for yourself." Here he leveled his eyes at Duane. "Did it never occur to you that you might be color-blind?"

"The superintendent of the Phenix and Northern tested my eyes when he was trying to fix the responsibility for the wreck," Duane answered. "I am not color-blind and never have been."

"Then that knocks out your last hope, so far as that Arizona matter is concerned. It gives you a bad record, Duane, and it forces me to the conclusion that you are not worthy of confidence. Now for the affair of last night. Did you receive an order at Sioux Bend to hold the extra west for the Midnight Mail?"

"No order was received at the Bend to hold the extra," said Duane positively.

Gindele opened the order-book. "Will you look at this?" said he.

Duane followed the superintendent's finger with his eyes. What he saw was the copy of a message to the operator at Sioux Bend to "flag and hold extra west, Cond'r Holcomb, for orders." The operator's O. K. was in the corner and the message was underlined to show that it had been repeated back.

"That message was never received at Sioux Bend," said Duane, clearly and deliberately.

The roadmaster was on tenterhooks to say something, but Gindele silenced him with a look.

"I shall have to take the evidence as I find it," said he coldly. "The night-despatcher's record is clear in this office, while yours is not. You were put on at the Bend in spite of the fact that you had been blacklisted; but, more than that, you misrepresented yourself to me at Tickaboo when you gave a fictitious name in the hope of dodging your Arizona record."

Duane listened calmly. Just then some one knocked at the door.

The newcomer proved to be a man with a small package for Carruthers. "It came R.R.B. from Tannersville," said the man, "and is marked 'rush.'"

Carruthers took the package and the

man went out, shutting the door behind him. Gindele closed the order book with a bang.

"Go and get your time, Duane," said he. "Wait, Carruthers," he added; "I want a word with you."

"I should like to see Dave Carruthers," said Duane, getting up.

"You can't see him," returned the roadmaster, a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes. "The worry over last night's affair was too much for him. He's in his room, and can't see anybody."

Duane left at once. Carruthers followed a few minutes later, leaving the division boss with a bunch of mail.

One of the letters was from the general manager, and was postmarked in New York. A part of the G. M.'s letter in no wise ministered to the superintendent's peace of mind. It ran:

> By the way, I want you to treat the new night man at Sioux Bend with as much consideration as you can consistently. He must be pushed ahead as fast as possible. I find that his father is Phil Duane, an old comrade of mine on the Lackawanna and now vice-president of a road here in the East. It is strange that the young man's name didn't suggest to me a possible relationship. Anyhow, Phil is the clear quill and the boy couldn't come of such stock and be anything but all to the good.
>
> The boy went West on his own responsibility to learn railroading—didn't want to begin on his father's line for fear some of the understrappers would talk "favoritism." An independent piece, as you can see—which is a strain in his make-up that takes my eye.
>
> Phil is the one to worry if the boy went wrong, but all this Arizona blacklist talk hasn't brought him a gray hair. "Jim is in the right," Phil said to me, "and he'll prove it. If he had run by a red light and caused a wreck he would have killed himself." Phil also asked me not to give the boy a thing he doesn't earn, simply because he's the son of a friend. And I won't. But he has already earned our kindest consideration and I shall see that he has it.

Gindele smoked two cigars over this part of Kinsley's letter. When he filed the communication away in a private pigeon-hole he felt that the chip had been knocked off his shoulder, and by the G. M.

"I won't be responsible for the division with a man like Jim Duane at a key," he growled in his beard. "If Kinsley doesn't like what I've done, he can have his innings when he gets back."

CHAPTER XII.

Duane Fails to Score.

DUANE was not long in getting his money; nor was he much longer in finding out where Dave Carruthers boarded. The rest of his design hinged upon his ability to wrest a confession from the night despatcher.

Would Dave Carruthers think enough of his position with the T., S. and W. to tell the truth concerning the affair at Rawlins? This was the slender thread by which hung success for James Duane.

Duane had juggled with duty by going to Smoky Hill. That was a point against him. On the other hand, being a good emergency man, the very fact that he had been in Smoky Hill had undoubtedly saved the Midnight Mail. The railway management, as Duane knew full well, would wink at a slight infraction of duty providing a good showing had been made in the dollars-and-cents column. Human lives were worth five thousand dollars each, and rolling-stock was expensive.

Duane had been discharged. This was what he had figured on before he left Sioux Bend.

If he could now get a statement from Dave Carruthers that no red light had been shown at Rawlins, he would promise to leave and let the despatcher's pot of trouble simmer of its own accord. When the rest of the Smoky Hill story was in, Duane would receive credit enough to offset the disparagement of his dismissal

Several of the headquarters' slaves, who happened to be single, lodged in a hotel across the street from the station, in which were the railroad offices. Duane went there, and inquired for Dave Carruthers.

"Mr. Carruthers is under the weather," said the clerk; "he can't see any one."

"He'll see me, I think," returned Duane. "Where is his room?"

The clerk gave the number, and told him how to go. Duane climbed the stairs to the second floor; as he drew near the door of the despatcher's room a stifled groaning, as of some one in pain, reached his ears

A shiver of foreboding swept through his nerves—a vague fear, he hardly knew of what. Under the impulse of the moment, he caught the knob, pushed the door open and stepped into the room. A muffled oath was hurled at him, and he was astounded to find himself face to face with Red McPherson!

A couch stood at one side of the room; Dave Carruthers was stretched upon it, and McPherson had been seated beside him. At Duane's entrance McPherson had leaped erect, his soggy, dissipated face full of savage surprise.

The despatcher did not make a move, did not even turn his head. He was deadly pale, his cheeks were sunken, his eyes closed; as he breathed, the low moans Duane had heard in the hall fell from his white, drawn lips.

On a table near the head of the couch was an empty bottle. Near the bottle lay a small, hypodermic syringe.

Duane took in these details at a glance, and his eyes returned instantly to Red McPherson.

"Get out of here!" growled the ex-brakeman, stepping forward menacingly.

"Stand right where you are, McPherson," said Duane sharply. "I didn't come here to pick a quarrel with you; what I want is to talk with Dave Carruthers."

"Well, y'u can't talk with 'im, see? He's crazier'n a loon. Jest now he's quiet, but there's no tellin' when he'll break out ag'in, ner how bad he'll be. What's more," and McPherson's hostility visibly increased, "I don't want t' talk to y'u nuther. Y'u're flaggin' trouble, Jim Duane, whenever y'u flag me. If y'u don't want somethin' to happen right here, you'll pull y'ur freight—an' do it *pronto*."

As McPherson finished, one of his hands went groping for a hip-pocket. Duane, however, stood his ground.

"Have some sense, can't you, McPherson?" he returned. "If you don't draw your fire, it will be your own crown-sheet that gets burnt, I can promise you that. Than Carruthers is setting you up to——"

"To what?" The roadmaster himself stepped into the room at that moment. He had with him the small package that had come R.R.B. from Tannersville. "Go on," said he, pushing a little closer to Duane on one side, while McPherson did the same on the other, "what have I been setting Red up to do?"

"You know well enough," returned Duane, backing a little toward the side of the room so that both men could be watched without his turning from either of them.

"What did you come here for?" demanded the roadmaster.

"To talk with your brother; but it seems I can't do that, so I'll talk with you. You'd better send McPherson out of the room, Carruthers."

"There's nothing you can tell me that I hadn't just as soon have McPherson hear," was the answer.

"Very well," went on Duane calmly. "Every one at division headquarters will know, before twenty-four hours have passed, that I wasn't at Sioux Bend last night, but was holding down the night-trick at Smoky Hill."

Carruthers was startled, and showed it. The next moment he laughed derisively.

"If that's so," said he, "why didn't you tell Gindele? Why did you let him fire you?"

"I wanted to make a deal with your brother," answered Duane steadily. "If I had explained, Gindele would not have discharged me. I guess you understand that. What I want is a statement from your brother Dave that he failed to put out a red light at Rawlins, and a statement from you that you lied when you said you saw it there. Failing to get either statement, I will prove that Dave fixed up his order book last night——"

The white had shot into the roadmaster's face; then an angry red took its place, and he sprang at Duane. Mc-

Pherson took the cue, and seconded the attack.

Duane drove the roadmaster against the wall with a blow straight from the shoulder. McPherson had a revolver in his hand and murder in his heart. He was a product of the West, and his dull wits had been so craftily manipulated by Than Carruthers, and his elemental passions so preyed upon, that he was ready to go any length in avenging his fancied wrongs.

Duane whirled about to find himself facing the revolver, with McPherson's bloodshot eye gleaming along the barrel. Only the care with which McPherson leveled the weapon saved Duane

A wavering, brute like yell burst from Dave Carruthers. It cut into the tragic silence like a thunder-clap. Simultaneously with the shout, the despatcher went off the couch as though launched by a catapult. His eyes were like coals and his face was twisted with maniacal frenzy.

McPherson stood between him and the door. His fist shot out, and the ex-brakeman was thrown sprawling over a chair, the revolver dropping harmlessly on the carpet. The despatcher bounded for the hall.

The roadmaster roused himself from the effects of the blow he had received and put out his hands in a vain attempt to stop his brother.

"Dave!" he called; "Dave!"

Another hair-raising yell broke from the despatcher's lips. "Keep 'em away! They're after me!" he shouted, and darted through the door.

"Stop him!" cried the roadmaster. "He'll kill himself if we can't stop him!"

Than Carruthers raced after his brother and, an instant later, McPherson picked himself up and followed. Duane trailed after them

He got no farther than the head of the stairs, however; then he turned and came back. On the floor lay the package that had come up from Tannersville by train-service. He tore it open, and found a bottle labeled "cocaine" and bearing the skull and cross-bones put upon that brand of poison.

His eyes wandered to the hypodermic on the table. And then a great light broke over him.

(To be continued.)

THE LATEST THING IN ENGINES.

A Steam Locomotive Fed by Gasoline Which Can Be Put in a Corner of a Coach.

FOR nearly half a century coal has held the dominant place as the producer of motive power in its applicability to ordinary conditions of travel. For years its self-contained heating capacity and its independence of exterior forces—wires or machinery which are dependent on some distant source of supply—have kept at arm's length the mightier power of electricity, limiting the conquest of the latter to localized centers.

Now, however, science has advanced so far and bridged so many intervening chasms of difficulty that in many authoritative quarters the supremacy of coal-produced steam is considered already as good as gone and electricity is now looked upon as the power for future traction

But before the field is nearly won there enters into the combat a new factor. A steam-engine has been invented by two Chicago men—E. Belknap and L. G Bugnoe. The details have not yet been made public, but extensive trials have been made on the Michigan Central, which are reported to be so satisfactory as to lead to the adoption of the new engine. It is claimed that the engine is quite noiseless, smokeless, and odorless, and easily contained in a small compartment in a coach

It runs to best advantage with gasoline as a fuel, but it can be fed with kerosene or alcohol. In fact, the invention promises a complete revolution in the field of motive power, both for land and water transit. Assistant Chief Engineer Duncan Robertson, of the Michigan Central, after an exhaustive examination and tests, has made a report which has caused plans to be prepared to put the invention to practical use.

Railroads in Canada.

How the Government Controls Them, and a Few of the Many Things They Must and Must Not Do.

Canadian railways are under the supervision of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, consisting of three members appointed by the Governor in council, and holding office for ten years.

No commissioner may hold any railway security, directly or indirectly, or be interested in any machine, device, appliance, or patented process which may be used as any part of a railway or its equipment.

The chief commissioner receives an annual salary of ten thousand dollars, and the other two eight thousand.

All decisions of the board are final, except that they may be overruled by the Governor in council or may be appealed from to the Supreme Court of Canada on a question of jurisdiction or of law.

Any employee, agent, or officer of the company may be summoned to appear before the Minister of Public Works or the board to testify in matters in which the company is concerned and to produce books or documents necessary in the proceeding, providing only that evidence so given shall not be used in criminal proceedings against the person giving it.

Railway companies are prohibited from paying dividends out of capital or in such a way as to reduce or impair the capital.

All railways must be authorized by a special act of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada.

Construction of a railway to the extent of the expenditure of fifteen per cent of the capital stock thereon must occur within two years after the passage of the special act authorizing it, and the road must be completed and under operation within five years, under penalty of forfeiture of all the privileges granted by the special act.

The location of the railway must be approved by the board before construction can be begun; the board also approves the location of all stations.

A railway company has no right or title to any minerals found in any land taken by it unless purchased for that express reason.

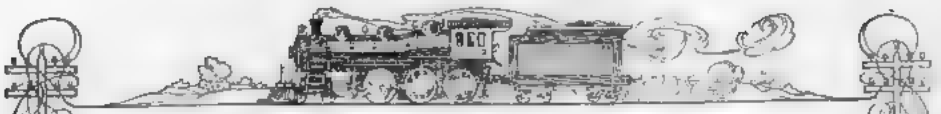
In case of a failure of agreement between a railway company and the owner of an industry desiring a branch or spur less than six miles in length the board may determine upon the place and manner of its building, requiring the deposit by the owner of the business of a sum of money sufficient to cover the cost of construction, to be repaid out of rebates on the freight carried over such branch or spur; until he has been repaid, the amount advanced by the owner of the business stands as a first lien against the spur.

The board may compel the adoption of interlocking switches, derailing devices, and other safety appliances at rail-level crossings with other railways.

Tunnels, bridges, and other overhead structures must have at least seven feet clear headway between the top of the highest freight-car used on the railway and the lowest part of the structure, unless all the trains used on the road are equipped with air-brakes.

In the construction of lines subsidized by Parliament, laborers must be paid the current wages of the district, or a fair and reasonable rate to be finally determined by the Minister of Public Works.

Inspecting engineers may be appointed by the Minister of Public Works or the board, whose duty it shall be to inspect any and all parts of the railway and its property and to



exercise all the supervisory and inspecting powers that the appointing authority may vest in them.

When the inspectors declare that any part of a railway or its equipment is unfit for use, its use may be enjoined until repaired or replaced.

All trains must be provided with: means of immediate communication between the conductor and the engine-driver; power drive-wheel brakes that shall be continuous, instantaneous, and automatic; and automatic couplers.

All accidents must be reported to the board at once, under penalty of two hundred dollars fine for each day of the omission.

All freight and passenger rates must be approved by the board; discriminations under substantially similar circumstances and conditions are prohibited, the board being the judge of the similarity; a proportionate decrease is allowed for larger quantities, greater numbers, or longer distances; discrimination between localities is prohibited, as is also a greater charge for a shorter distance than for a longer, the shorter being included in the longer; the pooling of freight or earnings is prohibited.

Freight classifications are prescribed by the board, which endeavors to have them uniform throughout Canada.

Free transportation is furnished for members of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada and members of the board and their staffs.

Equal facilities must be granted by all railway companies to all express companies.

False billing by company or shippers or the inducing of unjust discriminations by shippers are prohibited under penalty of a fine of not more than one thousand dollars nor less than one hundred.

Engineers or conductors intoxicated while on duty are liable to ten years' imprisonment.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

BY JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

Or How Terrance Malone and Tim Brennan Sought a Cinnamon Bear and Caught a Tartar.

TERRANCE MALONE hung the last of his armful of red lanterns on its post by the sewer-ditch, sprawled himself comfortably on the threshold of the little watchman's shanty, and producing an ancient brier pipe from his trousers-pocket, proceeded to pollute the still evening air with the fumes of villainous tobacco.

"'Tis many a true word there is in them old saws," said Terrance, with a sidewise jerk of his head toward the piece of near-by sewer-pipe on which I perched—"many a true word, indeed. Drat this plug! Sure 'tis wet as a sponge.

"Have you the makin' of a smoke about you? No, no, I'm obliged to you, but there is no satisfaction for me in a cigar. I'll just try a bit of your fine-cut, if you don't mind."

I tossed him my pouch, and as he crammed the tobacco into the bowl of the ancient brier he took up the thread of his moralizing again.

"D'ye mind the one, now, that says 'Them that knows nothin' fears nothin'?' The feller that wrote that knew what he was talkin' about, all right. Maybe he'd had some such experience as fell to me an' Tim Brennan."

He passed back the pouch, and held a lighted match to the pipe, while I settled back comfortably on my sewer-pipe, awaiting expectantly the forthcoming tale.

"'Twas in the old days before I'd settled down," he went on, when at last he had the tobacco in his pipe glowing like a blast-furnace, "when me an' Tim were both crazy young goats, too busy sowin' our wild oats to ever give a thought to the future.

"Every cent we could scrape up in those days we were usin' to back a scrapper called Medford Kid, as likely a light-weight as ever put on the gloves—so we thought. He was just beginnin' to make good in the ring, an' as most of his bouts were with chaps that had made their reputation, we got long odds an' made all kinds of money for a time.

"Then Spike Dolan, who was handlin' the Kid, took on a guy called Frenchy Lereaux, from Montreal. 'Twas to be none of your limited boxing-club affairs this time, but a fight to the finish, an' 'twas to be pulled off in a little town up near the Canadian line.

"'Twould be the easiest money yet, accordin' to Dolan, an' me an' Tim, after puttin' up about all the cash we had, bought our return tickets an' went up with a trainload of sports to see the mill.

"An' right here is where another of them old saws—the one about it's never rainin' but what it pours—fits in pretty pat, for the Kid's reputation an' our money took wings at one an' the same time when the Montreal lad put him to sleep with a straight-arm jolt in the tenth round.

"An' as if this warn't trouble enough for me an' Tim, while we were groanin' an' cussin' as the referee counted off the seconds that sealed the Kid's doom, some one behind us lifted our pocket-books, which contained what little cash we had an' our return tickets.

"When it was all over but the cheerin' for Frenchy, me an' Tim faded away into the night an' reckoned up our assets. Tim had sixty-eight cents in loose change, a jack-knife, an' a half plug of

dark chewin'; I had thirty-five cents an' a meal ticket for a hash house on Tyler Street, with one punch gone.

"'Say,' says Tim, wipin' his forehead on his sleeve, 'here's a hell of a stew, ain't it? Who'll we touch to get home?' says he.

"'Blamed if I know,' says I. 'There ain't a soul we know here except Dolan an' the Kid.'

"Tim grunted. 'They got troubles of their own,' says he. 'Let's go down to the station an' find out how the freights run.'

"So down to the station we goes, an' Tim, after chewin' the rag with the night operator for a while, comes out to me waitin' outside, an' tells me what he's found out, which was that by hikin' it cross-country about eighteen miles to Randall we could get a through freight for home early in the mornin'.

"'It's a blamed long constitutional for this time of night,' says I.

"'It's a blamed sight better than lettin' on what easy dubs we've been,' says Tim.

"Thus, while the rest of the sports were sittin' in the office of the little one-horse hotel, holdin' post-mortems an' waitin' for the special to make up an' pull out, me an' Tim hit the woody pike to Randall. Say, that *was* a walk. 'Twas up hill every step of it, an' all the way through lonesome woods, with the branches moanin' in the breeze an' sighin' fit to give you the chills.

"Never a word we said, but plunked, plunked, plunked along till the legs were near droppin' out of us. Bimeby we came to a place where a little lane led off the main road, an' at the mouth of the lane was a sign-board which read, 'Grigsby's Camp—One-half Mile.'

"I grabbed Tim by the arm. 'Me for the camp,' says I, pointin' to the sign.

"'Aw, come on,' says Tim. 'We're most to Randall by this time.'

"'Randall be blowed!' I answers. 'The name of this camp sounds allurin'. I'm goin' up there an' have a sleep.'

"It was beginning to get light by this time, an' Tim stood irresolute. 'The camp is probably occupied this time of year,' says he, 'an' the freight pulls out at seven.'

"'I'll take my chances on there bein' anybody at the camp,' says I. 'An as for the freight, let it pull. 'Twill do the same day after to-morrow mornin'.'

"'So 'twill, so 'twill,' says Tim, as if he was struck by a new idea. 'We'll try to get a nap out of it, if nothin' else.' An' we turns up the lane an' heads for the camp.

"'Twas not much of a place when we got to it, this camp—only two or three sorry-lookin' buildin's in a little clearin' in the thick pine woods. There was no sign of life about the place, either, an' it looked forlorn enough as we stood there in the gray chill of the early mornin'.

"'Which mansion are you intendin' to occupy?' says Tim, very sarcastic.

"I looks around an' spies a little shack that was evidently a cook-shed

"'This one,' says I, 'by token of the door of it lookin' easy to bust in.' An' I gives the door a kick with my foot which smashes it open, disclosin' a sorry place with a leaky roof, one wee bit of a window set high from the floor, an' a rusty cook-stove.

"It was damp an' musty-smellin', so I props the bit of a window open. An' after me an' Tim had covered the floor with armfuls of dry pine-needles, which we got from under the piazza of the main camp, we huddled up in one corner an' went to sleep.

"'Twas broad daylight, an' the sun was well up in the heavens, when I was awakened by a howl from Tim.

"'Howly saints!' he yells, an' makes a dive behind the cook-stove, where he crouched, shakin' all over. I sat up an' rubbed my eyes, an' as I did so I turned toward the half-open door of the shack. There in the doorway was the ugly muzzle of the biggest, blackest bear I had ever laid eyes on. His nose was thrust into the shack, an' he was sniffin'—sort of expectant, I thought.

"'The divvle!' I yells, joinin' Tim behind the cook-stove with such alacrity that I near upset him

"'The divvle it sure looked like,' says Tim between his chatterin' teeth. 'But whatever it is, it's gone now,' he goes on, peekin' out cautious from behind the stove.

"With that I sticks my own head out

from behind the stove an' has a look. Sure enough, the beast was gone. I ran to the door an' banged it shut; then while Tim stood holdin' the latch with both hands I stuck my head out of the window an' did a little scoutin'. Not a livin' thing was in sight, so after waitin' for a time we opened the door soft-like an' peeked out.

"'Let's get out while we can,' says Tim. To which I agreed, an' we made a break across the clearin' an' down the lane to the road, runnin' as if it was our last chance—me in the lead an' Tim, who was twenty pounds heavier, puffin' along behind. We didn't stop till we reached the road, an' every time a twig cracked we put on a spurt that would have done us credit, I'm thinkin', had any one been holdin' a stop-watch on us.

"When at last we reached the road Tim sunk down in a heap, an' I hung on to the sign-post, tryin' to recover my wind. Bimeby Tim sits up.

"'Let me get back to civilized country,' says he, most plaintive. 'I've had enough of camps an' campin' to last me the rest of my days.'

"An' he gets up an' starts down the road toward Randall, lookin' behind him every other step, with me followin' suit down to the smallest detail.

"'Twas eleven o'clock when we hit the outskirts of the town, an' the first thing that caught our eye was a notice printed in big letters an' pasted on a fence. It read:

> One Hundred Dollars Reward for the capture and return of the trick cinnamon bear, Romeo, which escaped from Leed's American Circus while the show was unloading at Randall Station, Thursday evening. For further information apply to Charles Rogers, Manager, Circus Grounds, Randall.

"I read it an' Tim read it; then we stood for a time grinnin' at each other sheepishly. The same thought was runnin' through both our heads, but Tim was the first to voice it.

"'I'm not misdoubtin',' says he, 'that 'twas this same Romeo who played our revel-lee this mornin'.'

"I made no answer for a time, then I touched Tim on the arm.

"'Tim,' says I, pointin' to the notice, 'do we go home by freight, or do we go decent and respectable?'

"He stood for a time lost in thought. 'Tis worth a try, I'm thinkin', Terry,' says he. An' he hailed a passin' kid to inquire the way to the circus grounds.

"We found Charles Rogers smokin' cigars in the lee of a circus wagon.

"'Good mornin', sir,' says Tim, approachin' him with a smile that would have melted the heart of an idol. 'We hear you're shy a trick cinnamon bear. May we make bold to ask how it happened?'

"The manager looked us over suspiciously an' grunted, but nevertheless he told us—ungraciously enough, 'tis true—how a milk-car had been carelessly shunted into the circus train while it was unloadin' on the sidin', an' how several cages had been overturned an' smashed, an' in the confusion the trick bear had escaped.

"'Then the posters on the fences hereabouts are no fakes, I take it,' says Tim.

"'They're not,' says the manager, very emphatic.

"'An' what is Romeo's disposition?' Tim goes on. 'Is he in the way of bein' vicious, now?'

"'Gentle as a lamb,' says the manager.

"'That bein' the case,' says Tim, 'I think we'll be makin' a bid for your hundred.'

"The manager dropped his cigar and looked interested. 'Know where he is?'

"'We have our suspicions,' says Tim.

"'See here,' says the manager, 'I'll send some of the men with you——'

"'You'll do nothin' of the sort,' says Tim. 'Me an' my friend, here, will capture Romeo in our own way, if we do it at all.'

"'Twill make no difference about the reward if the men go with you,' says the manager. 'Show them where Romeo is, an' you'll get the money just the same.'

"Tim hesitated the fraction of a second. I knew he was thinkin' of Romeo's countenance as it had looked to us earlier in the mornin', but he shook his head.

"'We'll do it in our own way,' says he, 'an' when we've got him we'll send for you an' claim the money.'

'All right,' says the manager. 'I wish you success. Three of the men have been lookin' for him ever since he got away, but not a trace of him have they got, so far. I don't mind tellin' you that he answers to his name, an' if he don't behave himself just whack him across the nose with a stick an' tell him to charge an' he'll be docile enough.'

"From the circus grounds we went to a provision store, where Tim invested the whole of his sixty-eight cents in dog-meat. My thirty-five cents went for crackers and cheese at the grocery next door, an' after we had made a meal on them we struck out for Grigsby's camp again.

"'Twas early afternoon when we got there. We put most of the dog-meat in the cook-shack, and then, leavin' the door open, scattered the rest about outside. All that afternoon we poked through the bushes about the place, tryin' to get a sight of our victim, but no Romeo appeared. We sat up until near midnight, an' then turned in on our bed of pine-needles so tired that we were asleep almost immejitly.

"I woke early next mornin', an' as I opened my eyes, there in the doorway was the bear again, his nose thrust out an' sniffin' just as before. Very cautiously I woke up Tim.

"'He's here,' I whispered hoarsely. 'Romeo's here, Tim. Don't make a sound. The hundred is as good as ours.'

"Tim was awake in an instant. He got up gingerly, first on an elbow an' then to his feet. On top of the stove lay the dog-meat. Catchin' up a piece of this, Tim advanced on tiptoe to the door.

"'Come, Romeo,' he coaxed. 'Good old Romeo. Come in; make yourself at home, old feller! Here! Hi, there! Come here, I say! What the divvle ails the brute, Terry?' For the bear, with a grunt, had turned and was shamblin' away. In a corner of the shack was a worn-out broom. Tim caught it up, an' with this in one hand an' the meat in the other, he rushed out in pursuit of the quarry, yellin' instructions to me meanwhile.

"'Get out of there, Terry,' says he, 'an' leave the door wide open. We'll drive him in or coax him in, an' as soon as he's in be ready to slam the door. Hi, Romeo! Here, you divvle! Come here, I say! Come here!' An' he dives into the bushes to head off the bear who was for beating a retreat to the woods.

"The beast turned an' made back across the clearin' toward me, growlin' somethin' fierce. At the door of the shack he paused once more. Whether or not 'twas the scent of the dog-meat that attracted him I can't say, but at any rate he stopped there an' thrust in his nose again, sniffin' and growlin'. At that moment up runs Tim, tremblin' with excitement.

"'Get in there, Romeo! Get in!' he yells, an' kicks the brute on the shins. At that the bear turns 'roun' an' makes a swipe at him with his paw, barely missin' him.

"'You would, would you?' yells Tim. 'I'll learn you! Charge, Romeo, charge!' An' he fetches the broom across Romeo's nose with such force that the handle busts in two.

Romeo let out an awful snarl, an' Tim, sort of took back like, jumped through the doorway into the shack, with Romeo hot-footin' it after him. 'Twas at that juncture of the proceedin's that I slammed the door on them an' backed up agin it to hold it shut.

"'Twas the awfulest din in there you ever listened to—the bear a-growlin', Tim a-yellin' murder, tin pans rattlin' down from the walls, an' pretty soon the stove upset with a crash. I put my mouth close to the crack of the door and yelled at the top of my voice:

"'Whack him over the nose again,' says I. 'Tell him to charge, Tim! For God's sake, tell him to charge!'

"Then above the din I was able to make out what Tim was sayin'.

"'Open that door!' he was roarin'. 'Open that door, you fourteen different kinds of the damnedest fool that ever lived! Lemme out! The brute's eatin' me! Leggo, Romeo! Ouch! Oh! Damn you! Leggo! Lay down! Charge! Open that door, you fool! Leggo, Romeo!'

"I yanked the door open a little way, an' out shot what three minutes before had been Tim Brennan an' fell in a heap on the ground. I slammed the door shut again before Romeo could get

out, braced it with all the wood I could find in the vicinity, and then turned to Tim.

"He was a sight for gods and men. His clothes were torn to shreds, an' his face an' body were all covered with long, bloody scratches

"'We've got him, Tim! We've sure got him. Think of the hundred!' says I, tryin' to cheer him up while I tied up his rags an' bound up his scratches; but he would only groan an' keep repeatin' over an' over that he was killed an' if he wasn't he ought to be.

"'Twas some time before he was willin' to let me go down to the circus grounds, an' when I got back with the manager an' two circus hands Tim was on the ridge-pole of the main camp, shiverin' every time the brute in the cook-shack let out a growl, which was frequent

"The manager looked up an' saw Tim's clothes all torn an' his face covered with scratches.

"'How come you all tore up like that?' says he to Tim.

"'Catchin' your little Romeo, that's gentle as a lamb, an' answers to his name, an' is docile when you whack him across the nose with a stick,' says Tim, sarcastic

"The manager made no answer, but walked over to the cook-shack and looked in at the window.

"'Good Lord!' I heard him mutter. 'Good Lord of love!'

"'What's wrong?' says I.

"He turned an' looked at me with a strange expression.

"'Nothin' much,' says he, 'except that ain't Romeo.'

"'What!' yells Tim from his perch on the roof.

"'Gentlemen,' says the manager, turnin' to us an' beginnin' to shake, 'I take pleasure in informin' you that instead of Romeo you've got in here the biggest and ugliest specimen of black bear that it's been my fortune to see in many years.'

"An' with that he lays down on the ground an' rolls 'round laughin' fit to bust.

"'But all the same,' says he, when he was in condition to talk again, 'I'll give you the hundred for him.'

"'Maybe you would,' sings out Tim from the ridge-pole, 'if you hadn't had the ill breedin' to get so damn merry. As it is, you'll cough up two hundred before you get him.'

"'All right,' says the manager, castin' an eye up at Tim. 'It's worth it—the laugh, I mean. Say, did you get in that condition tryin' to make him answer to his name, or was it whackin' him over the nose that done it?' An' off he goes in another spasm that come purty nigh bein' the end of him.

"Well, after the manager had sent one of the men back to the grounds for a cage we coaxed Tim down to the ground, an' then it was that the manager dug out his roll an' counted off a hundred for Tim an' another hundred for me

"'Supposin' I should ever need you again?' begins the manager, speakin' to Tim but droppin' an eyelid at the other two of us

"'All the money in your show won't tempt me,' Tim finishes for him. 'I give you good day, sir,' says he, turnin' an' walkin' down the lane very majestic, considerin' the fact that most of his clothes were streamin' out behind him in ribbons.

"I followed him, but never a word did he say to me till we got to the main road once more. Then he turned to me, very solemn.

"'Terry,' says he, 'experience comes high, but we've got plenty of it this trip. There are certain kinds of men—accordin' to a proverb I used to hear when I was a kid—who fear nothin'. Me an' you, Terry, seem to belong to that class.'

"He took out the wad of bills the manager had given him.

"'Twould have been a cheap job at three times this amount,' says he, 'but we didn't know it, Terry—there's the sin, we didn't know it.'

"He stood for a time lookin' thoughtfully at the bills in his hand. 'But since I've got this much, there's three things I'll have out of it—a suit of clothes, a square meal, an' a parlor-car seat back home.'

"Then, weighted down with our load of experience, we turned our faces once more toward Randall."

TRICKS OF R. R. NAMES AND NUMBERS.

The Day When "Lawrence" and "Lowell" Were Overworked and the Hard Luck That Seemed to Center Around "Eleven."

WHERE two or three Americans are gathered together there will be yarns produced, and railroad men probably come second only to sailors in the accomplishment of spinning them.

The Kansas City *Star* serves up some delicious samples of this class of literature in the following:

"I'll bet four dollars," said the second trick despatcher, as he "sat in" at four o'clock, "you'll never see that combination again in a hundred years."

"What combination are you talkin' about now?" inquired the operator lazily

"Why, look a here!" persisted the guardian of the second trick. "Engine 111 arrived at Kansas City at 1.11 P.M., engine 222 poked her nose into the yard at 2.22 P.M., and I'm nutty if engine 333 didn't pull over the main line switch at 3.33 this afternoon. What d'ye think o' that?"

"That's nothin'," said the manager disdainfully. "When I was despatchin' back yonder in the '80s on the Lawrence and Lowell road the engines used to wear names. Some bore the names of stars and mythological beings, others were named for men. Any one with the price of a head-light could have his name emblazoned upon the side of the cab. Several of the 'mills' were named after towns or before, judging from the way they'd perform

Two Overworked Names.

"One day I had a couple of trains on the road during my 'hours,' the coincident features of which gives your combination a commonplace appearance. One train was running from Lowell to Lawrence. The engine bore the name of the former city, Lowell, and was handled by Engineer Frank Lowell. Frank Lawrence was the conductor At Lawrence Junction a train was met which was going from Lawrence to Lowell, hauled by an engine called the Lawrence, with Engineer Fred Lawrence at the throttle, while Conductor Fred Lowell was in charge of the train."

Every man in the office simply stared and sighed heavily.

"What!" continued the manager, in disgust. "Don't believe it? Well, it's the truth as sure as my name is Larry!"

"Say, Lowell," said a man present, "what does Larry stand for, anyway?"

"My name is Lawrence," replied the manager—"Lawrence Lowell."

"Talkin' about engine names," interjected the conductor of the Short Grass Flier, who was waiting for orders, "they used to name the engines on the P., D. and Q. when I was a kid. There was the Paul Jones and the General Grant——"

"And if they was anything like the battleships we had on the local freight last trip," interrupted the head brakeman, "they ought to be named the General Debility."

Unlucky Eleven.

"Say, fellows," said the detective, who dropped in to inquire about the mail-train, "did I ever tell you about the time I ran an engine on the Long and Short Railway?"

Without waiting for a reply he proceeded with the narrative. "One day I went to the depot to take out my run. My sweetheart, a picture of anxiety, was there to meet me.

"'Bill,' said she, 'don't go out to-day.'

"'Tut, tut, girl, I couldn't do a trick like that. It's near leaving time now.'

"'Don't go, Bill; please don't go,' she urged.

"'Why, honey,' said I, 'what do you s'pose the ole man would think if I took a fool notion like that at the last minute?'

"'Oh, Bill!' she pleaded, 'don't go. You must not go! I had a dreadful dream last night. I dreamed your train got in—on time.'

"Well, gentlemen, I went out on the run all right, but I'll never forget it. On November 11—the eleventh day of the eleventh month—at 11.11 A.M., train 11, with engine 11, baggage-car 11 (containing eleven trunks), mail-car 22, chair-car 33, dining-car 44, went into the ditch at mile-post 55. The wreck was cleared up at 11 P.M. There were eleven persons injured, and the damage suits filed were for an aggregate of eleven thousand dollars. All of this happened eleven years ago, and I have told the story about eleven hundred times"

"And every time," ventured the office-boy, "you added eleven new gags."

King of Tunnel Builders.

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

FOURTEEN tunnels are being pushed to completion under the waters that border New York City on the east and west. Under the East River eight are slowly crawling forward through mud and silt and rock, and under the Hudson are six. Six more are being planned for the East River. All of these gigantic bores are the product of the brain and energy of one man—Charles W. Jacobs.

To be sure, other men have had a hand in the planning, and many have shared in the execution of these great engineering feats, but it is Jacobs who has brought the capital and the task together and has shown the capitalists that the task was possible of accomplishment. He is more than an engineer; he is a general of engineering.

When the work that he has planned is finished New York will no longer be an island joined to the Jersey mainland by erratic ferries, and to Long Island by still more ferries and by crowded bridges. Suburbanites will travel comfortably in capacious cars through brightly lighted tunnels from shore to shore, and out to their destination in Jersey town or Brooklyn suburb. Then will New York's problem of transportation have advanced a long way toward solution.

Charles W. Jacobs, the Man Who Has Planned All the Tunnels Which Are Wedding Manhattan Island to the Shores on Either Side.

THE king of tunnel-builders is the name given Charles W. Jacobs. He found New York City an island—he will leave it joined to the mainland by bonds of steel through the holes he has bored under the rivers. Three times he has led the first parties who made the journey, dry-shod, twice from Jersey City and once from Weehawken into New York City.

Three more times, if he is minded, he may do the same thing. For this man, whom tunnel engineers call "king of tunnel-builders," is chief engineer of six subaqueous tubes that pass under the Hudson River.

Not only has he six tunnels completed or under way beneath the Hudson, but his is the unique distinction of having completed the only tunnel that has yet been built beneath the East River, though eight are now under construction. More than that he is consulting engineer for four of these eight, passing to Long Island City from the foot of East Thirty-Third Street.

Such a cumulative record of achievement is almost imperial. It is unrivaled even by the records of the scores of mighty tunnel engineers who are quietly, without aid of printers' ink, making good in work around New York that makes the achievements of the captains of industry and the lieutenants of en-

gineering an even more wonderful chapter in American history than the records of our generals or diplomats.

Out of the first tunnel that was ever built under the East River Mr. Jacobs emerged with a reputation that has risen ever since. This was the gas tunnel which for over ten years has been bringing gas from Astoria to New York. It is a single tube ten by eight feet—almost large enough to run a trolley-car through.

Scarcely had work on it started than a very treacherous silt began to ooze down with water through fissures in the rock. Either the silt alone or the rock alone would have presented an ordinary problem in tunnel work.

The contractors wished to start work anew on the tube many feet deeper down. Mr. Jacobs refused to agree. He had learned that it is always the unexpected that is to be expected in tunnel work. The contractors had not yet learned that Mr. Jacobs is always equal to meeting the unexpected. They quit work.

Doing the Impossible.

Then the board of directors of the company for whom the contractors were doing the excavating asked Mr. Jacobs for a frank opinion. His reply was practically, "Give me the money so that I can be my own construction company and I will build your tunnel for you." Something in the man's earnest faith in just what he could and just what he could not do evidently convinced these hard-headed men of business. They paid the bills.

Then the contractors who had thrown up the job brought suit to recover damages for carrying on work which they had offered to do at a lower level, alleging that to construct a tunnel where they had been engaged to do it was impossible. Expert after expert was called in to prove that the tunnel could not be built where Mr. Jacobs said it could. When they got through it was pretty well established by the best opinion in the profession that a tunnel at that point was impossible.

The contractors expected to recover for Mr. Jacobs's insistence that he would not start again to bore lower down. Fortunately, for this case at least, the course of the law is slow in New York. One of the most dramatic incidents in tunnel working then took place, not in the tunnel, but in the court room. Mr. Jacobs had offered no opinion in reply to his critics.

If the court desired, it was finally replied to the contractors' arguments, it could test the accuracy of expert opinion. The tunnel had already been driven through the "impossible" section. The court could come and see it.

All the expert testimony in the world could not answer that argument. The contractors had to pay costs.

Under the terrific air-pressure of over forty-five pounds to the square inch, for a large part of the time, Mr. Jacobs pushed the work. The utmost care in picking out men was exercised and the shifts were short, the working period under the "air" being only three hours a day. In spite of all precautions, some men died of the "bends" and the newspapers got hold of the cases and exaggerated the danger so that it appeared like a wholesale slaughter.

It was indeed a perilous job and men did die. But every care was exercised, and more than that the men had caught something of the enthusiasm of the engineer, even down to the lowest "mucker" who shoveled material in the tunnel. They were getting high wages and were willing to take a chance.

Nor was the only trouble down in the tunnel itself. "Hard times" in 1893 hit the gas company hard in common with all other business enterprises, and the financing of the work was no easy task. But in spite of all obstacles the "impossible" was at last accomplished.

Worked from both shores at once, the approaching headings met accurately in the middle of the river and Charles M Jacobs at once became the hero of tunnel-builders, a man famous in his profession because he was a pioneer.

But it took more even than that to raise his fame to its high position of to-day. A gas tunnel was all very well, but could a passenger tunnel be built? Increasing the size of a tunnel increases the difficulties of the work out of all proportion to the ratio of the diameters.

Twenty years before, the first tunnel ever started about New York had been begun under the Hudson, the work being financed by a number of capitalists who had made money in California. Twice the "harebrained" scheme had been tried on and had failed, first from lack of knowledge and again from lack of funds. The first company had stopped work in the early eighties after the most serious accident in tunnel working, when the compressed air blew out a hole in the bottom of the river and a number of men were drowned like rats in a hole.

Getting on a Real Tunnel Job.

The second company to take up the work was an English combination of capital, convinced that if tunnels could be built successfully under the Thames in London they could be built under the Hudson in New York. Mr. Jacobs had been intimately connected with this work when it was abandoned just before he began his up-hill fight for a chance to build the gas tunnel.

The money gave out and though everything was going well, work had to be abandoned. No one seemed to dare take it up again. Millions had been poured down the "rat-hole under the river," as it was contemptuously called. They remained there, apparently wasted.

Mr. Jacobs did not agree with people who thought a passenger tunnel under the Hudson a joke. He knew that the Hudson presented no problems he had not already solved in the East River; or if it did he was foolish enough to believe that he could solve them

A new company was formed to carry out the old work and Mr. Jacobs was made the chief engineer. The story of the first "McAdoo" tube is the story of the start of tunnel working in New York. One who knew might have predicted when the English capitalists stopped that a tunnel could be built, but capital was timid and needed a Jacobs to bolster it up. The "shield," the most important part of constructing a tunnel, had been erected and some of the tunnel completed.

It took nerve, however, and money. Mr. Jacobs furnished the nervé; Mr. William G. McAdoo, president of the New York and Jersey Railroad Company, furnished the money.

In 1902 work on the abandoned tunnel was started again by Mr. Jacobs. His experience in the gas tunnel was repeated, only, as usual, the repetition was of a different sort. This time the river silt through which the tunnel was being driven faced the upper half of the shield; the lower half had run up against a sunken reef of rock.

Either alone would have been a comparatively easy problem. The shield could be pushed readily against the mud. Against the rock it would have crumpled up. To blast the rock to make way for the shield—a sort of cylindrical cup fitted to the head of the tunnel, in which new rings of the cast-iron tunnel wall are set up as the shield is shoved along—it was necessary to remove the silt overhead.

But though compressed air will do many wonderful things it could not hold up a roof ahead of the shield composed of this watery silt, especially over the blasts necessary to remove the rock.

Again this wonderfully resourceful man was equal to the emergency. He built a roof, called an "apron," out ahead of the cutting edge of the shield and under its protecting shelter men excavated the silt first and the rock was blasted afterward.

At another time when the shield was being forced through mud alone and the mud was sliding away from its face naturally without excavation, a sliding door in the shield was opened contrary to orders by a workman who thought that thus the shield could be made to move faster still under the hydraulic pressure that shoves it forward.

Digging the Tunnel Over Again.

In a second a solid column of mud was shooting into the tunnel, the air-pressure not being sufficiently high to keep it back. The men made for the air-lock and all escaped but one. For its entire length the tunnel was packed solidly with mud. Apparently by this calamity the work of years was lost. If the mud was taken out at the shore end more would flow in at the open door at the other end

Mr. Jacobs was not daunted. "We must find some way to close that door," he said. He heard that the sails had just been stripped from the cup-defender Reliance. An idea occurred to him.

He bought the mainsail. The immense sheet was sunk down over the head of the shield. The flow of mud into the tunnel was cut off. Then the mud in the tunnel was excavated and finally the door was closed. The same sail that saved the America's Cup saved the first Hudson River tunnel.

It is true that the same thing had practically been done before when the English-company, Pearson & Son, which is now building the four East River tunnels from East Thirty-Third Street to Long Island City, built the shield for the English capitalists whose money ran out.

The "apron" idea had also been used before. But Mr. Jacobs adds all men's ideas to his own and he has what most successful men have, daring and ingenuity. Taking all that others have done he improves upon it and adds to it—success.

Finally the "McAdoo" tunnel was joined up. At almost the very hour when the shield advancing from the New Jersey shore met the New York heading, arrangements were being completed by telephone for Mr. Jacobs to take charge of the Pennsylvania's two tubes from West Thirty-Third Street to Weehawken.

It seemed that Mr. Jacobs was, as one tunnel engineer expressed it, "the man of destiny in tunnel-building." A few days later, in March, 1904, he walked from New Jersey to New York, in the "McAdoo" tube, the first man to go through the entire tunnel.

A Bridge Under the River.

Engineers again shook their heads when the matter of a railroad tunnel was proposed under the Hudson. It was all right, they said, to build a tunnel through silt which would be strong enough to stand street-cars and subway-cars, but when you got to running heavy electric-engines and long trains of steel Pullmans through it at a high speed, what then?

Mr. Jacobs saw the pertinence of their fears. He was not a man to admit that the objections baffled him and could not be met. He went to work.

In a short time he evolved a complete reply to the objection. He planned to construct what was really a subaqueous tunnel bridge. Every fifteen feet, from the inside of the two tubes, steel screw-piles were to be sunk down to bed rock or something equally stable. Nothing like this had ever been constructed before. These hollow steel columns filled with cement will bear the weight of the rolling stock, the river-bed will hold up the tunnel wall, and the tunnel wall itself will be practically a sheath encasing roadbed and trains.

Tunnel engineers consider this an important advance in subaqueous tunneling. Mr. Jacobs has patented it in the United States, Great Britain, and France. On the 18th of September last, he led the first party through the tunnel from Weehawken to Thirty-Third Street, and now he is directing the placing of the steel supports which will take a couple of years or so.

What sort of man is Mr. Jacobs? Above average height, broad and muscular, he carries himself with an almost military precision. He is indeed a commander in the army of engineering. His head is large and bald with a white fringe of closely cropped hair. His eyes are brown and steady and luminous. His nose is strong and of a pronounced Roman type. His white mustache curls slightly at the ends.

In spite of his age, fifty-five, his cheeks are rosy and full and his forehead without wrinkles. He is never excited or perturbed even under the most unexpected circumstances, though he is always forceful, and his rich, mellow voice commands attention at once.

Without effusiveness or ostentation, he has a slightly abstract air as of one who is thinking thoughts too big for his immediate environment. In short he is master of the work he has in hand, no matter how much or how difficult.

An Englishman by birth, he is an American by adoption. Born in 1850 he began as a small boy to be interested in machinery. At sixteen he was apprenticed to a large ship-building con-

cern at Hull. Before he left he was assistant to the manager, and was then sent on important engineering work in India.

Worked All Over the Globe.

From that time he was, as so many English engineers are, filled with the wanderlust. Later he went to China, then to Australia, where he opened an office in New South Wales. Back to England again he went to assist in tunnel work under the Thames. Austin Corbin heard of him and was instrumental in bringing him to New York, where he worked out a tunnel scheme for the city.

In the McAdoo and the gas tunnels he blazed the way for tunnel work in New York, and now he stands practically at the head of his branch of the profession. New York has "got the tunnel habit" just as London got it some fifteen years ago. Jacobs is to New York tunnel work what the famous Greathead was to London.

Above all Mr. Jacobs is what may be called a "promoter's engineer." He is able not only to do, but he can persuade others to give him the money to do with. "He can make what is scientifically possible commercially profitable," says one of his pupils. He is not an office engineer.

He does not direct from his desk, or his many desks rather, merely by sitting and studying water color charts of the character of the material his men are working through, or blue-prints of plans drawn by others, or writing letters of instruction in answer to typewritten reports from the men in charge of the works. To adopt a New York slang expression because it fits better than any other, he is "on the job."

CLUBS FOR STREET-CAR MEN.

Traction Companies of the National Capital Have Devised an Excellent Plan for Helping Their Men to Help Themselves.

THE two street-railway companies of the national capital—the Washington Railway and Electric Company and the Capital Traction Company—have discovered an excellent plan for coming into harmonious relations with their men.

Both these companies not only encouraged their employees to found clubs for themselves, but, in order to place the clubs on a sound financial basis, they presented them with ten thousand dollars' worth of stock. In taking the club of the Washington Railway and Electric Company as an illustration, it may be said that what applies here applies to the other.

The prime mover in the foundation of the club was General George H. Harries, the vice-president of the company. His great desire was to get close to the workmen, and he planned to found a Washington Railway Relief Association for the benefit of employees who were sick or had deaths in their families. To begin it, the company presented ten thousand dollars' worth of stock, and another ten thousand dollars is realized from dues.

The Relief Association, of which the club is a part, has paid out, since its organization, thirty-five thousand dollars as sick and death dues to employees or their families. In case of the death of a member, his family receives two hundred and fifty dollars from the association; during his sickness he receives six dollars per week.

If the wife of a member dies, he is paid fifty dollars, and an equal amount on the death of his mother, while if a child of a member dies the association pays him twenty-five dollars. In addition to the receipts from dues and the income from the stock held in the company, a profit of some twenty-five hundred dollars is netted from excursions promoted during the year.

The surplus funds of the association are invested in the stock of the company, so that every motorman, conductor, or other employee is a stockholder in the company which employs him. Medical attendance is provided by the company.

The club-rooms are quite up-to-date, provided with all suitable current literature, pool and billiard tables, and with other games.

Full Speed Ahead.

Great Systems of the Country Spending Millions of Dollars in an Effort To Keep Pace with the Rapid Growth of the Country.

THE Department of Agriculture has estimated that eighty-four million ties were used by the railroads of the country in 1905, an equivalent of three billion feet of lumber

CEDAR as a wood for sleeping-cars has been tried extensively by the Grand Trunk in Canada, and with complete success. Two million two hundred thousand feet were bought last year

THE Northern Pacific is scheduled to spend nearly five hundred thousand dollars on terminal improvements at Spokane, Washington. This includes raising tracks and depressing streets at crossings

TWO thousand two hundred and ninety-eight miles of railroad were constructed in the United States during the first six months of 1906. It is estimated that nearly fourteen thousand miles are under construction.

TEXAS had the largest growth of railroad track mileage of any State during 1906, over two hundred and sixty miles having been laid in the Lone Star State in the ten months ending October 31. Nevada came next with two hundred and twenty six miles

THE plans of the Pennsylvania company for the coming year include an expenditure of twenty million dollars for equipment, in addition to the forty-two millions which it is contemplated to use in the purchase of the private freight cars from their present owners

MOTOR-CARS on the Union Pacific have been such a pronounced success that, in addition to the experimental car, five more have been put on. The latest model weighs fifty-eight thousand pounds and is capable of a speed of seventy-two miles an hour

RAILROADS operating in or through Kansas spent $190,137,193 65 in the year ending June 30, 1906. The leader was the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, with an expenditure of $50,655,161 43, and the smallest spender was the Topeka and Northwestern, with $9,500.42.

THE plans for the terminal improvements of the Erie in Jersey City have been brought into tangible order by the extensive purchase of real estate. The cost of the scheme will be about ten million dollars When completed the terminal will be one of the largest in the country.

THE Santa Fé Railroad has placed in the hands of contractors the work for the erection of reenforced concrete structures of a value of a quarter of a million dollars. One of these is to be the largest roundhouse in the world. The turntables also will be the largest ever constructed by any railroad company

THE task of the Great Northern in the Bryn Mawr district of Minneapolis, of filling in the enormous bog which their engineers had to encounter in the making of the new yards, has begun to show signs of a successful issue. It was estimated that two hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of earth would be required to fill in the swamp, but nearly seven hundred thousand had been used before any vital impression was made

THE railroads of the West are planting catalpa-trees extensively along their right of way, for the production of ties.

Catalpa-wood is said to be tough and hard, and will last practically as long as oak, while the trees form excellent shade and prevent in a great measure the accumulation of snow on the tracks.

WORK has already been commenced on the great steel viaduct of the Erie across the valley of the Moodna Creek. The viaduct will be four thousand feet long and will rest on four hundred concrete piers. The rail-level will be one hundred and ninety-five feet above the bed of the stream and ninety feet above the Greycourt branch.

AN important change in railroad signals was approved by the American Railway Signal Association, in session at Washington, last October. Henceforth a green light at night will be the signal to proceed, yellow for caution, and red for stop. The use of the upper right-hand quadrant for semaphore indications by day was also approved.

IN the Western Pacific company's route for entering California the straightest line possible is to be observed, which will necessitate the construction of forty-five tunnels between Oroville and Beckwith Pass, California. The longest tunnel will be under the ridge dividing the north and middle forks of the Feather River. It will be over seven thousand feet in length.

THE heaviest switching locomotive in the world has just been completed for the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad. The driving-wheels are fifty-five inches in diameter, and the boiler eighty-four inches long, with four hundred and forty-one tubes twenty-one feet in length. There are five thousand six hundred and forty square feet of heating surface and seventy-eight square feet of grate area. The tender capacity is eight thousand gallons of water and fourteen tons of coal.

THE Harriman lines have formally adopted the use of steel as the chief material in the construction of freight and passenger cars. The first passenger-coach of the new type has been put into service between Chicago and San Francisco. The car was built at the Sacramento shops of the Southern Pacific company. The under frame and upper structure are of steel shapes, while the inside finish, with the exception of the ceiling, is of mahogany panels. The floor of the car is especially strong, being made up of successive layers of steel, wood, and asbestos.

THE New York Central has bought nearly two thousand five hundred acres of land adjoining Indianapolis on the south, at a cost of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Six hundred and fifty acres are to be used for shops which will employ thirty thousand workmen and for yards which will accommodate forty thousand cars. A model railroad city is to be established on the remainder of the land and will be known as Beech Grove. Three and a half million dollars have been appropriated for the work, one million of which will be spent immediately.

THE Canadian Pacific has now another feeder in the State of Washington, the Spokane International having been opened last October for freight traffic. The line will be opened for passenger traffic in the spring. It extends from Kingsgate, where the Crow's Nest Pass line connects with the border, through to Spokane. Freight connections with the East will be made via the Soo line to Portal, Sask., and thence by the Canadian Pacific to Kingsgate, then over the Spokane International. This project adds another hundred and fifty miles of feeder line for the Canadian Pacific in the United States.

IN Decatur the Wabash has recently completed new shops and yards which will add greatly to the efficiency of its Illinois divisions.

The shops, supply depot, and material yard cover seventy-eight acres. They have electricity for light and power, and are steam-heated. The main buildings are of a new type of concrete construction, and their sides are as open and light as possible, with rows of windows in the concrete walls. The whole plant has a model sanitary arrangement. The plant is equipped with machinery and devices for the expeditious handling of new and old material.

The freight-car repair tracks have a capacity of three hundred cars. The new west-bound yard will hold eight hundred cars. A model coal-chute is now being erected, convenient to the whole layout.

A new icing station is now finished and in operation. It has electricity for power and light. The station offers the best facilities for storing ice and for reicing perishable freight in transit.

The new buildings have a floor area of 136,575 square feet.

HOW LONG IS FIVE MINUTES?

BY BEN WINSLOW.

Tale of a Time When Silence Was Golden and the Face of a Watch Spoke for Itself.

EVERY house in the little town of Ardeola had been wiped out by a "great conflagration." That a village so insignificant could be visited by a catastrophe of sufficient magnitude to warrant an application of the word "conflagration" may seem paradoxical, but, in view of the fact that every splinter of its thirty-nine buildings was consumed in the blaze, no other word would fit.

Therefore, the newspapers of Westvalia chronicled the fire that wiped out its little neighbor across the river as "a great conflagration."

The facts, although given in painful detail in the columns of the press the day after the fire, were brought out more entertainingly during the legal proceedings that followed several months later.

The people of the late Ardeola blamed the Osage Valley Railroad for the calamity, and they were so firmly convinced that the soulless corporation was the cause of their loss that thirty-eight of them brought suit against the railroad. The one ex-home owner who did not seek redress at the hands of the court was John Lester, although his home was among the first to go.

Lester was a lawyer, and had been referred to by the press on several occasions as "promising." The other thirty-eight losers entrusted their case to him, and in order that he might go into the battle as the legal representative of the people, with no interests other than those assumed in that capacity, he entered no claim against the railroad.

It was a very generous act, indeed, considering that the people he represented, having lost their all, could pay no retainer. In fact, the amount he could recover, if any at all, being entirely problematical, no promises of compensation were given.

That it was to be a bitter fight was evident. The railroad company, not satisfied to let its legal representative at Westvalia defend it, sent down three of the shining lights of the law department to assist him. They were on the ground the second day after the thirty-eight petitions were filed, whipping their case into shape for trial.

The thirty-eight petitions were identical, with the exception of the name of the petitioner, and they set forth that the Osage Valley Railroad owned a bridge extending across the Grand River from Westvalia to Ardeola, the said bridge being a drawbridge, and the said draw being operated and controlled by employees of the said railroad company.

On the day of the fire—in fact, at practically the instant the fire started—the draw of the bridge, having been opened by employees of the railroad company to allow the passage of a tugboat, also owned by the said company, became clogged, and by reason of the said clogging of the said draw the fire fighting apparatus from Westvalia was delayed in reaching the scene of the fire, the bridge being the only means of communication between the two towns; and furthermore, that by reason of the above-mentioned delay the fire gained such headway that the Westvalia fire department was unable to check it.

It was upon the facts set forth in these petitions that the homeless inhabitants of Ardeola hoped to recover. The first move of the railroad's attorneys was to secure a consolidation of the petitions,

agreeing to pay full damages in each individual case if they lost the case that went to trial.

When Lester agreed to that proposition the petitioners became uneasy lest they had made a mistake in entrusting their cases to the young man, and when he called only two witnesses—one plaintiff to establish the fact that the fire had occurred and the driver of the fire-engine to prove that the open draw had caused considerable delay—and then rested his case, a majority of them were quite sure that they had made a mistake.

The railroad attorneys were taken off their feet by Lester's procedure. They expected to see the entire membership of each of the thirty-eight families on the stand; but they recovered quickly and began calling witnesses.

The only point they made was that the draw was open only five minutes. The operator of the draw testified positively as to the time, and he was followed by the bridge flagman with testimony equally positive. They both stated that they fixed the time by the arrival and departure of passenger-train Number Ninety-Five.

They testified that the train came into the bridge block at the Westvalia end at eight-twenty-five and crossed the bridge at eight-thirty, and the engineer, fireman, conductor, and brakeman on Number Ninety-Five corroborated their testimony.

The petitioners were disappointed in the cross-examination conducted by Lester. The only questions he asked tended to establish more firmly the fact that the draw was open only five minutes.

"How much time do you desire for argument?" inquired the court.

"I am satisfied with what time the other side desires," replied Lester.

The railroad company's Westvalia representative thought he saw an opportunity to gain an advantage. He knew Lester's ability as a court orator, and even before the trial he had intimated to his assistants that to choke off Lester's talk would be a decided advantage.

A hurried consultation was held by the four railroad lawyers, and as a result the Westvalia representative stated that five minutes was sufficient.

"I am satisfied with that, also," said Lester, dashing the remaining hopes of the thirty-eight petitioners. They had counted not a little on Lester's argument to the jury, and they knew that it took him more than five minutes to get warmed up.

Mr. Stansbury was selected by the railroad attorneys to do their talking, and he devoted his five minutes to driving home the fact that the draw had been open only five minutes, and that five minutes was too short a time for the fire to gain enough headway to be beyond the control of the fire department.

Therefore, the total destruction of the town must have been due to other causes with which the railroad company had no connection. Though short, it was a splendid argument, delivered in Stansbury's most captivating manner, and it carried conviction to the minds of the jury.

While the railroad lawyers were congratulating their orator the eyes of the petitioners were on Lester. It was his turn to talk. Stansbury's masterful argument would be picked to pieces and his laurels dragged in the dust. Lester rose from his seat, and with the customary "if the court pleases" and "gentlemen of the jury," he addressed them from his place at the table.

"My friend of the other side, with eloquence that would move an image of stone, has convinced you that the draw of their bridge was open only five minutes, and that in that short time the fire could not have gained sufficient headway to be beyond the control of the fire department when it finally reached the scene. Will one of you gentlemen kindly take out his watch?"

The juror on the left end of the first row produced a large silver timepiece.

"Now," continued Lester, "will you kindly call time when my five minutes is up."

He parted the tails of his Prince Albert and sat down.

The petitioners were panic-stricken. Was the man mad? He was wasting valuable time. Why didn't he pitch into Stansbury's argument and tear it into shreds as he did the arguments in the debate last year? Why didn't he say something? But Lester settled himself comfortably in his chair, closed his eyes, and idly twirled his thumbs.

The juror holding the watch lowered his hand to rest it on his knee, and the court crossed and recrossed its legs. The railroad lawyers were nettled. They scented danger, and put their heads together for a whispered consultation.

The other jurors craned their necks to see the watch. The juror holding it looked it in the face with a puzzled expression on his own; then he put it to his ear to see if it was running. The judge uncrossed his legs and tilted back in his chair, and Lester continued to twirl his thumbs.

The silence became oppressive. All eyes except Lester's and the timing juror's were fixed on the big clock over the bench. Surely the juror's watch must have stopped. He examined the second-hand closely to satisfy himself that it was turning. It was moving, but so slowly that he thought the watch must be running down

He wound it industriously, and the noise, magnified by the deep silence of the room, resembled the clattering ratchet on a slacking-off windlass. The spectators began to get fidgety, piercing the silence with heavy sighs, nervous coughs, and much nose blowing.

Finally, the juror called "time," and the court led a concert of sighs like escaping steam. Lester came to his feet.

"Now, gentlemen," he remarked, dryly, "you know how long the draw was open. It is for you to decide whether or not five minutes was long enough for the fire to get beyond control."

In considerably less than another five minutes the jury was in with a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding every dollar demanded. Thus was silence golden.

AROUND THE WORLD IN FOUR MINUTES.

Puck's Offer to Put a "Girdle Round the Earth in Forty Minutes" Badly Beaten by the Cable.

ELECTRIC communication from one end of the world to the other is so near to being instantaneous that the difference can afford to be overlooked The London *Tit-Bits* publishes an interesting article on experiments in quick cabling.

The first great victory over space was gained by the Pacific Cable route when it sent the result of an England Australia cricket match to Australia in seventeen minutes, and later reduced it to fifteen. Eventually the Eastern Cable Company broke the record by sending the result of a later match in twelve minutes.

But all these achievements look like wasting time when compared with the speed with which the result of the last America Cup race was transmitted. The result of the first race went through in four minutes, and with the second the thirteen thousand miles were covered in two minutes.

The writer of the article admits that he does not know how this speed was obtained, as there are five stations between England and Australia, but says it was no doubt by means of "current refreshers."

Speaking of the number of words which it is possible to send in an hour, the same writer says:

In the days of the old Morse system two hundred and fifty words an hour was the maximum that could be sent. The Morse duplex increased this number to four hundred. Then came the Hughes system, by which the number was raised to a possible twelve hundred words an hour. By the employment of the Baudot system the capacity of one wire was increased to four thousand words an hour, while the Wheatstone apparatus still further enhanced the speed of transmission.

Among recent inventors Messrs. Pollak and Virag have achieved a success which seems, to the uninitiated, almost miraculous. By their new system one apparatus can transmit two hundred and twenty words a second, or about eight hundred thousand words an hour—and not only transmit the words, but print them in ordinary Roman lettering

The Sunny Side of the Track.

Little Stories Which Go a Long Way Toward Proving That the Life of the Railroader Is Not All Storm and Stress.

FALSE TO HER SEX.

"MY wife was arrested yesterday."

"You surprise me. What was the trouble?"

"She got off a trolley-car the right way and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."—*Puck.*

HE DIDN'T WAIT.

OUT in the State of Washington, a bridge on the line of one of the great railways had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it with a temporary structure.

The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place, a drafting-room was established in an adjoining station, and the scene became one of great activity.

Two days later came the superintendent of the division to add more pressure to the already tense situation. Alighting from his car, he encountered the master bridge-builder.

The latter was a type evolved by the railroad situation of the last generation—heavy-handed, hard of head, with some knowledge of books, and a vast experience.

"Joe," said the superintendent, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," replied the bridge-builder, "whether the engineer has got the picture drawed yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."—*Harper's Weekly.*

GOT A BATH, ANYWAY.

"TRAMPS don't like limited trains to ride upon on this coast," remarked Phil Jordan. "It isn't that they object to fast riding, but there are certain inconveniences attaching to a limited or a fast mail which upsets their equilibrium.

"The Washington-Sunset runs a fast train which scoops up water, and a tramp got on the train at Atlanta and hid himself on the blind baggage just behind the tender. When the fast mail stopped at Lynchburg the tramp got off, wet to the skin and mad as a hatter, for the scoop had not only filled the boiler, but had drenched him.

"The conductor was standing by the car when the tramp walked up to him, and, shaking himself like a big dog, said in thundering tones:

"'Say, conductor, what were them two rivers we ran through a while back?'"—*San Francisco Californian.*

A LUCKY STOP.

A NEW YORK CENTRAL train was rapidly approaching New York with Mark Twain as one of the passengers, when a lady sitting in the seat across the aisle leaned forward and asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but will you kindly tell me if this train stops at the Grand Central Depot?"

"Madam," replied the humorist, "I hope so; I hope to Heaven it does, for if it doesn't there will be a d——l of a wreck."—*Argonaut.*

A DISCIPLE OF SHERLOCK.

A SELF-POSSESSED Yankee was traveling in a first-class compartment on an English railway calmly and thoughtfully smoking a cigar. With him were seated a fussy and important-looking individual and a very meek-looking gentleman. Suddenly the fussy man leaned forward and, tapping the Yankee on the knee, said:

"Sir, are you aware that this is not a smoking compartment?"

The American abstractedly brushed his

knee with his hand and without ceasing his thoughtful gaze out of the window merely drawled·

"Well, I guess!"

A mile or two farther on the exasperated Englishman again demanded that the offender should put out his cigar, only to be met with the same imperturbable and thoughtful remark. At last a station was reached. The important gentleman violently dropped the window-sash and called a porter

"This gentleman insists on smoking in a non-smoking compartment," he said to the respectful official who answered his loud call

The official turned to the still thoughtful American, but before he could say anything the same calm voice drawled:

"Porter, I guess you'd better ask to see that gentleman's ticket."

The porter looked suspicious, and the Englishman fumed. But all to no avail—the ticket had to be produced. It proved to be a third-class one, and the disgruntled passenger was ignominiously transferred

Once more the train got under way. The meek man summoned up his courage.

"That was pretty neat," he ventured, "but how did you know he had a third?"

"Well," slowly explained the Yankee, I saw the color of his ticket, and I guessed it was the same kind as mine."

NO ROOM FOR SPEEDING.

TRAVELING in England has dangers which are perhaps not fully appreciated by any so much as American visitors. A prosperous and not very nervous looking American was traveling from Leeds to London in the fast express, which at certain points attains very high speed. His only companion in the compartment was a dapper young Englishman. Soon the train got under good way and hedges and telegraph-poles receded with ghostlike rapidity The American began to show some signs of nervousness, and muttered something about great speed

Not at all," said the Englishman: "we are merely creeping along at sixty miles an hour yet. Wait till we get going at seventy."

Gradually seventy was reached, and the American's nervousness again found expression.

"My dear sir," patronizingly explained the young man, "you don't know what traveling is! Wait till we get up to eighty and see how you like it."

Greater and greater grew the speed, and again the American gave vent to inarticulate mutterings.

"My dear fellow," cried the impatient Englishman, "what is the matter? Are you afraid of a wreck?"

"Well, no. Not exactly a wreck," explained the American, anxiously trying to peer ahead through the window, "but I'm afraid of running off the d——d little island"

CALLING DOWN THE SUPER.

A NUMBER of years ago the Susquehanna division of the Erie rejoiced in a superintendent who could almost swear his way from one station to another without other motive power. He was a terror to evil-doers and to shirkers, and to be mildly reproved by him was worse than being fired by any one else.

One day a number of the boys were sunning themselves on the platform of the Susquehanna freight-house and genially swapping lies. By and by the talk drifted around to the "old man," and story after story demonstrated the power of his presence and profanity. Finally an Irish brakeman rolled a quizzically disgusted eye at the group.

"You fellows make me sick. Who's the ould man that grown-up men like the likes of ye should get a chill every time he comes round?"

There was a chorus of dissent. "Brave boy, Mike! And I suppose you speak right up to him like a little man!"

"No less," answered Mike "The last time I saw the ould man I tould him jist what I thought of 'im"

"You did!"

"Sure, I did," nonchalantly. "He was ridin' in the caboose of Twenty-Nine whin she got a hot box up by Painted Post. I was dhraggin' out the packin' and mebbe swearin' a bit meself when the ould man come by and begin to tell me how to cool her off

"That made *me* hot. Tellin' me who's bin on the road since I was knee-high to a duck! I waited till he got through and then I sez·

"'Aw, go on about your business, you ould fool! I've cooled more hot boxes than you iver thought of.'"

There was a chorus of awe-stricken gasps and a general question of "and what did the old man say?"

Mike bit off a corner of a fresh plug calmly and reflectively.

"Aw, he didn't hear me! He'd gone on by!"

THE PROJECTILE.

BY E. J. RATH.

Shows That It Is Usually Wise To Catch Your Pirate Before You Decide What You Are To Do With Him.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

SANDERSON, the chauffeur of Halstead, the millionaire banker, is discharged because his car spends too much time in the repair-shop. He drops out of sight, refusing the offers of friends to find him a new position. Some time afterward he reappears and invites two or three of his chauffeur friends to take a trip with him on a new boat he has built.

They go on board round the Battery, and turn up the East River. They are sitting below in the cabin when one of the party starts to go on deck. Unheeding Sanderson's cry to stop, he opens the hatch, and is blown back down the companionway. His conclusion is that they are in the grasp of a tornado, but when they go on deck a few minutes later the air is calm.

The explanation is that Sanderson has mastered the secret of speed. His new boat, the Projectile, has a possible speed of two miles a minute, three times as fast as any other boat afloat.

On a June day a few weeks later a Sunday afternoon crowd at the Battery sees a strange looking craft start down the harbor and vanish through the Narrows like a streak of light. The Projectile has put to sea.

On the 6th of June the steam yacht Pride, lying in Larchmont Harbor, is boarded, and the captain is relieved of his scrip and cash. Fifty minutes later the yacht Ulysses, entering the harbor of New London, ninety miles from Larchmont, is deprived of eight hundred dollars by a cool stranger who appears suddenly on deck and as suddenly vanishes over the rail.

These raids are followed in rapid succession by others in widely separated places and at close intervals. Only one newspaper has the temerity to ascribe the depredations to one craft. All the others see in it the acts of a fleet. Finally Sanderson, the erstwhile chauffeur, appears in the cabin of Halstead's yacht, his former employer, and has a heart-to-heart talk with him in the presence of Eleanor Benton, the banker's secretary. Halstead begins to plan Sanderson's capture, intending to use the latter's friendship for Miss Benton as the trap.

CHAPTER XI.

The Diamond Necklace.

"FOR the love of Heaven, what kept you so long?" asked McLean, as Sanderson mechanically removed an outer covering of heavy brown paper and twine from the package on the table.

"I had to get into a safe," said Sanderson.

"Wasn't there anybody aboard?"

"I think so, but nobody in the cabin. I tried not to disturb anybody in the staterooms; I had to work quietly."

"And what's in here?" asked Hughes, pointing to the package.

"That's what I'm trying to find out, Billy," said Sanderson, as he removed a second paper.

"How'd you come to pick it out?"

"Well, it was the only thing in the safe, and if it was worth putting in a safe it was probably worth taking out."

He had now reached a wrapper of tissue paper, which he carelessly unrolled. As the paper unfolded there was a patter of small, bright objects on the table. Hughes let an exclamation of astonishment escape him.

"Diamonds!"

"That's what it looks like, Billy," said Sanderson in a tone of disappointment.

Begun in November Railroad Man's Magazine. Price, 10 cents.

"Good Lord! don't that satisfy you?"

"Not particularly. Cash is handier than this stuff," and Sanderson ran his fingers through the glittering pile on the table.

"How much do you suppose that's worth?" asked McLean, fascinated by the sparkling display.

A ring of men had formed around them, for the crew of the Projectile had tumbled out of their bunks. Sanderson counted the stones mechanically. There were forty eight, ranging gradually, in size, from a carat to a large, glistening brilliant that must have weighed at least four or five carats. Each stone flashed a bluish-white light, under the dim lamp, glittering with a radiance that seemed phosphorescent.

"I'm no expert on this stuff," said Sanderson. "I don't know what they're worth. But I judge from the way they're sized up that they were cut for a necklace."

"Who owned the yacht?" asked Grimes, staring hungrily at the gems from under his black brows.

"Don't know that, either," said Sanderson, scooping the glittering pile carelessly into his hand and dumping it into his pocket. "I didn't wait for particulars."

"We thought you were a goner sure when that police-boat came up," said Hughes.

Sanderson smiled. "It must have been uncomfortable for you fellows. I didn't know it was there."

"Where are we going now?" said one of the crew.

"I'll look," said Shortell.

"Better not," said Sanderson, glancing at the speed-dial in the cabin. "She's at ninety now, and you'll only get your hair raised if you stick your head up. Hans knows where to go."

The sun was nearly half an hour high when Sanderson noted a change in the speed-dial and went on deck. The Projectile was running slowly—as slowly as she could run—into a large bay. Low hills and stretches of plain bordered it. There was no sign of life, and, save for the presence of two or three abandoned structures near the water's edge, no indication that the spot had ever been visited by man.

"Where are we?" asked McLean, who had followed his chief to the deck and was looking about him curiously.

"Fort Pond Bay," said Sanderson.

"And where's that?"

"Pretty close to Montauk Point, on the north side. A good harbor that would take a liner, and nobody around to rubber," said Sanderson.

"Do you mean to say we've come this distance already?" demanded Shortell in a tone of incredulity.

Sanderson looked at him solemnly. "You're an awful doubter, Maxey. Aren't you wise yet?" he said.

"I forgot," said Shortell. "I thought I was on a boat—not a sky-rocket."

They ran close to the inner shore. Then the power was shut off, and a few moments later the rattle of a light anchor-chain broke the morning stillness of an almost desolate spot. Sanderson drew McLean aside.

"Mac," he said, "you've got to go up to the city. There's some things we need. Here's a list." He went over it in detail, and the Scotchman nodded his head understandingly. "If you get back to-night, so much the better, but I won't worry if you don't. I can trust you."

As McLean was making ready Sanderson followed him into the cabin and went over to his bunk, saying quietly: "Here, take this stuff." He dumped a glittering mass into the Scotchman's hand. "Get rid of it the best way you can. I don't want this sort of junk knocking around here."

McLean dumped the diamonds into a paper and wrapped them up carefully, thrusting them into an inner pocket. A few minutes later he was striding across a little beach and up over a rolling plain, across which lay the railroad. Sanderson watched him out of sight, then went below and tumbled into his bunk.

It was an idle day aboard the Projectile. No visiting craft entered the harbor to molest or inspect. Half a score of men sunned on the deck or lolled at ease under the awning aft. Sanderson arose from his bunk at noon and spent the rest of the day in "the works," locking the door after him.

Darkness had fallen before there was any sign of the Scotchman. It was nine

o'clock when a shrill whistle sounded from the shore.

"Bring him aboard, Hans," said Sanderson. "That's him."

Ten minutes later McLean stepped on the deck, dumped a bundle of newspapers and magazines at his feet, and exclaimed: "Phew! it's hot in the city. You fellows don't know your luck."

Presently he found himself alone with Sanderson, who looked at him inquiringly.

"If you want to know what I did with those stones, Sandy," said McLean, "why, here they are." He drew the package from his pocket.

"You forgot them?" said Sanderson, looking annoyed.

"No, I didn't forget them. But I didn't dare try. Why, man, the town's crazy. The first thing I struck was a bunch of extras with letters half a foot high. 'PIRATE IN THE RIVER!' It would have been as much as a man's life was worth to try to sell diamonds in New York to-day, particularly if he was green in the business. I didn't dare go near a pawn-shop. Say, do you know who it was you got 'em from?"

"No; who was it?"

"Old Roxbury!"

"What Roxbury?" asked Sanderson "Do you mean the jeweler?"

"That's the guy. It was his yacht, the Columbia, you boarded—flagship of the North American Yacht Club. He's the commodore, you know. Say—they've gone daffy over it, Sandy. I tell you, it's getting warm down in the city.

"Every time a man looked at me I sort of felt an empty feeling around the stomach. It seemed like 'Projectile' was sticking out all over me. You just wait till you go ashore and you'll understand how it feels. Everybody you meet seems to be onto you."

"See anybody you knew?" asked Sanderson

"No. You bet I didn't go anywhere near the old garage."

"Do the papers say anything about me?" asked Sanderson.

"Do they? You just take a look at 'em. Why, they've got pictures of you!"

"Rot! I haven't had a picture taken in five years."

"Well," said the Scotchman, "they don't look much like you, that's a fact. But they've got 'em, anyhow."

"Wonder how they found it out," said Sanderson, musing.

"From Halstead, of course," said McLean.

"That's so; I didn't think of that"

"Why," continued McLean, "we weren't out of Newport News before Halstead hustles a boat ashore with a telegram, telling all about you and tipping everybody to be on the lookout. Somehow he got the wrong dope, for he said we were going straight to Newport, Rhode Island."

"Newport!" exclaimed Sanderson. "That's queer. Why, I told Halstead himself I was going to New York."

"Well, that's what nobody understands," said McLean, "but that was the way the despatch read, so they wired Newport in a hurry and they're watching for you there now."

Sanderson was thinking, and his manner was abstracted. "Newport," he muttered. "It's funny. Now, I wonder how Halstead came to make a break like that. It isn't his way. But I suppose they just got it twisted on the wire."

"Say," he asked suddenly, "what was old man Roxbury doing with the shiners aboard his yacht?"

"Why," said McLean, "it seems, from the papers, that he'd been having them cut for a necklace for his daughter and took 'em aboard to show to her before he had 'em strung. And the papers say they're the pick of all the white diamonds in New York—brilliants, I think they call 'em.

"That was one reason I didn't try to monkey with them around hock-shops. Any one of those stones, it seems, would make a jeweler's eyes bug out, and I wasn't looking to astonish anybody."

Sanderson sighed. "I'm sorry," he said, "but you did the best you could, Mac. I don't want you to get pinched any more than you do yourself. What else do the papers say about us?"

"Oh, a lot of things; I can't begin to remember it all. A good deal of it ain't so. You'll have to read it for yourself. But there's one funny thing: some of 'em don't believe there's only one boat. They say it isn't possible; that there's a whole fleet of 'em."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Sanderson, with a gesture of impatience. "Didn't I show 'em down at the Battery? What more do they want?"

"Well, they ain't satisfied, anyhow," said the Scotchman

"I'll satisfy 'em some day," said Sanderson grimly. "I'll show 'em. I'll make some of 'em believe, whether they like it or not."

For another day the Projectile lay idly in the bay, the only spark of life in a vast expanse of rippling water. Aboard her there was a restlessness suggestive of suppressed excitement. Grimes was the man who voiced it most freely, for the quiet life of the cabin and the deck irked him. The men wanted shore leave, he said, but Sanderson's quiet "No" settled that once for all

He gave no reason for the prohibition; he merely wanted them aboard the boat. They grumbled, but there was nothing to do but yield obedience. Then they began to talk about a fresh raid. When would it come? What were they there for, anyhow? Sanderson roughly reminded them that they were there to obey orders and take their wages, and incidentally to ask no questions.

"Oh, let's get to work at something, Sanderson," said Grimes, shuffling his feet on the deck impatiently. "Maybe it's fun for you to lay around here doing nothing, but it ain't for us. Give us a show."

"I'm giving you a show at the money," said Sanderson coldly. "As for the work, I'm attending to that, and you've got no kick that I can see. You're having it easier now than you ever did in your life, Grimes, and it won't do you any good to go around with a grouch."

Grimes turned away in disgust and joined some of his restless companions. Yet Sanderson did not fail to recognize the impatient spirit of his crew. In a way, it pleased him, yet it worried him, for he was getting an insight into the character of the men he carried. Theirs had been a life of stimulation and excitement; the humdrum of leisure and well ordered affairs was a burden not lightly borne.

The spirit of greed was not all that had attracted them aboard. Adventure, danger, sensation, all played a part in their enlistment. Sanderson did not regret the spirit that moved within them; rather, he sought a way to govern it and direct it to his own purposes. Maybe the time would come when their boasting clamor for daring deeds would be put to the test, but until then his problem was to control them with a rigid hand. For his own way of doing things pleased him best.

He was brooding moodily over the problem when McLean approached him.

"Say, Sandy," he said, "this bunch of Indians you brought aboard is half crazy to do something—it don't seem to matter what. Can't you give 'em a run for their money? Staying here like a gentleman suits me, as far as I'm concerned, but it doesn't suit them. Can't you start something?"

"I was thinking about that," said Sanderson. "I've got several dates in my little book, but they're not quite due. That's the trouble."

"Scare up something," suggested McLean.

"I don't like to do any unnecessary running around," said Sanderson. "I don't believe in going sailing just for the sake of the evening breeze."

The German, who had been working silently in the hood near by, raised his head.

"There's two big yachts at Glen Cove," he said

"How do you know?" asked Sanderson.

"Saw them yesterday morning, when we came by."

"Whose yachts?"

"Don't know that. But they'll be there yet. One of them was painting and the other was overhauling rigging."

Sanderson turned to McLean with a laugh. "Hans, here, never lets on that he's looking for excitement, but down in his heart he's the worst of the whole lot. I suppose we might give 'em a try, though."

"'Twould be a good thing," said the Scotchman, glancing aft at a knot of men under the awning.

"After it gets dark, Hans, we'll take a run down to see those yachts of yours," said Sanderson.

"Sure," responded the German, as he continued his work phlegmatically.

It was eight-thirty o'clock that evening when the yacht Projectile ran smoothly out of her shelter in Fort Pond Bay. An hour later she was cautiously inspecting the yacht anchorage off Glen Cove. At ten o'clock she was flying eastward through the Sound.

CHAPTER XII.

Consequences of a Foolish Deed.

THE great saloon-room, as it was called, in the club-house of the North American Yacht Club contained an excited crowd. It was only a night ahead of the eve of the annual cruise. Commonly, the impending event would have accounted for much of the hurry and confusion, yet not for all of it. There was an air of something unusual.

"For what time is the meeting called?" said a member, turning to his neighbor.

"Oh, as soon as the commodore gets here, I suppose."

A moment later the president of the club rapped sharply on the table with a gavel and the hum of voices melted away into silence.

"Commodore Roxbury," said the president, turning to a short, stout man of sixty who sat at his left. The commodore rose and stepped forward quickly

"You all know what we're here for," he said bruskly, glancing around the room. "We're here to decide what we're going to do about it. You all know what happened on my yacht, Halstead's yacht, and some other yachts, last week. I don't need to go over the list.

"I might say, however, that two more of our members had the same experience off Glen Cove last night. I have here a despatch from Mr. Robinson, saying they got a lot of silver plate out of his cabin, but not much cash. Mr. Keltenham has been the loser of some valuable papers—papers which he can't easily replace. Their cases are the most recent, but they are only typical.

"There's none of us who can't stand the loss. But that isn't the point. The point is: is this pirate, or pirates, to be permitted to work his own sweet will as long as he chooses? In two days the annual cruise of this club will start. Now, what are we going to do?

"Are we going out to be victims, or are we going to find a way to take care of ourselves? Are we going to make ourselves ridiculous before the public, or are we going to land this pirate and turn him over to the authorities? I'd like to hear from some of the members of this club."

The commodore swept his eye around the room and awaited an answer.

"I suggest," said a member, rising to his feet timidly, "that in view of what has recently happened, it would be the wisest thing to call off the cruise."

There was a roar of angry dissent and the member quickly sat down.

"No, we'll never do that," said the commodore quickly. "We're not going to lie down like a pack of curs. That would make us a by-word with every yachtsman the world over, and the laughing-stock of all the clubs on the coast. The North American Yacht Club is a leader, not a follower; we set the pace, as it were.

"What we do, others do, and we've got to live up to our reputation. At least while I'm commodore of this club. The cruise is going to start; that's settled.

"And the very fact of the present conditions ought to make it the most representative cruise ever held by this club. No white flag for us. Only we've got to agree on something, adopt some definite policy, and then act together."

There was a distinct murmur of approval as the commodore ceased speaking. After that, the club sat late and talked much. In one way, it was an experience meeting. Mr. Halstead related to open-mouthed hearers the story of the affair at Newport News. The real reason for the failure to rob he omitted, for he conceived that it brought him no credit

Rather, he let it be inferred that the pirate was deterred from his purpose by the grim determination and iron will of the man who confronted him. Mr. Bowden, who enjoyed the unenviable distinction of having been the first victim, received equally breathless attention.

There was another victim, too—Mr. Jameson, the oil king. He was not a voluble man, but he was picturesque in speech as well as in appearance.

So they talked into the night, arguing, suggesting, debating, and diverging along so many lines that the commodore took hold again, shaped the course, and presently made a dictator of himself. On two things there was firm agreement: The cruise was not to be abandoned until the pirate sank, if he willed, the last yacht in the club. And there was to be an armament to receive him that would be worthy of his prowess.

A spirit of grim determination was breathed as the members passed out of the meeting-room. It was in the hall that the commodore met Mr. Halstead and hailed him.

"By the way, Halstead," he said, "how came that despatch of yours to advise being on the lookout at Newport? He came to New York, you know; that's where I came in for a share of it. I suppose he lied about it."

"Newport!" exclaimed Mr. Halstead. "I didn't say he was going to Newport. I said New York."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Roxbury. "Didn't you read the papers?"

"I haven't looked at them," said Mr Halstead. "I was too busy."

"Well, that was the point nobody could make out. I suppose he just did it to throw you off."

Mr. Halstead made no answer; he was thinking. Finally, he remarked lightly: "Too bad they got it wrong. It was a mistake of the company, I suppose. Better luck next time, anyhow. Good night."

But Mr. Halstead was quite positive that it was not a mistake of the company. The more he thought about it as he rode home the more he became convinced of that. When the butler opened his front door he asked:

"Has Miss Benton left the office?"

"No, sir; she is still there," replied the man.

She was bending over some work at her desk when Mr. Halstead entered and scarcely looked up as she said "Good evening, sir."

"Miss Benton," said the banker, with abrupt directness, "how came you to insert New York for Newport in that despatch you sent a couple of evenings ago?"

The girl started, flushed for an instant, and then the color receded. The attack was unexpected. For a moment she sat silently regarding her employer.

"Well," said Mr. Halstead, after a pause, "I am waiting for an answer."

"Did—did it say Newport?" she asked slowly.

"It did," said the banker. "You must know that as well as I, Miss Benton. The point is, why did it read Newport?"

She dropped her glance and drummed nervously on the desk. In a way, she had been expecting this; she had been wondering why it had not come twenty-four hours before. Yet now she seemed unprepared to meet it; she instinctively shrank from the issue.

The color rose again, for she knew her employer was searching her face with the keen, cold eyes which she had learned almost to dread. The time for dissembling was past. People could not lie to Mr. Halstead

"Why, I ask?" repeated the pitiless voice.

"Why?" she echoed, meeting his eye at last. "Why, because it was sent that way, Mr. Halstead." Now that it was out she experienced a sense of relief.

"So I suspected," said the banker calmly. "There could be no other explanation. When did you change the despatch?"

"After I went on deck."

"Why?"

The girl's glance wandered again and she made aimless tracings on the pad in front of her. "I don't know," she said at length.

"That is not true," said Mr. Halstead quietly. "You do know. You did it to save this man from capture, did you not?"

A pause, and then, "Yes."

"And why did you wish to save this man?" His questions were remorseless.

"I —I don't know."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Halstead, "you do know. You are in love with him."

The words came brutally. Miss Benton sprang to her feet, quivering. She

had told him the truth, and by the truth she would stand, but here was a falsehood flung insolently at her, rousing a spirit of combat where before there was only a sensation of despairing guilt

"No," she cried hotly. "That is not true, Mr. Halstead. You —you have no right to say such a thing."

"Then what was your motive, pray?" asked the banker icily, his eyes never leaving her face.

She faltered again. That was it: what was her motive? The question rang in her ears and she sought an answer for it, but could find none. Her act and the purpose of it were clear to her. She had never sought for a motive.

Impulse, intuition, some fleeting instinct, seemed to have guided her hand—what it was she had not sought to analyze. Asked now to tell, she stumbled miserably.

"Mr. Halstead," she said slowly, "I say truthfully that I do not know what my motive was. It was a sudden act; I cannot explain it. I simply know that I did it. I admit that freely."

The banker appeared to think for a moment.

"It was a very grave act of disloyalty toward your employer," he said finally.

"That is true; it was."

"I consider it equivalent to the betrayal of a business confidence," continued Mr. Halstead.

"You are justified," replied the girl in a low voice. "Therefore, I presume this is the end of my employment here." She had risen from her chair again.

"Oh, wait," interrupted Mr. Halstead, motioning her to be seated. "I don't know about that. I wish to think it over."

The girl sat down, wondering, and watched him as he walked back and forth across the length of the office. His manner was an enigma; there was an unwonted calm, under stress of anger, that foreboded something unusual. It was unpleasantly suggestive of an attack from some new quarter. Finally Mr. Halstead stopped in his stride and began:

"You cannot leave my employ, Miss Benton, because I do not desire it. Not at present. Your offense merits dismissal, but I choose another course. Neither will you leave of your own volition, for"—and he paused to look at her sharply—"to leave would be to compel me to take a step which I should regret to do.

"In the eyes of the law, at least, your act has clearly placed you in the position of an accomplice to a lawbreaker. The law considers motives, but not as extenuations.

"But I do not desire to invoke the law in your case. I am disposed to overlook the offense under certain conditions. You will recall, perhaps, our conversation aboard my yacht on the night this man appeared."

"No—no, Mr. Halstead," cried the girl. "Not that! I cannot do it."

"You will do it."

"I cannot; I cannot betray him."

"Yet you will betray him," said the banker serenely, looking at her with an expression of satisfaction. "You found no difficulty in betraying me."

She made no answer.

"And now I offer you an opportunity to make amends," he continued. "It will not be difficult. It will be easy, on the contrary."

"But I cannot, Mr. Halstead," said the girl, with a note of pleading in her voice. "No, I cannot. I will leave your employ, I will go away, but do not ask me to do that."

"I have told you I will not permit you to leave my employ, Miss Benton," he said quietly. "You will stay. You must stay."

"But why?" she asked, bewildered.

"Because you do not dare to go. Because I should denounce you to the authorities. You cannot escape from the consequences of your act."

She looked at him with a frightened expression.

"Surely, Mr. Halstead——" she began.

"Surely I will do it, Miss Benton," said the banker, "if that is what you are going to say. You have placed yourself in this position and you must make the best of it."

She felt that the cold eyes were looking at her, but she could not meet their gaze. Truly, she had given herself into his hands, and she knew the man well enough to expect no mercy. Everything he bent to his purpose. Oh, why

had she done it? Why had she blundered so stupidly, so childishly, so uselessly? The misery of her situation forced itself upon her pitilessly.

Her primal instinct was to flee from it, to fight for time—anything to postpone the issue. And as she reflected this instinct seemed to grow into a fixed purpose. She must gain time. It was not the mere consequence of her act that she dreaded; not the ignominy or the notoriety that she quailed from.

But she was conscious of some vaguely defined thing that seemed to urge her not to give up the battle. Her head throbbed, her ideas seemed to be in a mad whirl, yet she felt the distinct impulse not to yield as yet. No; she must think, she must analyze, she must find a way.

If she could only gain a respite from this man who stood before her like a merciless judge!

"Are you considering the matter, Miss Benton?" he asked smoothly. There was a note of mocking courtesy.

"Yes," she said slowly. "I am considering it."

Unconsciously, he had pointed a way for her, and she seized at the suggestion. That was it; she must consider it.

"I felt sure that you would," said Mr. Halstead. "What is your conclusion?"

"I—I don't seem able to reach a conclusion," she stammered. "It is so surprising, so unusual."

She would fight it off—that conclusion; postpone it, evade it, if only for a day, or a few hours.

"If you want time to think it over," said the banker, "I will give it to you."

She drew an involuntary sigh of relief. Even though she felt herself in retreat, she seized upon this as a victory.

"Thank you," she said almost in a whisper. "I should like to think it over."

"Very well. Until to-morrow evening, then. Think it over well, Miss Benton," he added coldly. "Let no feature of it escape you. Remember your position and shape your course by it. My attitude will not change; be certain of that. With that for a starting-point, you should have little difficulty in adjusting your own attitude."

He left the office without another word, and she watched his figure disappear through the doorway with a sense of thankfulness. For a long time she sat staring vacantly at the wall. An outward appearance of calm belied the struggle that raged within.

If she could weep, she thought, she would be quite happy. But the tears did not come. Finally she aroused herself from her rigid pose with an effort and began to arrange the papers on her desk mechanically. Half aloud, she muttered:

"No, it was not for that—not for that I did it. Yet why? Why? Oh, if I could only know that!" and her voice broke in a sob.

CHAPTER XIII.

Pulling the Cork.

LARCHMONT HARBOR, historic rendezvous of the toys of the sea, was crowded with the fleet of the North American Yacht Club. It was like the mobilization of a navy, not of armed craft, but craft of such royal magnificence that they seemed to typify the luxury of kings or persons in high station. For the fleet that swung idly at moorings told at a glance the investment of millions—men called it the Millionaire Navy.

Those were not ocean liners that lay in a division along the westerly edge of the harbor; they were merely steam-yachts—immense palaces that could have housed hundreds, yet were only for the few. They were not an exclusive type; rather, they merely represented what might be called the battle-ship element.

Here lay a division of gasoline craft, swift cruisers that excelled in speed the older type, yet lacking their power, dignity, and ponderous impressiveness. Two electric yachts, graceful, mysteriously driven, lay in company, and close to them a vessel that still stood unique in yachting waters the world over—an alcohol-burner, at once the curiosity and the pride of the fleet.

Yet most numerous of all were the sail craft, mere survivals of a type in the minds of sailors to whom the wind

meant nothing, but developments to those who clung to the more romantic school.

Commodore Roxbury had truly spoken when he declared that this would be the greatest of all cruises. The gaiety of the late afternoon spectacle, where thousands of flags, private signals, and pennants snapped briskly in the southwest breeze and a hundred brightly colored awnings shaded rug-covered decks, grew into a greater brilliance as the night fell, for then the lights, singly and in clusters, began to flash from every point in the harbor.

Thousands of colored lanterns gave a carnival aspect to the larger craft. Saloons and cabins blazed with an electric radiance. Even the meanest vessel of the fleet shone brightly in honor of Commodore Night.

This was a traditional ceremony in the North American Yacht Club, made now more regal than ever in honor of a retiring officer under whose skilful hand had been gathered together the greatest fleet of pleasure-craft the world had ever seen.

Swiftly moving power launches and tenders darted to and fro among the anchored craft. The point of convergence was the great flag-ship, which had the post of honor at the head of the steam division. It was an evening of official calls, receptions, dinners, dancing. The commodore's deck, where he played the part of princely host, held an ever-moving throng; at his landing-stages boats crowded and pushed for way.

From the shore, thousands watched the extraordinary beauty of the scene. A thin, crescent moon had set almost before the last streaks of the sun had faded from the western sky; it seemed as if nature had despaired of rivaling the shining glory of the fleet.

Late into the night the festivities continued, and when at last, one by one, the lights afloat began to disappear, it was with an air of hesitation and reluctance. The guests of the flag-ship had departed; singly and in groups the launches slipped away from her sides and threaded their ways through lanes of motionless vessels. The colored lanterns ceased to glimmer, the cabin-lights vanished, and the fleet grew drowsy with sleep.

At two bells only the white signal lamps remained to mark the resting place of objects that lay dark upon the water. The orchestras had been silenced, the sounds of laughter ceased, and now there was nothing to break the stillness save the occasional rhythm of a ship's bell. The toys had been put away for the night.

Yet not all the fleet was asleep. As the night wore on there was a change in the formation of the steam division. Quietly these great vessels slipped their buoys, moved slowly around the edge of the fleet, and took new stations in a long line across the neck of the harbor.

The formation was almost faultlessly regular. Bow to stern they anchored, making a cordon so closely knit that, in the darkness, it seemed to show no break or opening.

The commodore's "guard" was at its post. Watches patrolled decks and lookouts kept vigilant eyes on the Sound that lay without. Now and then a long white ray swept the water as some flashing search-light gave silent announcement that the sentinels of the harbor were at their posts.

Four bells struck and the chimes died away into stillness again. The breeze that had blown so bravely from the southwest was now a mere whisper, and the crisp rippling of waves had given way to a movement sluggish and irregular.

Then came a yellow flash from far inside the harbor, followed in a second by the sharp crack of a rifle. A volley of flashes and explosions broke forth, blending into a fusillade. There was a stir aboard the decks of the guard-fleet.

The noise of running feet and sharp commands mingled in a confused uproar. A moment later there was a dazzling brilliance of search-lights, sweeping the harbor and weirdly illuminating the fleet that lay at anchor.

Presently a flotilla of rapidly moving power boats and launches slipped into the area of illumination and, with the accuracy of trained naval craft, took stations between the great yachts that formed the cordon.

The harbor was closed and the hunt was on! Vessels that lay dark and silent now came swiftly to life, for the noise of

shots and the roaring of commands had swept across the bay, back and forth, banishing sleep and installing in its place a sensation of surprise and alarm.

A launch shot out from the flag-ship and hailed the nearest yacht.

"Where were those shots from?" called an officer.

"Farther in somewhere," came the answer; "somewhere in the gasoline division."

The launch headed about swiftly and dodged among the larger craft, making hasty inquiries. Five minutes later it drew alongside a vessel where there seemed to be a frenzy of activity.

"Ahoy! Who is that?" from the launch.

"Don't move or we'll fire!" was the menacing answer.

"This is the commodore's launch."

"Oh!" in a tone of relief; "come alongside."

"Were those shots fired here?" inquired the commodore's messenger.

"Yes, and we thought we had him for a minute, but he got away," replied a voice from the deck. "I'm Mr Robertson, of the Gull. I found a stranger in my cabin, but he got to the deck ahead of me, and although I fired several times, I'm afraid I missed him."

"Well, you can depend on it he isn't outside the harbor," said the officer. "It's bottled tight by now. The patrol will be making the rounds in a few minutes."

The launch disappeared to carry her report to the flag-ship. A second division of the power-boat flotilla, and the swiftest of the fleet, now appeared. In and out they plied their tortuous ways, while men on decks strained eyes to search the darkness. The search-lights from the cordon played incessantly across the bay. But the great beams confused, alternately dazzling and then leaving in Stygian blackness the hunting pack.

A command was signaled from the flag-ship and the search-lights were turned outward upon the Sound, where they threw a white radiance, uniform and intense, in which no passing vessel could escape observation.

"Any news yet?" asked the commodore, as the launch reported after a second tour of the harbor.

"Nothing yet, sir. But he's in the harbor somewhere; that's a certainty. Nothing has passed the guard."

"Keep it up," said the commodore; "till daylight, if necessary."

* * * * *

A lean, silently moving power-boat slipped past the flag ship, bound toward the inner bay. Close by her side ran a craft that seemed, in the uncertain illumination, of equal size.

"Seen anything yet?" called a voice from the second boat. For a moment there was no answer from the vessel that moved so noiselessly. Two figures were visible on her forward deck, standing close together, as if in consultation.

"What'll we do, Sandy?" The was a strongly marked Scotch burr in the voice.

"We've got to keep on playing the game, that's all," said Sanderson in a low tone, "until we find a break in the line. I'll do all the talking, if there's any to be done. Just tell Hans to keep her moving slowly, and not too close to anybody."

"Ahoy, there!" called the voice from the second boat. "Seen anything yet?"

"Nothing," said Sanderson. They had neared the inner rim of the harbor and the lean boat veered slowly to starboard. The second vessel followed like a shadow.

"I say, do you think he got away?"

"Not yet," called Sanderson. "I'm sure he hasn't. We're going to make a round of the harbor on the east side. You might take the west side, and we'll meet out at the line."

"Better to hunt in company, I think," said the man on the second boat. "More chance to land him if we meet him. This is the power-boat Ottawa. Who are you?"

"Reptile; Charles G. Smith, owner," came the answer quickly.

"Why, hello, Smith! Is that you talking? Didn't recognize your voice."

"Yes, it's I," said Sanderson shortly. He turned and spoke to McLean in a low tone, and that person stepped for a moment into the pilot-house. With scarce a hundred feet separating them, the two yachts glided closely along the eastern edge of the harbor, the Ottawa clinging to her consort with a sort of timid per-

sistency. A pair of launches moving in the opposite direction passed, exchanged hails, and reported no capture.

Now they were nearing the cordon of guard-ships again, and the German, who was guiding the leading craft, slackened speed. Sanderson leveled a pair of night-glasses at the dark array of steam-craft that blocked the entrance and made a careful search of the line. The flood of white light on the water beyond caused him no anxiety.

Once beyond the line, he cared nothing. The thing now was to get out. He realized that his chance must come before daylight or not at all. Slower and still more slowly the Projectile moved.

The Ottawa was edging closer, and a lantern flashed from her deck. Sanderson caught the murmur of a hurried conversation between two figures who stood amidships.

"Ahoy, there!" came a voice presently.

"What is it?" called Sanderson, his eyes turning again toward the fleet of guard-vessels.

"Did you say you were the Reptile?"

"That's what I said;" came the answer easily.

"Funny," they heard the man say to his companion. "Hey!" he called again. "Is that Smith himself talking?"

"It is."

Again the murmur of voices and the Ottawa edged a little nearer.

"I want to come aboard for a minute, Smith!" called the voice. "Want to speak to you!"

The Projectile was now moving slowly down the line. Suddenly the Scotchman laid a hand on Sanderson's arm and pointed. There was a gap in the cordon, but such a little gap! It seemed not more than twenty-five feet in breadth. One of the auxiliary craft had drifted from her post in the line. Between two high sided steamers they could see the white, shining water beyond.

"Tell Hans to head her around slowly," whispered Sanderson.

He now glanced toward the Ottawa, fifty feet astern. He measured the distance with his eye and then turned again toward the gap, a hundred yards distant. Would it remain open for a minute longer?

He could not make the dash yet, for the Projectile lay almost broadside to it. A suspicious movement would betray them. Two patrol vessels approached from the western shore. He heard the Ottawa hail them and tell them to pass on the port side. Sanderson understood the meaning of the order. They were trying to block him off.

The Projectile was swinging slowly, very slowly, her bow gradually describing an arc. The Ottawa had slipped in closer.

"Careful, there, Ottawa!" called Sanderson. "You'll run me down!"

For answer he heard the sharp jingle of a bell, the full-speed signal. A bull's-eye lantern flashed and a voice called:

"Surrender! We've got you!"

Sanderson glanced swiftly at the patrol-boats now approaching from the opposite direction. Then he called a quick command to the German, and seizing McLean by the arm, threw himself flat upon the deck, dragging the Scotchman with him.

"Lie flat!" he said sharply.

They felt a tremor of the deck beneath them. Then came a volley of pistol-shots. Sanderson raised his head cautiously. The Projectile was sweeping in a wide curve toward the southward, gaining speed at every instant. They were perilously close to the oncoming patrol.

He held his breath as they dashed head on toward the nearest craft. There was a cry of alarm and he heard the churning of a vessel backing water. A few seconds later the Projectile flashed past her bow, a scant dozen of feet from the cutwater. Now the way was clear!

He craned his head around to see if the gap was still open. Yes, it was still there, but there was an alarm in the fleet, a flutter of activity aboard the auxiliary guards. Would they make it before it closed again? The Projectile jumped as though propelled by some giant external force.

Sanderson and his companion slid along the deck, which seemed to have been jerked from under them, and brought up violently against the coaming of the hatch. There was a swift rush of air, roaring in their ears.

The Scotchman glanced upward. What he saw, for a fleeting instant, was the

long clipper bow of a great yacht hanging above him. Then it was gone, and in its place he beheld only the stars.

Suddenly the deck of the Projectile was bathed in a flood of light. McLean glanced astern, still clinging tightly to the edge of the companionway, and found himself almost blinded by the glare of great eyes that stared at him fiercely.

"We're through!" he yelled, his voice quivering with excitement.

Sanderson twisted his head around and presented a grinning face.

For five minutes they lay, watching the shining eyes grow smaller and smaller. As they watched, half a dozen black shapes appeared in the white zone.

"Look," said Sanderson, pointing. "The hunters!"

McLean nodded understandingly and they laughed together. The Projectile careened slightly as she swung to port and headed eastward. For ten minutes more they lay, tightly gripping their only security.

Then the speed slackened, the big stern wave began to subside, and the Projectile dropped to a twenty-knot pace. The German was waiting for orders. Far off in the west, on the very edge of the horizon, there was a faint flickering in the sky.

Sanderson rose to his feet and glanced about him. As he did so, another figure from a point near the stern followed suit. McLean uttered a sharp exclamation and pointed aft. A moment later Sanderson was running along the deck.

"Who's that?" he called.

There was no answer, but the figure staggered slightly and gripped at the rail for support.

Sanderson reached it and grasped it roughly by the arm. With a sharp twist, he swung the man around and found himself looking into the face of a stranger.

CHAPTER XIV.

An Unwelcome Guest Has His Uses.

HE was a young man of twenty-three or twenty-four, slightly built, fair-haired, and of medium height. Even in the dim light a pallor was discernible on his cheeks. His breath came in irregular gasps. His hair was in wild disorder, for his hat was gone, and there was an expression of mingled astonishment and terror on his face.

"Well, who are you?" asked Sanderson roughly.

The stranger gulped for a moment.

"Wait—till—I get breath," he said faintly.

"Tell Hans to shut her off entirely," said Sanderson, turning to McLean. "Then come back."

As the Scotchman ran forward Sanderson stood guard over the stranger, holding him fast by the arm and looking searchingly into his face. He waited until the man seemed to breathe more freely, and then repeated:

"Who are you? Give an account of yourself."

"You needn't hold on to me like that," said the stranger. "I'm not going to jump overboard. I'm not armed, either."

"Well," said Sanderson, releasing his grip, "out with it, then."

"I'm a reporter."

Sanderson swore softly, and McLean, who had returned from the pilot-house, uttered an exclamation.

"A reporter for the *Universe*," continued the young man. "My name is Wilson. I was Robertson's guest aboard the Gull, you know. When you came alongside I just dropped aboard. I knew who you were in a minute."

"You were aboard all the time in the harbor?"

"All through the rumpus. And say, you're a wonder!" added the young man admiringly. "And this boat of yours good Lord!"

"Cut the taffy out," said Sanderson sharply. "What did you come aboard for? What do you think you're going to do?"

"Well," said Wilson, with a nervous laugh, "I told you my business."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Sanderson. "How do you know you're going ashore again?"

"Well, I'm in no hurry," said Wilson. "The longer I stay the more of a story I'll get. I can see that in a minute."

"Can you swim?" asked Sanderson suggestively.

The young man glanced across the water. Three or four miles to the north lay the dark outline of the Connecticut shore.

"Not that far," he said, pointing. "Are you going to throw me over?"

Sanderson hesitated, not as to his course, for he knew full well that he did not intend to drown a man in cold blood, but as to what he should say. Here was a nice mess. A stranger—worse, a reporter—on his hands.

He could not keep him indefinitely as a prisoner. The Projectile was crowded now. Besides, he didn't know him, and he wanted nobody whom he could not trust.

"Look here," said Wilson, breaking Sanderson's reverie. "I suppose you're Sanderson, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Sanderson, I know a lot about you. In fact, I wrote a history of your life, more or less accurate. There isn't any secret about who you are or what you are doing; everybody knows. There's only one thing that remains to be done, and that's to catch you. Now, that isn't my business. If it was, I wouldn't go about it in this fashion.

"Why, do you know, when you started up this craft of yours and made for that break in the line the only thing that saved me from going overboard was the rail? I'm absolutely in your power, so you don't need to be anxious about what I can do. What I came for was the experience and—a story.

"Frankly, when I get ashore I intend to write something about you for the paper. Now, I've been frank. What are you going to do with me?"

"Come over here, Mac; I want to talk to you," said Sanderson, beckoning the Scotchman closer. They conversed in a low tone for a few minutes. Then Sanderson turned to his visitor again.

"My friend, here," indicating the Scotchman, "is for locking you up in a little cubby-hole down below. But I can't see the use. As a matter of fact, you don't know anything more now than anybody else knows. You're only a nuisance here, so I'm going to put you ashore."

"You're talking like a square man, Mr. Sanderson," said the reporter. "It's true I don't know any of your secrets, but nobody can take away the memory of what I've seen to-night. If you want to tell me anything else, why, all right. If not, I guess I can't kick."

"You can write what you see," said Sanderson. "I've no objection to that. You got one in on me and I won't squeal. But don't ask me to tell you anything more, for I won't."

"Can I make an inspection of the boat?" asked Wilson.

"No, sir; you can't," said Sanderson, with a laugh. "You stay on deck until you go ashore."

The commander of the Projectile gave a whispered order to McLean to keep the men below.

"Look here, Mr. Sanderson," said the reporter as the Scotchman drew out of hearing. "I know something that may interest you."

"That so?" carelessly.

"Do you know Eleanor Benton?"

Sanderson started at the name. "Do you?" he said quickly.

"I've heard of her," said the reporter. "Listen. You've been decent about my coming aboard without being asked. I wouldn't have blamed you much if you had chucked me overboard. Now, I heard something about you to-night, and there isn't any reason why I shouldn't tell you."

"What did you hear? You spoke of a young lady."

"I was on Roxbury's flag-ship during the reception, early in the evening," replied Wilson. "Mr. Halstead was there. He used to be your boss, I understand. I overheard him talking about you to another man. I don't like to snoop, but I couldn't help hearing this.

"First they talked about you, and then about a young lady named Eleanor Benton. It seems she works for Halstead, and from what he said I got the idea that he's got something on the girl and connects her in some way with you and your boat."

"How do you mean?" said Sanderson.

"Something about a despatch from Newport News that went wrong," said Wilson. "As near as I could make out, he holds her responsible. He said she confessed."

Sanderson uttered an exclamation. "Go on!"

"That's about all I could catch," said the reporter. "They moved off then. The last thing I heard Halstead say was: 'She's as stubborn as a mule, but when she realizes the mess she's in she'll have to help, if it's only to save herself.' You may be able to figure that out better than I can."

For a moment Sanderson was stricken dumb. He was trying to come to a realization of an amazing discovery. The girl had altered the despatch! She had confessed it. But why—why had she thus placed herself in an awkward, even dangerous, position? And now the banker was forcing her to do something against which she rebelled—he had said she was stubborn.

It was not hard to guess the rest. Sanderson knew that his former employer was consumed with a desire to effect his capture. He would spare no effort, and he possessed a long arm and an unscrupulous conscience. If he could make a tool of the girl he would not hesitate.

Sanderson's blood raced hotly as he grasped the significance of the conversation which his visitor had overheard. It was his fault, he thought; then in a moment he realized that it was not. Rather, it was hers. She had brought it upon herself. He had not asked her to do it. She had done it of her own volition, without suggestion or advice. But why? That required an answer which he could not supply.

"Look here, Mr Wilson," he said at length. "Will you do something for me?"

"Don't ask me not to write a story about what happened to-night," said the reporter. "Please don't ask that."

"It's not that. Write what you please—except I wish you wouldn't print anything about the young lady."

"I didn't expect to do that," said Wilson. "I'm sure there's a good story in it, but I don't like to write a story I get that way."

"That's right," said Sanderson. "I know you'll keep your word. What I'm asking you to do is to take a letter to Miss Benton."

"In a minute," said Wilson heartily. "I'll be glad."

"I don't want it mailed, mind you," said Sanderson. "They wouldn't stop at opening her letters, not for a second. I want you to deliver it personally."

"I'll do it."

"Of course, you're a stranger to me," said Sanderson, "but I think you're on the level. I don't often make mistakes like that. I'm going below to write for a few minutes. I don't want to put a guard over you, so I'll just ask you to stay here by yourself, if you'll give me your word not to leave the deck. You see," he added, almost apologetically, "I'd be glad to show you around, but I can't afford to. It wouldn't be business."

"I understand," said Wilson. "I'm on parole. I'll wait here."

Sanderson left him by the rail near the stern and went below into the cabin. In a quarter of an hour he returned and handed a sealed envelope to his visitor.

"Here it is," he said. "I'll be under obligations to you if you will see that she gets it personally."

"The obligation is the other way, Mr Sanderson," said the reporter. "I guess you don't know much about the newspaper business. You don't understand that you've given me the biggest story that's been written in New York in a year."

"Well, you took a long chance to get it, son," said Sanderson. "I guess you earned it. Now, where do you want me to put you ashore?"

"Why, anywhere that suits you. I can't be particular."

"Well, we're about off Bridgeport now," said Sanderson, glancing toward shore. "Suppose I set you down in New York?"

"Will you?" eagerly. "That would be great!"

"It's on my account as much as yours," said Sanderson, with assumed indifference. "Come up into the pilot house."

Not long afterward, something, hugging close to the Long Island shore, was cleaving a way westward through the water. A wild-eyed young stranger, clinging tightly to a slender support, was trying to observe landmarks and to think logically. Now and then Sanderson cast a side glance of amusement at his guest.

At two o'clock in the morning a young man stepped ashore on a floating dock in the Harlem, waved a farewell at a man who stood on a deck above him, and called, in a guarded voice:

"You're a dandy, old man! You're more than that—you're great! I won't forget," and he tapped his pocket significantly.

On the first page of the *Universe*, that afternoon, was a story that began:

> I have boarded the pirate and I am safe ashore again. I have traveled one hundred and twenty miles an hour by water. I have seen a coast-line, standing clearly cut on a brilliant night, dimmed into a blurred smudge, not by distance, but by speed! I have seen the fastest yachts in the world made to look like driftwood in the water
>
> I have talked to the man who has made all this true—the man who has conceived the sensation of a century in the maritime world. *The* man, I say, for there is but one—Sanderson, the Pirate. One man, one boat, and such a boat!
>
> A craft that, through some mysterious, noiseless force, moves like a flash of light, an electric spark—anything that will picture to your mind unapproachable, terrifying, unbelievable speed.

(To be continued.)

ENGINEERS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Their Aqueducts Outrivaled Even the Engineering Feats of Railroad Builders of To-Day.

ENGINEERING has reached a state of wonderful perfection without a doubt, yet modern railways are not, after all, so much greater than the roads, bridges, and aqueducts which the Romans built. Some even contend that they are not as great, and the facts seem to support such an opinion:

What modern engineer or architect, or both combined, has brought the branch of a river from a rocky gorge in the hills, ten miles off, where the water is generally clear and never fails, to supply any great city, as the architects and engineers did to supply Rome?

This was conveyed in a stone pipe, five feet high and two feet wide, by a gradual, gentle descent, sometimes on the top of a lofty bank by the side of the river Anio (from which the water was taken), when its course was sufficiently direct from east to west; but at intervals the line of the river had to wind considerably to the north or south around the base of a hill; in those cases the engineers pierced for their pipe through the foot of the hill, sometimes for two or three miles, until it met the bed of the river again

When they arrived at the foot of the hills on the level ground called the Campus Romanus, in which Rome stands, and through which the Tiber winds its course, they carry their stone pipe, called a *specus* (because it was at first subterranean), upon a magnificent arcade five miles long, varying in height according to the level of the ground, gradually emerging from a hill on a level at first, and then arising, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly, to a height of forty or fifty feet, where they had to cross the small streams that ran across the country.

This arcade was built either of stone or faced with stone almost throughout. The *specus* of Claudius is carried on an arcade of cut stone; that of Nero, which is on the top of that of Claudius, is faced with the beautiful brickwork of his time, the finest brickwork that has ever been made anywhere in the world.

The celebrated aqueduct bridge, called the Point du Gard, in the south of France, is a Roman work of the third and fourth century, with a carriage-road by the side of it, as was usual in the case of aqueduct bridges.

When the engineers of to-day have supplied the cities as abundantly with water as Rome was supplied in the second and third centuries, and can produce as fine brickwork as that of the *specus* of Nero, they may claim to rival the architects and engineers of that period. It is doubtful if they can ever be excelled, however.

How They Climbed the Ladder.

THE men who win their way upward in the railroad world are the men who prove their worth, not only by attention to the ordinary details of their calling, but by their ability to rise to the sudden emergency. The engineer who takes upon his shoulders the responsibility for some extraordinary action not provided for in the book of rules, the telegraph operator who steps into the breach and stops a train of his own accord when he knows that to let it go by would mean disaster and death, the track-walker who shows that he can plan for himself and act upon his own determination—these are the men who gain promotion and recognition in high places.

The editor of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is convinced that there is nothing more inspiring to the young men just setting their feet on the bottom round of the railroad ladder than the stories of the manner in which those above them have fought their way upward. Therefore, he asks the railroad men of the country to send him accounts of the deeds which brought promotion and honor to them.

It may have been some simple but unusual service, or it may have been an act approaching heroism. In any case, it must have been the cause of a step to a higher round of the ladder. These stories should not be less than one nor more than two thousand words in length.

No one should hesitate because of inexperience with the pen. It is the story we want. If it is the right sort, we shall pay for it immediately on acceptance; if it is not, the story will be returned to the sender. Names will be published or withheld, at the writers' option, but in every case the stories must be of personal experiences.

Great American Train Robberies.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.

ONCE in a lifetime, it may be, it will happen that figures of evil will arise out of the blackness of the night, do their deeds of darkness, and vanish into the night again, leaving no trace of their identity or fate behind them. As though born of the night, they fade away into the material of which they were compounded.

Such a case was that of the Union Pacific robbery here described. The thirteen men who did the trick were seen by many people, their voices were heard, and their actions and gestures noted. The trail was taken up almost immediately after the perpetration of the robbery. But the men disappeared as completely as though they had been swept off the face of the earth.

In spite of the unflagging vigilance and industry of detectives, sheriffs' posses, express messengers, and private citizens, spurred on by the hope of reward, never a man was found who could be connected with the affair. And yet three apparently innocent men paid with their lives for a real or fancied resemblance to some member of the gang.

From a robbery that was never explained we shall turn next month to one that was only too clear and that aroused a whole State to decisive action. Number Five of this series will be the story of the Chicago and Alton robbery and what came of it.

"THE MYSTERIOUS THIRTEEN."—No. 4.

Robbers Swoop Down Like Evil Birds of the Night, Gather in Sixty Thousand Dollars, and Vanish Into the Night Again.

THE looting of the Union Pacific express-train at Big Springs, Nebraska, will go down in the history of railroad robberies as the strangest crime ever perpetrated by the "knights of the Iron Rail."

The hold-up was accomplished in the most deliberate manner, the booty was heavy and difficult to carry away, and the trail of the brigands was immediately taken up by United States troops, sheriffs' posses, an army of volunteers, and a detective who tracked and practically accompanied the desperadoes for many miles.

Yet the robbers succeeded in carrying off their booty, and the actual results of the pursuit were as unforeseen as the robbery itself. After the chase it was hinted that "staking" hold-up gangs was becoming a legitimate business in the West.

At half past ten o'clock on the night of September 18, 1877, William Barnard, the station agent at Big Springs, Nebraska, was sitting before his telegraph instrument transcribing a train order to be delivered to the conductor and engineer of the eastward-bound passenger train from Cheyenne, due at eleven o'clock.

Barnard's post was a lonely one. Big Springs was merely a railroad water-tank station, situated in the extreme western part of Nebraska, one hundred and sixty miles east of Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, on the main line of the Union Pacific Railroad. There were only two houses in the place besides the railroad "shack" where Barnard was working, and between it and the nearest town, Ogallalla, there stretched away to the east fifteen miles of desolate prairie.

Barnard was the only person awake in the station at that hour, the section-hands having turned in long before, and he was only waiting to deliver his orders and the county mail-sack to the east-bound express before ending his long day on duty.

Visitors Appear at the Station.

He had finished taking his orders and was leaning back in his chair, smoking his pipe and mechanically reading the messages going over the wire, when he heard a horse whinnying near the station. It was an unusual sound at that hour in that deserted place, but Barnard had little time to speculate on its meaning.

He looked out of the window, but could make out nothing in the light of the station-lamp. As he was about to go outside, the tramp of heavy feet sounded on the platform, the door was thrown open, and the station-agent found himself looking into the black muzzles of a pair of the biggest revolvers he had ever seen in his life.

Back of the revolvers was the burly figure of a man, with the lower half of his face swathed in a red handkerchief. Before Barnard could catch his breath, another masked man and another pair of [illegible] lined up beside the first.

"We got ye, pal, so don't you start no fuss," one of the men said roughly. "What you got to do is pull them wire-jerking machines out, and do it quick!"

Barnard comprehended the situation in a flash. It was not the first time in his Western experience that he had been "stuck up" with a gun or witnessed a train robbery. He did not need to be told—as the men coolly informed him—that a gang of road-agents was about to hold up and rob the east-bound express, now almost due, and that they meant to prevent his sending an alarm over the wire. Even as they spoke he heard the rough voices of a number of men coming toward the station.

Knew Something of Telegraphy.

The station-agent was helpless to resist, but he attempted to deceive the bandits. He unscrewed the telegraph sounder from the desk, but did not touch the relay instrument, which would serve him to send out a message if he got an opportunity. But the robbers were too clever.

One was undoubtedly a telegraph operator, for he betrayed professional familiarity with the instruments. He reached over and ripped the relay off the desk

"You don't fool me, Mr. Smart," he said grimly. He handed the two instruments to the other man. "Chuck 'em out into the prairie as far as you can throw 'em," he ordered. "Here, you come along with me," he added to Barnard.

The man, whose uncouth manner and language seemed to be assumed rather than natural, forced Barnard out on the platform, with the muzzle of a revolver between his shoulder-blades. Six or seven other armed men were lounging around, waiting for the train.

They directed the station-agent to set out a red lantern on the track, that there might be no question about stopping the train, and then made him fetch out the mail-sack and set it on the edge of the platform, the usual custom in case the engineer did not stop to take on water, but merely slowed up for the mail.

Barnard saw that there were thirteen men in the gang, all of them with red or parti-colored handkerchiefs wrapped around their faces, leaving nothing vis-

ible but their eyes under their hat-brims. All were armed, each man carrying a pair of revolvers.

It still lacked a few minutes of eleven o'clock, the hour the express was due at the Springs. While the gang waited, the man who had first entered the station, and who seemed to have general direction of affairs, bade Barnard hunt up a wooden water-bucket, which he placed beside the mail-sack. Then the gang scattered along the platform in the shadow of the house, leaving the captured station agent to a solitary promenade up and down the platform under the stars

Not even the customary clicking of the telegraph instruments broke the silence of the desolate Western night. Far to the westward the treasure-laden prey was already in sight, whirling toward the station, the round, red eye of the headlight boring into the darkness, but revealing nothing of the danger ahead.

Whether the thirteen masked road-agents, lurking in the shadow of the Big Springs station, knew it or not, the east-bound Union Pacific express that night offered a shining mark. When the train left Cheyenne, at three o'clock in the afternoon, it carried a full load of through passengers bound for Omaha and the East and an enormous amount of precious metal in the Wells, Fargo & Company's express-car.

There Express Messenger George Miller had charge of two safes, both filled with money; one a through, combination-lock safe, of which he did not know the combination, and the other the messenger's way-safe. In addition, there were many bars of silver bullion.

Engineer Looking For Trouble.

It is a long run from Cheyenne to Big Springs, and just before reaching the latter station the engineer determined to stop for water, though at first he had intended to run on to Ogallalla. It is a remarkable fact that he had so strong a presentiment of danger that he took his revolver out of the seat-box and had it ready for use when he whistled as he saw the red light set out for him

As the engine drew up at the platform where the station-agent was standing beside his mail sack, the engineer detected some flitting figures which aroused his suspicions. He seized his revolver and slid down from his seat. Just at that moment, as if fortune were on the side of the road-agents, the fireman threw open the door of the fire-box, the glare momentarily blinding the engineer.

Before he could recover, a man sprang into the cab from either side, and four revolvers were shoved at his head.

"Drop that gun," a voice growled. "Drop it or you'll die."

The engineer obeyed. He could see a gang of men running toward the cars, shouting and waving their pistols. Then he and the fireman were backed into the tender by the two robbers and held there, while the other brigands captured the train.

Road-Agents Meant Business.

One man ran back to the rear end and stood by the back platform of the sleeper, his revolvers ready for action.

Conductor Patterson had stepped from a day-coach the instant the train stopped Evidently each of the various members of the gang had their own work to do, for the first man ran past him, but a second held a revolver to Patterson's head.

"Stand right where you are and shove your hands up as far as you can get them," the robber ordered.

Conductor Patterson promptly held up his arms, and the road-agent, with leveled pistol, compelled him to remain in that position

In a second masked men were stationed upon each platform, their revolvers shining in the light from the day-coaches. In the sleeper, at that hour of the night, every door and window was locked and dark.

The trainmen and passengers learned at once what would happen to any one who resisted. Andrew Riley, of Omaha, had followed the conductor out on the platform. One of the "reserve squad" of robbers dashed at him.

"Throw up your hands and march back into that car!" the fellow shouted.

Riley had not realized clearly what was going on. He assumed it to be a joke and laughed

"Not much!" he said.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the revolver, which the robber was holding within a foot of his head, flashed, the ball grazing Riley's head. Then he obeyed the first part of the command. As a punishment for his temerity, the road-agent went through Riley's pockets, relieving him of twenty-seven dollars and his watch. Then he was ordered back into the car, this time obeying with alacrity.

Under the eyes of the guards on the platforms, the other passengers did not dare to hide their money. The red handkerchiefs on the robbers' faces gave them a terrifying appearance in the night-lights, and to intimidate still more the imprisoned travelers, the squad on the platform began blazing away with their revolvers, shooting over and under the cars, while the real work of looting went on forward

The moment the train was stopped and before a shot was fired, four men had closed in on Station-Agent Barnard and had shoved him ahead of their revolvers to the express-car. There they compelled him to knock on the door, in accordance with his custom when he had mail or express matter to deliver.

Suspecting nothing wrong, Miller, the express messenger, opened the door and the robbers jumped into the car with leveled revolvers. With Barnard and Miller backed up against the side of the car in front of the pistols, one of the masked men twirled the handle of the combination safe and looked threateningly at the messenger.

"I can't open that; I haven't got the combination," Miller said. "You ought to know that"

Reasoning with the Messenger.

The robber sprang upon him with an oath and struck him a vicious blow on the head with his revolver

"There, d—— ye, that'll teach you to talk too much," he said. "Now, you get to work and open that other safe."

Miller groaned as he staggered to the safe. He knew what a large amount of treasure he was carrying, and in another moment the robbers knew, too. In the most methodical manner, one of them turned over the way-bills containing a list of the consignments, while the others emptied the contents of the safe into a large grain sack which they had with them.

There were only five hundred dollars in greenbacks and a small quantity of silver coin, but there was package after package of gold coin of the mintage of that year—new money of 1877. The amount of gold alone in the safe was sixty thousand dollars, making a very heavy load—between two hundred and three hundred pounds.

A discussion arose as to the best method of carrying away the treasure, and the robbers started to rip open some of the boxes, but finally they decided to stow all the packages into two sacks. There were also three hundred thousand ounces of silver in heavy bars, consigned to the Treasury at Washington. After learning the weight of the bars, the robbers left them without further discussion.

One of the brigands experimented with the combination-lock of the through safe, but soon gave it up in disgust. Then they pulled about some of the United States mail-sacks, but left them also without disturbing the contents, and at last swarmed out of the car, warning the two railroad men that a guard would watch the door.

With the booty from the express-car out on the platform, half a dozen of the road-agents gathered around it for a conference. Almost immediately they separated again, part going toward the engine, the others making for the passenger-cars. All this time the conductor had been standing with his hands in the air, the other trainmen and the passengers were held in the cars under the guns of the guards.

With one man holding a "collecting sack" and two others covering the passengers with their revolvers, the robbers went through the cars, compelling both men and women to surrender their money, watches, and jewelry as fast as they could produce them. By the time they had reached the sleeper they had secured about two thousand dollars in money, half a dozen gold watches, a ticket to Chicago, and a miscellaneous lot of trinkets. One passenger named

Morris lost four hundred and eighty dollars in cash and a gold watch.

But the sleeping-car was locked and barricaded, and the robbers could make no impression on the strong door of the car. Finally, in a rage, the squad despatched one of their number to the engine for a sledge-hammer.

The men at the engine had been busy with their part of the hold-up. They were far-seeing brigands who purposed to delay pursuit as long as possible, especially as they had heavy plunder to get clear with. While one squad was going through the passenger-cars, two of the robbers proceeded to put out the fire under the boiler by throwing buckets of water upon it. This was the purpose of the water-pail which had been placed on the platform beside the mail-sack.

A Freight Train Appears.

But the whole gang was startled by a sudden, shrill whistle, followed by the rattle and rumble of a freight-train which had been following the passenger-train and now came puffing up from the rear

Instantly the robbers swarmed across the platform and made their way toward the woods behind the station, carrying the bags of plunder with them. Conductor Patterson, released now from in front of the big revolver, seized a lantern and flagged the freight-train just in time to prevent a rear-end collision.

The gang of road-agents had tied their horses so close to the station that when the robbers made their "get-away" the animals could be heard whinnying and the men cursing as they mounted and started off across the prairie

The first thought of Conductor Patterson was to report the robbery. The telegraph apparatus at the station was useless and the fire in his own engine was nearly out and the steam low; the locomotive would be out of commission for many minutes.

He ran back to the freight engineer and had him uncouple his engine. By means of the side-track the locomotive got around the passenger-train and started for Ogallalla, fifteen miles away, with the news of the robbery.

Messages were despatched in every direction giving the alarm, and when the passenger train reached Omaha at six o'clock in the morning, particulars of the attack were flashed all over the adjacent country. The news was sent to the sheriffs of surrounding counties and to the commanding officers of military posts throughout Nebraska and Wyoming and all along the Union Pacific road.

The Union Pacific and the express company offered ten thousand dollars for the arrest of the robbers and separate rewards for the return of any portion of the stolen treasure or the capture of any member of the gang

Thanks to the robbers' original but careless manner of masking themselves, the trainmen and passengers could give a fairly good description of the various members of the gang. Sheriffs McCarthy, of Sidney, and Beddley, of North Platte, immediately struck out in the direction of the mountains, taking up the trail of the gang ten miles from Big Springs at a spot where a rifle, a pistol, and an empty money-box were found.

On the Bandits' Trail

The nature of the country made the pursuit slow and difficult, affording the robbers every facility of escape, but by adopting the old methods of the Indian-scouts and plainsmen, one officer succeeded in trailing them for a long distance. He was Detective Leech, of Ogallalla, who took up the chase on his own account.

Mounted on a fine horse, Leech followed the robbers from a point near Ogallalla, and finally came in sight of the gang, though unseen himself. That night he crept to their camp, heard their conversation, and witnessed the division of the gold. The next morning, as he watched them make their preparations for a start, he was detected and pursued, escaping only through the speed of his thoroughbred.

However, he carried with him a mental photograph of the gang, and from his description the subsequent tragedies ensued.

The robbers were supposed to belong to a big gang which had been operating

in the Black Hills, and which was said to include Sam Bass, the leader; John Barrett, Joel Collins, James Berry, Henry Underwood (alias Thomas Nixson), a man named Heffridge, and several others who had formerly lived in Texas and the South. Bass was a noted Texas desperado; the others were merely suspected of complicity in the robbery.

It was reported that part of the gang had headed for Kansas, going south, and word was sent along the line of the Kansas Pacific to head them off. A company of soldiers was sent from Sidney, and Sheriff Beardsley with ten cavalrymen took up his station at Buffalo, a place three hundred miles south of Big Springs.

On the 25th of September, while the squad was patrolling the road, the sheriff saw two men coming from the north, driving a loaded pack-mule. The men answered the description of Collins and Heffridge, and the sheriff learned from them that they had been to the Black Hills and were returning to Texas.

A Sheriff's Mistake.

When the men started on, the sheriff ordered them to halt, at the same time shouting to the soldiers to cover them with their carbines. Instead of stopping, the two men drew their revolvers and started to run, when a volley from the cavalrymen brought them both down. Upon the pack-mule was found nearly twenty thousand dollars in gold.

This was the first unfortunate mistake of the officers. Though the authorities attempted to show that Collins, one of their victims, was one of the Union Pacific robbers and that his companion was Sam Bass, within a week Collins's father, a respectable citizen of Dallas, proved that his son's companion was Heffridge.

The two men had gone to the Black Hills with a herd of cattle, which they had sold at twenty-five cents a pound, and for which they had received their pay in gold, nearly twenty thousand dollars all told. From letters and other evidence it was obvious that Collins could not possibly have been at Big Springs on the night of the robbery.

Furthermore, he had amassed so much property near San Antonio by dealing in cattle that he was above suspicion. His conduct when accosted by the sheriff at Buffalo was accounted for on the hypothesis that the two men supposed that they had fallen into the hands of robbers and were determined to resist.

This blunder was bad enough, but there was as bad a one to come.

Early in October James Berry appeared in Williamsburg, Missouri, with a companion, both of them "flush," and apparently bent on having a good time. Berry, who had formerly lived near Williamsburg, said that he had been on a trip to the Black Hills and Big Horn gold-fields, where he had sold some claims and had been paid for them in gold.

He had something like ten thousand dollars in gold coin of the mintage of 1877 (the same kind, it will be remembered, as that stolen from the Union Pacific express-car), which he used openly.

In the course of business the gold was sent to St. Louis, where it aroused suspicion. Detectives were placed on the case and a posse, headed by Sheriff Glasscock, of Fayette County, Missouri, discovered Berry in the woods near his house, fired upon him, and subsequently brought the wounded man to Mexico, where, through neglect in securing prompt medical attendance, he died. He had on his person two thousand dollars in currency.

Punished or Murdered?

There was no positive proof that Berry was one of the Union Pacific robbers, and in a suit for twenty thousand dollars, brought against the sheriff by Berry's wife, it was alleged that he had been assassinated. The circumstances were certainly curious.

At first the sheriff stated that he had called upon Berry to surrender and had only fired when the latter attempted to escape, the homicide being thus justified by the fact that it was committed in the lawful discharge of his duty.

But it was affirmed on good authority that the truth was that the sheriff had crept up on Berry while he was asleep in the bush and had fired both barrels of his gun, without calling upon him to

surrender at all. This statement was borne out by the significant circumstance that eighteen buckshot entered the man's leg just above the knee, ranged upward, and lodged in, or came out through, the hip, thus indicating that he was lying down with his feet toward the sheriff when the shot was fired.

Later the sheriff and one or two of his posse defended themselves on the ground that Berry was a desperado of a dangerous and savage type, that he was a dead-shot and had sworn never to be taken alive, and that he would undoubtedly have killed some of his pursuers if he had had a moment's warning. Why the man was permitted to die unattended was not explained.

The pursuit of the bandits concluded with the arrest of "Thomas Nixson." He was taken on Christmas night at his home near Sherman, Texas, seven officers surrounding the house, while a wedding was in progress inside. "Nixson" refused to surrender at first and held the fort till morning.

Then he changed his mind and gave himself up. No money was found in his possession, and when he was interviewed in jail by Leech, who had trailed the robbers from Ogallalla, the detective himself was in doubt about his identity, though he somewhat resembled one of the men Leech had seen in camp.

On the other hand, the prisoner proved that he was Henry Underwood, and asserted that he was connected with the case simply because he knew Collins and Heffridge, who were killed by the cavalrymen at Buffalo Station. It was also shown that the Nixson whom the officers were after was a Canadian, was then in Canada and had never been in Texas.

Thus, after three men had been killed and as many damage-suits instituted against the pursuers, the pursuit of the Union Pacific robbers, which extended over many months and cost thousands of dollars, left the authorities as much in the dark as ever.

The thirteen road-agents with their masks of red handkerchiefs disappeared and the stolen treasure disappeared with them.

Any person to-day who may be the fortunate possessor of a twenty-dollar gold piece of the mintage of 1877 may consider himself the owner of a souvenir of the Union Pacific hold-up—the most mysterious train-robbery that ever occurred.

(To be continued.)

DILLON CAUGHT NAPPING.

What the Operator Said When Dillon Asked If There Was a Telegram for Him.

SEVERAL of them were sitting in the office of General Manager Calvin, of the Southern Pacific, discussing railroad men and railroad affairs, and the name of Sidney Dillon, one time president of the Union Pacific, was brought into the conversation.

"Did you ever hear about the time that Sidney Dillon was rebuffed by a telegraph agent?" said Mr Calvin. "The story has been told on several railroad officials, but it really happened to Sidney Dillon. There was a washout on the Union Pacific over in Nebraska. The Loup River climbed out of its channel and did quite a little damage to a piece of track at the far end of a long trestle. Several trains were stalled at a little station near the scene of the trouble, and the passengers were subjecting the telegraph operators to all sorts of annoyance by asking questions. During the night President Dillon came along in his special train. Leaving his car, he went up to the station, and said to the operator:

"'Have you a telegram here for me?'

"'I'm blessed if I know,' said the operator, eying Dillon very critically. 'Would your photograph be on it?'"—*San Francisco Chronicle*

Off the Main Line.

Small Consignments of Railroad Information Picked Up in Out-of-the-Way Corners and Rescued from Undeserved Oblivion.

THE Pennsylvania company, to meet the most serious car shortage in the history of the country, has sent out an appeal in which it is pointed out that if shippers will unload their cars only one hour earlier it will place ten thousand cars at the disposal of the company.

A WOMAN who wants to be a railroad engineer is the latest development in the career of the new woman. Miss Etta Snyder, of Philmont, New York, has applied to the New York Central for a position, showing a diploma from the Railroad Educational Association of Brooklyn, where she took a course in engineering by correspondence.

ON the Nickel Plate trainmen have received instructions to make use of the long-distance telephone in case of accident, where telegraph stations cannot be reached in a short time. As many of the farmhouses along the road are equipped with telephones, it should not be difficult to establish communication with headquarters in short order under the new rule.

A LOCOMOTIVE, the climbing capability of which is spoken of with such enthusiasm as to lead one to think that it would climb the Flatiron Building if rails were laid, has been invented by G. S. Fouts, a working mechanic. It possesses a thirty-horse-power gas-engine, and can climb grades of from ten to twenty-four per cent. One of these engines is now working in the Santa Cruz Mountains, where it climbs steep grades with the greatest ease.

THE people of Shelby County, Missouri, having grown tired of waiting for outside capital, are proceeding to build their own railroad. It is to run from Shelbyville, the county-seat, to Shelbina, eight miles away on the Burlington. The road is to be standard gage. The inhabitants of the two towns and farmers along the line have subscribed to one hundred and six thousand dollars' worth of stock, and a seven-thousand-dollar bonus in addition has been raised.

MAINE raises so many potatoes that the Canadian Pacific is building special potato-cars for their accommodation. In fact, two hundred and fifty cars have already been completed, and more are under way. They are all lined and sealed and have double doors, so that the danger of bruising or of frost-bite *en route* is reduced to a minimum. Aroostook County is the district especially benefited by the new departure, and all the cars are to be returned thither as soon as they are emptied.

THE loss of a smoke-stack would prove to be a great inconvenience to an engineer who was devoid of originality and ideas, but when freight-engine 1647 of the Baltimore and Ohio became mixed up in a wreck, and after the caboose of another train had tried light gymnastics over 1647 with the result of only removing the smoke-stack, Engineer Peter Light calmly proceeded to install a sugar-barrel in the place of the lost stack, and took his train into Cumberland, Maryland, with little loss of time.

IN addition to being instinct with romance and melancholy, the falling leaves of autumn have a dangerous quality, as the Schenectady Railway Company can testify. Last fall a trolley-car on the way from Troy to Schenectady should have stopped to allow the motorman to turn the switch, but the leaves lying on the rails made the track so slippery that the brakes failed to work, and the car slid into the open switch, jumped the track, and bumped into a telephone-pole,

bruising and jolting a number of passengers severely.

RUINED by muskrats is the sad tale of the branch of the Louisiana Southern running from Ysceloskey to Shell Beach, Louisiana, two and one-half miles away. The road runs through a wooded swamp and sea marsh, and the muskrats have been so active in the soft, muddy ground that the track was constantly being undermined. The fact that the revenue of the road averaged less than two dollars a day prohibited the expenditure of any considerable sum of money to get the better of the muskrats, and so the line is to be abandoned.

PRESIDENT MURRAY, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, does not claim to be superstitious, but he has a great weakness for the number 13—at least, so a garnerer of curious facts about great men declares. Unlike most people, he considers it his lucky number. He began his railroad career on January 13, 1872; he is the thirteenth president of the Baltimore and Ohio, and it is his thirteenth railroad position. His office and telephone number are both 13, and he delayed the official opening of the company's new central office (which has 13 stories and will accommodate 1300 employees) until the 13th of September.

THE Cowlairs grade, which the London trains have to ascend in leaving Glasgow from the Queen Street high-level station, is so steep as to be beyond the power of the locomotive, and the train has to be pulled for the first mile and a half by an endless steel rope. The rope is three miles long, and cost three thousand dollars. It lasts from ten to twelve months, a new one having recently been installed. It is endless, runs on the surface of the up and down tracks, dipping underground at each end, and is supported on iron pulleys. The train is fastened to the rope, which is then started by a stationary engine and hauls the train to the top of the grade.

SIMPLICITY on the one hand and the possibility of future serious complications on the other mark the scheme of an Argentine legislator who has introduced a bill by which the railroads of Argentina are to be made to buy themselves up and make a present of themselves to the government. This Napoleon of finance proposes to put a tax on the revenues of the companies sufficient to buy them out in sixty years. Among other slight discrepancies presented by this method pointed out by the *Railroad Gazette* is the improbability of a government—particularly a South American government—agreeing to allow such a horde of money to accumulate slowly without drawing on it. The same paper sums up the situation in these words: "The coolness of the proposal to make the railroad companies pay for their own extinction is sufficient to make some of our enthusiasts for government ownership sit up and take notice."

CREDIT for the first plan for a tunnel under the Hudson River belongs to the Erie Railroad, declares former General Passenger Agent John N. Abbott. In 1869, when the Erie ferry to Twenty-Third Street, Manhattan, was opened, Mr. Abbott took Mr. Gould and Vice-President Fisk over to Jersey City to inspect some new sleeping cars. On the way to the ferry Mr. Fisk asked Mr. Abbott how he would like to see Erie trains run into a great station at Twenty-Third Street and Eighth Avenue. Then he said that he and Mr. Gould had bought the block between Eighth and Ninth Avenues and Twenty-Third and Twenty-Fourth Streets, and that a tunnel was to be built under the Hudson River through which trains would be run into the new station to be erected on the block mentioned. No reason is given for the abandonment of the plan, but it was probably due to the cost and the lack of a traffic demand for the improvement at that early date.

IT is manifestly impossible for two trains to pass if they wait for each other thirty miles apart. This was the predicament of two trains on the Great Northern recently. Train Number Seven, north-bound, was instructed to meet Number Six, south-bound, at Downer, a short distance north of Barnesville, and by a misunderstanding in the despatcher's office Number Six was instructed to meet Number Seven at Averill, thirty miles farther north.

Neither of these places has telegraph operators, and the trains ran into the sidings, as directed. After waiting two hours and a half, the crew of Number Seven became suspicious and sent a man ahead on a hand-car with a red light, the train slowly following. In a short time they were met by a light engine which had been sent on to search for them.

An operator between the two points had become alarmed when neither train showed up, had telegraphed the despatcher's office, and the mistake was discovered, but not until every wheel in the division had been brought to a standstill.

WHEN GERONIMO WAS FREE.

BY OSCAR W. EDLING.

The Clever Game He Tried To Play With a Telegraph Operator in an Arizona Station.

"YES," said the station-agent, "I did have an adventure with Geronimo's warriors the summer they broke loose from their reservation, which, perhaps, is worth telling about

"The previous winter I had been employed away up north in Canada, within sight of the glaciers glinting on the Banff Mountains, and I got the iced air so incorporated in my system that I felt like a cold-storage plant.

"As soon as the snow blockade was raised in the spring I turned southward. I was not particular where I went so long as it was near the tropics. I thought my constitution required steaming up and that a quiet, easy job in some hot tamale climate would just about thaw me out. I thought seriously for a time of the Desert of Sahara, but as a compromise on traveling expenses I accepted a place in southern Arizona, a stand which can give Sahara hints on the desert business.

"It's a great place for acquiring a thirst, or even adding to one already acquired. I was sitting in the shade of the water-tank one day, the contents of which I had been absorbing at brief intervals. I had hardly energy enough to rise from my chair to get out of the way of a big salamander which was sluggishly crawling at my feet. After giving it a kick I lazily looked over the sizzling scenery and listened to the steel rails rapping with the heat, and wondered if I would ever have enough animation in me to go north again

"I found it too much work to think with the expanding mercury almost lifting the glass tube of the thermometer out of its socket and so I fell into a doze. How long I nodded I do not know, but a swarm of insects settling on me as if I were made of fly-paper awoke me.

"As I stirred, my little dog also came out of his usual comatose condition, for the heat had made us both excessively weary, and dragging himself over to a post he leaned against it for support and barked feebly.

"'What's excited you, pup?' I asked him, for I knew there must be something wrong to make him so lively.

"The exertion, however, made him pant so violently I thought he had the hydrophobia, and I was wishing I had a gun when I heard a noise behind the house. Before I could get up to investigate, I found the cause standing before me in the shape of several painted Indians.

"I was familiar with the sight of Indians, but I could see that this bunch were not friendly visitors, although they grinned at me. Their grin said plainly, 'You are ours,' and I had a sneaking idea that absence would make the heart grow considerably fonder.

"'How do you do?' I asked, as soon as I could swallow a sudden inflammation in my throat.

"'How do?' one of them grunted in reply. 'Whisk' Bottle whisk' Mouth dry; want drink'

"'Whisky? Certainly,' and I brought out a quart bottle which I kept for snake bites. Immediately it was passing from mouth to mouth; and it was all gone when a second crowd of painted faces galloped up alongside. There was a full score more of them and I felt awfully lonesome.

"The empty bottle was circulated among the last arrivals; each rider gravely taking a smell. 'More, bring more whisky!' some of them shouted, and when I explained that I had no more, they looked crushed. The first six who had merged the contents appeared happy over the discomfiture of their comrades, and one of them pointed t the l ig, dripping water-tank and said, 'Lenc water, take heap, all you want.'

"This did not seem to comfort them any, and I saw that they reproached me for being a temperance man. I really wished I had a distillery to satisfy them, for I knew that I would have to suffer for their loss, and the sight of some scalps dangling from their belts did not reassure me

"However, there was some hope so long as my own remained where nature had placed it.

"After some confusion in rummaging through the place I was put alongside my desk. There was a brief confab in Apache between the leaders, one of whom was Geronimo himself, and then one of them, dressed like a white man, sat down and wrote a message on one of my blanks. Turning to me when it was finished he said in good English:

"'Look here, young fellow, we want you to send this despatch to the captain at Fort Bowie, and, mind you, no monkeying on the wire. Send just that, no more and no less. Obey us and your life will be spared; but if you send any warning beside this, we will comb your hair for you. I picked up some telegraphy at the Indian school.

"'I would send it off myself only it's safer for you to do it as they know your "sine" and might tumble to my sending. Now get a move on and rush it. I will listen to make sure that you are not telling on us.'

"And with that he laid the blank before me and at the same time pointed a pistol toward my head

"There was nothing for me to do but obey and I read the telegram:

"To Captain ——, Fort Bowie:

"Geronimo, with a large force, has just passed south on the way to surprise the mining settlement in Crystal Gulch. Some ranchmen brought me the news, and they ask you for God's sake order your troops there to the rescue at once. Please answer. Agent.

"I had direct wire connection with the fort and I soon raised the operator there and began transmitting the despatch, wondering, as I did so, what its object was. I concluded that it was to put the troops on a false chase, and I privately resolved to notify the fort if I could

"Was the young Indian really an operator and could he detect me if I should add a warning to the message? He was now standing over me and I looked up at him. His eyes met mine as I did so, and a smile passed over his face as he said, 'Yes, I'm following you all right. You are at that word;' and he pointed to the exact place where I had paused in my sending.

"He had read my thoughts and had proved to me that he understood telegraphy. He glanced in triumph at the others, as if vain of his knowledge, and Geronimo uttered an approving grunt.

"I resumed my wiring and was nearly done, when the Fort operator broke me, having missed a word. I repeated it and was going ahead with the close when the Indian operator interrupted me with an oath:

"'You are sending wrong; you are posting the fort!'

"'No, I am not,' I answered him.

"'You lie! What did you say just then?' And he shoved his gun under my nose.

"'The operator at the fort asked me to repeat that word and I did so; that is all. Didn't you hear it?'

"He looked hard at me for a few seconds, but as I had spoken the truth I did not flinch and returned the gaze quite as steadily.

"'Oh, I was only trying to frighten you,' he said with a laugh. 'Where are you now?'

"'Here,' I said, pointing to the place where I had left off, with the key open.

"'That's right! Finish it!' said he; and I did so, getting O. K. from the fort.

"The other chiefs during our altercation had looked menacingly at me, but assumed their passive attitude again

when the buck made some explanation in Apache.

"There were but four of them present, all the others being outside searching for anything worth stealing. The station was a small one, only a few Mexicans being residents there, and, fortunately for them, they were all away celebrating some one of their numerous Saints that day and I was entirely alone.

"Within ten minutes thereafter, the fort called me. The reply was short, expressing thanks for the information and saying that the troops would leave for Crystal Gulch at once. When I had O. K.'d it, the fort man asked me for more information regarding the Indians.

"The Indian ordered me to write down every word, and he would not permit me to answer it until he had written the reply. Then he would follow the copy closely with his eyes, and at the same time listen intently to my sending. This puzzled me a little at first until I noticed the blank expression on his face when the sounder was ticking off a question and I had not yet completed writing it.

"I then guessed rightly that he was only a plug operator and that he could not catch a word off the instrument unless he had a written copy before him to prompt him. A fair knowledge of telegraphy would enable him to do this, which also explained to me the reason why he had accused me previously of sending wrong.

"The interruption by the fort man 'breaking' had thrown him out of place and he failed to catch what followed. I hoped now to take advantage of his lack of skill if an opportunity offered. But he was too sharp for me and would not let me touch the key except when he had the sending copy before his eyes.

"When the wiring was ended, the fellow explained the business to the others, who grunted their approval and immediately all went out of doors except my operator friend, their places being taken by three others.

"I heard the gang outside ride off, but in which direction they went, I was unable to tell as my guard would not allow me to look out. They were not sociable fellows, speaking but seldom to each other, and puffing in silence on their pipes like factory chimneys.

"What were they keeping me for? I wondered. Had they some other use for me that they did not kill me at once?

"Three long oppressive hours passed thus, the figures of the Indians dimly visible through the dense tobacco smoke enveloping us. Then they arose and, seizing me, bound me to my chair and left the room.

"I heard the clatter of their horses' feet and I realized with surprise and great relief that they had gone and I was yet alive. Waiting a few minutes to make sure that they would not return, I wriggled loose from my bonds, which had been carelessly tied and cautiously peeped out of the window. A half mile to the north I could see the four Indians riding away

"They remained in sight for ten minutes more at least, when they dropped from view down in a valley. I was glad I had seen the direction of their going, so that I could report it to the fort.

"For while the troops were speeding south to Crystal Gulch, the Indians were riding north and very likely would attack the ranches along Chico Creek, which were not far above the fort and could not be attacked with impunity while the troops were there.

"I was at the telegraph key in an instant and called the fort furiously. The operator there replied in a few minutes and I was not long in explaining what had happened. The information astonished him. Excusing himself he ran and informed the commander.

"At length he returned and told me that the captain had sent only a little more than half of the company stationed there to Crystal Gulch and had retained the remainder who would start directly for Chico Creek. I felt some satisfaction and comfort in this and waited patiently for news.

"The next day some soldiers arrived by train and stopped at my station to guard the railroad property, until all danger had passed. I learned from them the conclusion of the affair and the narration surprised me. Geronimo's telegram had told the truth!

"The Indians had tricked me into believing that it was a lie!

"The four fellows who had guarded me had purposely gone north so long as they were within sight of my station, and my life was spared so that I could observe them and report it to the fort.

"The main body of Indians had gone southward three hours before, but had concealed themselves on the way so as to avoid the returning soldiers, whom they expected would be recalled, and then attacked Crystal Gulch early in the evening.

"They had also expected that nearly all the miners employed at the gulch would, as usual, be ready to join in a scrap and would have accompanied the troopers back to Chico Creek in aid of the ranches supposed to be in peril there.

"With the miners out of the way, which was the whole object of their ruse—for there were too many of them for the Indians to cope with—and the troops tired out by a double wild-goose chase, the Indians could have looted the miners' supply store at their leisure.

"They would have succeeded had not the fort commander decided to take no chances. 'For,' as he had remarked to his sergeant at the time of my warning, 'the devil alone knows where his imps will turn up; and half a company of my boys can handle a whole company of Apaches!'

"So he did not send for the return of his men from Crystal Gulch. When Geronimo and his men dashed into what they supposed a defenseless settlement they met a volley that left half the ponies riderless and sent the rest of the band scattering to the four winds of heaven."

RUSSIAN RAILROAD MAGNIFICENCE.

Enough Gold Braid, Brass, Leather, Broadcloth, White Gloves, and Gilt Buttons to Equip an Army.

YOU might suppose that you had accidentally wandered into the Russian Imperial Train and that the Lord in Waiting who confronts you will immediately give a secret signal to some hidden agent who will place you under arrest as an anarchist. You are surprised and relieved when the L. in W. assumes a polite and even deferential aspect, and you are somewhat shocked and disappointed to find that you are merely on the train *de luxe* after all, and that the L. in W. is just a common or garden train-conductor.

This is indeed a train *de luxe;* a European "Twentieth Century." So it is called by W. E. Curtis, who in describing the train on which he traveled through Russia in an article to the Chicago *Record-Herald,* says:

The conductor looks as if he had made up for a comic opera. He wears a uniform as gorgeous as a major-general would ever need, and his hands are protected by white gloves. His mustache is a wonder—large, thick, and lustrous, and the ends turn up at right angles as far as his eyes, like the horns of a Texas steer. He carries a sword, and a little haversack made of scarlet leather and trimmed with brass hangs from his shoulder by a strap.

The sleeping-car porters wear a brown livery, beautifully decorated with braid, and white gloves also. The conductor, or cashier of the dining-car, has a uniform of green broadcloth handsomely trimmed with gold braid. Wide stripes run down the seams of his trousers, and fanciful designs are worked out upon his sleeves, while his collar is very high and very stiff and is decorated with cabalistic initials.

He wears a monocle in one eye, and holds it in place with marvelous ability. The jarring rocking of the train and the rushing about of people did not seem to disturb him in the least. His monocle clings to his eye with the greatest of ease. I do not believe any one ever saw it displaced.

The waiters in the dining-car wear gorgeous livery, long blue swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons and trousers to match, and fancy striped waistcoats such as are worn by the footmen in royal palaces.

Campaigning With a Railroad Army.

IN this number we present in the story of the Sierra Nevada snow-sheds the first fruits of the special tour around the West by Gilson Willets, correspondent in the field for THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. In the four weeks that he spent with the privates and field commanders of the great Harriman corps Mr. Willets has gathered stories enough to fill a volume, and every page of it would be instinct with human interest.

As his snow-shed story was the first complete picture of this great achievement to be presented to the readers of an American magazine, so his account of the adventures of the Union Pacific bandit-hunters, to appear next month, will be the first description of this unique police body.

Then he will tell month by month stories of wild runs, of runaway trains, of daring feats of railroad men, of the hair-raising adventures of the early days; stories of the wrecking-gang, of the men who swing the shovel, hold the throttle, and twist the brake-wheels, precisely as they were told to him by those who know.

For thirty days he lived with the men in blue jumpers and overalls, the men who are out on the firing line of one of the greatest corps of the American railroad army, and he has come back filled to the brim with tales that have never been told

Recent Railroad Patents.

BY FORREST G. SMITH.

EVERY year the number of patents applied for and granted which have to do directly or indirectly with the operation of railroads mounts into the thousands. Any single department of railroading has its hundreds. Many of these must be written down among the freaks, which will have an article of their own in a late number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE.

Most of the patents, however, are granted to practical railroad men who are intent on actual improvements in some part of the great organization which they serve. These it shall be our task to describe briefly, but as clearly as possible, in this department, which is to be a regular monthly feature. Of necessity, only a comparatively few of the devices can be covered, and it may sometimes happen that our readers will differ with us as to the relative importance of the mentioned and the unmentioned.

In that case, the simplest remedy is to write us, calling our attention to the oversight and giving reasons for including a description of the overlooked patent in this department. The omission will be repaired as speedily as possible if the reasons are good.

Inventions of Recent Date Which Add to the Safety, Speed, Comfort, or Value of the Railroads of the United States.

ACCIDENTS attendant on the demand for increased speed of travel in this country are being gradually eliminated by the adoption of improved block-signal systems by all of the larger railroads, and although those now in use are only semi-automatic, they have given general satisfaction.

An entirely automatic system has, however, been recently perfected and patented (No. 832,084, October 2, 1906) by Benjamin F. Saurman, of Philadelphia, and his system possesses so many advantages over those now in use that it bids fair to supplant at least a portion of them.

Heretofore, if by accident or inattention to duty, an engineer failed to observe the caution or danger-signals of a semaphore, a collision was almost invariably the result, but by the use of the system invented by Mr. Saurman such failure results in the operation of both visible and audible signals in the engine cab, where they may attract the attention of the engineer or fireman. It results also in the partial or entire throttling of the steam-supply to the engine cylinders and the actuation of the air-brake system to slacken the speed of the train or entirely stop it. Not only does the system accomplish this, but it also records the exact time at which such inattention to signals occurs.

In carrying out the system, a pair of blocks is mounted beside one of the track

rails adjacent to each semaphore. These blocks are connected, one with the caution blade of the semaphore and the other with the danger blade by means of a series of rods and levers in such a manner that, when the blades are raised, the blocks are also raised, and vice versa.

A wheel carried by a rod upon the engine is designed to engage the blocks when they are in the raised position and thereby move the rod, which movement serves to turn a disk which is located in the engine-cab, and which carries a white, a green, and a red pane of glass, this disk serving, together with a light which is placed behind it, as the visible signal for the cab.

At the same time that this disk is turned to display the caution or danger-signals, an electric bell is rung and warns the engineer in case he fails to observe the visible signal.

Simultaneously with the operation of these signals, a throttle valve, which is employed in addition to the one to be manually operated, is partly or entirely closed, according to whether the caution or danger signal is set and at the same time the air pressure in the air-brake system of the train is reduced or entirely cut off, thereby causing the train to slacken speed or to come to a complete standstill.

Failure on the part of the engineer to observe the signals is automatically indicated on a record sheet carried by a cylinder which is turned by clock work, the sheet being so divided that the time of the error is indicated to the minute.

A Changeable Caboose-Lamp.

All trainmen are aware of the inconvenience involved in changing caboose signal-lamps and the expense necessary to provide and maintain a full set of such lamps on each caboose. In the near future all may know the luxury of a caboose-lamp which, when once in place, is there to remain, except when repairs are necessary and which may be operated in a minute's time to display any desired signal color both to the front and to the rear.

Such a lamp has recently been patented (No. 831,273, September 18, 1906), by Dudley H. Flynt, of Grand Island, Nebraska. It possesses, aside from the valuable features just stated, that of extreme simplicity of construction.

The lamp is enclosed in a casing built in the roof of the caboose, and has the usual front and rear "bull's-eyes" which are directed toward openings in the front and rear of the casing. Disposed in the casing and surrounding the lamp is a second casing formed of a frame having one red and three green panes of glass, the red pane being opposite the middle green pane.

In order that the desired panes may be brought opposite the front and rear "bull's eyes" to show a red light forward and a green light to the rear, or a green light forward and a red light at the rear, or a green light either way, as may be necessary, the casing is mounted to turn. A combined handle and latch is connected with it for this purpose and extends into the caboose within easy reach of the trainmen, so that they can set the signals, when desired, without leaving the caboose, the latch, of course, serving to hold them at the position in which they are placed.

For the Mail Service.

There have probably been fewer new mail-bag catching and delivering devices adopted by the railroads in their steady advancement than almost any other kind of improvement.

Who has not seen a mail-bag, delivered from a fast moving train, scud along the station platform and thence into some mud hole, unless stopped in its mad flight by an innocent observer?

An invention recently patented (831,438, September 18, 1906) by William A. Horrall, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is a mail bag receiving-trough which is formed of sheet metal and is secured to a portion of one of the rails and to several of the ties of a track section at a point near the station. This trough receives the mail-bags as they are delivered from the train, and, being closed at each end, prevents the bag from being thrown any distance or becoming soiled or torn.

In connection with this receiver Mr. Horrall employs a novel form of mail-bag catcher which is so constructed that

it will throw the outgoing bag directly into the car without any attention whatever on the part of the railway clerks.

In addition to performing both of these operations in an entirely efficient manner, the crane which supports the outgoing bag is provided with a trip which strikes a bag-supporting member on the catcher and releases the bag to be deposited at the station.

The catcher is so curved that it will throw the bags into the car as stated, and is so connected with the doorway of the car that it may be swung inward when not in use.

The scarcity of wood of the proper kind will in the near future drive all of the large railroads of the country to adopt metallic ties.

It is true that preservatives without number have been tried in an endeavor to prevent decay of the wooden ties and thereby prolong their usefulness, but they have one and all proved failures. In fact, one of the largest railroads in this country is now using steel ties on a certain stretch of its many miles of track, and while the test has not been sufficiently long to prove to an absolute certainty the supremacy of the steel tie over the wooden one, there is no doubt as to the final result.

The problem to be solved, however, is to produce a steel tie which will support a rail as effectually as will a wooden one, and which will yet require but a minimum amount of steel in its manufacture.

Passing of the Wooden Tie.

It is a conceded fact that steel ties require a larger first outlay than do the wooden, and although their lasting qualities offset this, it is desirable to adopt a tie which can be cast in one operation and which will not include means for fastening the tracks thereto other than the well-known forms of fastenings now on the market.

Such a tie as this has been produced and patented (No. 831,535, September 25, 1906) by John H. Clark, of West Concord, New Hampshire.

His tie is hollow and is intended to be embedded in the ground as are wooden ties, and, in fact, may be filled with the roadbed material, if desired, being open at each end.

A pair of braced flanges project from opposite sides of the tie at each of its ends and serve to support the rail more firmly than do the wooden ties now in use. These flanges are provided with openings, as is also the top of the tie, and U-bolts are engaged at their ends through these openings and through blocks which engage the rail flanges, there being nuts engaged upon the ends of the bolts to hold the blocks rigidly in place.

Block Signals Work Themselves.

Considering the enormous amount expended in salaries for operators for block signaling systems, a system which would entirely automatically indicate the presence of a train in a block would prove a great boon to the railroads in all parts of the United States.

A patent (No. 827,628, July 31, 1906) to Lonzo V. Greene, of Webster, Massachusetts, discloses a block signal system which is automatically operated by a train entering a block to signal a following train that the block is occupied, and is again automatically operated by the train when it leaves the block in such a way as to set the signal for a clear track.

Not only does his system operate the signals in the manner stated, but the signals are automatically locked in both their "danger" and "clear track" positions and the locking mechanism is so protected that it cannot be tampered with by mischievous individuals.

Broadly stated, the system includes trips which are located near the end of each block and which are connected with the signals, similarly located, in such a manner that when depressed by a fixed trip carried by the engine the proper signal is swung into or out of position in order to indicate an occupied block.

Aside from the fact that this system is efficient in its action, it is by no means complicated, as would naturally be supposed, and it would doubtless pay for itself in a short time by the practical elimination of rear end and head-on collisions.

Roll-Call of Veterans.

Some of the Men Who First Hit the Iron Trail When the Great Railroad Systems of the World Were in Their Infancy.

OVER HALF A CENTURY.

John C. Veeder's Long Period of Service in the Employ of the New York Central Railroad.

FIFTY-TWO years of continuous service for one company is a record of which a man may well be proud. This is the record of John C. Veeder, the oldest engineer on the New York Central Railroad. He is close on seventy years old and has not a gray hair in his head. Next year, which will see the completion of his fifty-two years' service, will also be the year of his retirement.

LONG SERVICE ENDED.

Death of J. H. Loomis, for Thirty-Eight Years Real Estate Agent of Philadelphia and Reading.

JUST at the termination of a vacation which was to restore him to health, J. H. Loomis, the real estate agent of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, contracted pleurisy and died at the home of his mother-in law. He had held the post of real estate agent for thirty-eight years, having entered the service of the company two years earlier as a clerk.

DEAN OF CONDUCTORS.

Albert Roath, the Oldest in the Country, Still Punching Tickets for the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

AT the age of seventy-eight, Albert Roath, of Worcester, Massachusetts, is busy every day refuting Dr. Osler's pet theory by acting as conductor between Worcester and New London on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. He has been on this road for fifty-eight years, more than fifty of which he has spent as a conductor, and has traveled over two million five hundred thousand miles—equivalent to one hundred times around the world. His hair is white, but his energy and capability are unabated, and he has no idea of abandoning his work.

A LOVER OF WORK.

Joseph Chester's Interest in Life Ceased When His Name Was Placed on the Pension List.

AFTER forty-three years of active service in the employment of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Joseph Chester, a Millville, New Jersey, railroader, brooded so much over his retirement on the pension list that it doubtless hastened his death at what he considered the youthful age of seventy-one years

HAS SEEN GREAT CHANGES.

When John Harper Began Railroading Trains Were Run from Station to Station by the Time Card.

A MAN of varied railroad experience, and than whom few have covered a greater distance, is John Harper, a passenger-conductor on the Pan Handle road. He has been on the railroad for forty-one years, beginning as water-boy on a work-train on the old Indiana Central, and having been for the past twenty-one years a passenger-conductor on one of the most desirable runs on the road that between Columbus and Indianapolis.

Harper has seen the present system develop from very crude beginnings. He remembers the time when all trains were

run by time-cards, certain stations being designated as meeting-points. At these meeting-points passenger-trains waited fifteen minutes and freight-trains thirty minutes, and thus a passenger-train, if on time, could start out on its route, and it was the business of all other trains to keep out of its way.

If both trains were more than fifteen minutes late at the meeting stations, then both forfeited their rights and had to feel their way along. When they came to a curve—and there were a good many curves in those days—each train would have to stop and send out a flagman to see if the track was clear on the other side of the curve. Harper has done such a service many a time. It thus required many hours to make a journey over the road, and the conductor was greater than the president, directors, stockholders, and officers combined.

IN MEMORY OF A VETERAN.

Monument Erected to S. E. Wilkinson, One of the Great Chiefs of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

A MAGNIFICENT monument has been erected in Linwood Cemetery, Galesburg, Illinois, by the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, to the memory of S. E. Wilkinson, late grand master of the Brotherhood. Mr. Wilkinson was head of the Brotherhood for ten years, and carried the organization through the most critical period in its history. The monument was unveiled by P. H. Morrisey, present grand master of the Brotherhood, and eulogies were pronounced by Frank P. Sargent, former chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

A KNIGHT OF THE RAIL.

A Scotchman Who Was Formally Invested with a Title Often Bestowed as a Mere Compliment.

AMERICA is not alone in her record of men who have risen to the top of the railroad ladder, starting from the bottom rung. Sir James Thompson, who died recently at the age of seventy-one, was at the time of his death active and efficient as the chairman of the Caledonian Railway. He began his railroad career at the age of fourteen as a messenger, and proceeded thence through the successive grades of clerk, "goods superintendent" (a position corresponding roughly to general freight agent in the United States), general manager, and chairman of the board of directors. He was knighted by Queen Victoria in recognition of his services in developing the railroad systems of the United Kingdom.

A FRIEND OF LINCOLN.

E. S. Wells, a Veteran of the Burlington, Who Knew the Great President Intimately.

THE death of E. S. Wells, recently, marked the passing of one of the first civil engineers of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. He lived at Springfield, Illinois, at the same time as Abraham Lincoln, and was a close friend of the great President. He died at his home at the age of seventy-three.

GUARD TO MILLIONAIRE.

Career of Edward Arnott, Who Left Railroading to Find a Fortune in Welsh Collieries.

WHEN the life of Edward Arnott, owner of one of the richest collieries in Wales, came to an end, last fall, a striking romance of modern industry was rounded out to a fitting conclusion. Mr. Arnott as a young man was a guard in the employ of the Vale of Neath Railway. When that company was absorbed by the Great Western he obtained an appointment as inspector for D. Radford & Son, coal importers.

In that position he obtained an expert knowledge of conditions in the Welsh coal fields. The Bwlfa Colliery was then in bad shape, and Mr. Arnott induced a number of Aberdare men to join him in purchasing the shares at a very low rate. Then followed a reorganization of the company and the adoption of more effective methods of working.

At the time of the agitation for a tax on coal the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to it as a concern which had paid a thousand per cent on its capital. Although considerable secrecy has been maintained in recent years it is a well established fact that the colliery and its allied businesses have paid thirty to forty per cent annually since 1890.

"DAN" QUIXOTE.

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

In Which Virtue Comes into Its Own and Vice Sees the Structure Which It Has Reared Falling About Its Ears.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

DANIEL MAITLAND, commonly known as "Mad" Maitland, returns to his New York apartments in midsummer, and, looking around the room, finds the print of a woman's hand in the dust on his writing table. His curiosity is aroused, and he covers the print with an ash-receiver.

Later, at his lawyer's instigation, he goes down to his country place at Greenfields, Long Island, to protect the Maitland family jewels from [illegible] Dan Anisty, the noted cracksman. On the way he falls in with a charming young lady in an automobile. He helps her out of a ditch, and she rewards him by running away and leaving him standing in the middle of a country road.

When Maitland reaches his place he sees a light in the library, where the jewels rest in the safe. Stealing cautiously in, he finds the young lady he had befriended on the road busy cracking his safe. He interrupts her, and soon learns to his consternation, that she has mistaken him for Handsome Dan Anisty, the safe-breaker.

Determined to carry on the play, Maitland opens the safe and removes the Maitland jewels from the secret compartment. At that moment a third individual appears on the scene and "Mad" Maitland is confronted by his double, Handsome Dan Anisty, the cracksman.

Maitland overpowers Anisty, binds and gags him, and leaves him in his butler's charge. Then he takes the young lady back to the city and leaves her after making an engagement for luncheon. While he is breakfasting at noon a "Mr. Snaith" appears and represents himself as a detective. It is Anisty in disguise, and Maitland is knocked senseless, and his luncheon engagement with the young lady is kept by Anisty masquerading as Maitland.

Maitland is found and released by his butler. In his desire to escape the reporters who have got on the trail of the robbery at Greenfields and the remarkable resemblance between the clubman and the cracksman, Maitland takes dinner at his club and afterward goes to a hotel on Madison Square to spend the night.

Meanwhile the girl makes another visit to Maitland's room to continue her mysterious search and to return the Maitland jewels, which have been in her possession since the luncheon at Eugene's. There she is interrupted by Anisty, who endeavors to force her to reveal the whereabouts of the jewels. Maitland catches an echo of the struggle over the telephone, and rushes pell-mell to the rescue.

He overpowers Anisty and then permits him to escape just as the police rush in. The girl hides in an alcove. After the officers have been disposed of Maitland returns, but the girl has disappeared.

Chapter XII.

Foul Play.

COWERING in the alcove, the girl was shaken by incipient hysteria like a leaf in the wind, at first too weak, with the reaction and revulsion of feeling, to do more than lean heavily against the wall and fight with all her will the creeping faintness that threatened alike her self-control and reason.

Gradually the seizure passed, leaving her weary and worn but mistress of her thoughts and actions, and she sank gratefully into a convenient chair and bent an attentive ear to the war of words beyond the portières.

At first she failed to grasp the import of the altercation, and when at length she realized its trend, it was with incredulity and a dawning dread of a

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worse thing that might yet befall her, worse by far than anything that had gone before. To be deprived of his protection! To feel herself forcibly restrained from the shelter of his generous care!

A moment ago she had been so sure that all would now be well with her, once Maitland succeeded in ridding himself of the police. He would shut that door, and—and then she would come forth and tell him, tell him everything, withholding naught of all that damned her in her own esteem, and throw herself upon his mercy, torn with penitence but serene in the assurance that he would prove merciful

She had now such faith in his tender and gentle kindness. To her way of thinking, in his treatment of her he had shown himself a right true and loyal gentleman. She had divined so plainly the motive that had permitted Anisty's escape in order that she might be saved, not alone from Anisty, not alone from the shame of imprisonment, but from herself as well—herself as Maitland knew her.

The burglar out of the way, by ruse, evasion, and subterfuge she was to have been secreted from the prying of the police, smuggled out of the house, and taken to a place of safety, given a new chance to redeem herself—to clean her hands of the mire of theft, to become worthy of the womanhood that was hers.

But now she drove finger-nails cruelly into soft palms, striving to control herself and keep her tongue from crying aloud to those three brutal and blind men the truth, that she was guilty of the robbery, she with Anisty, that Maitland was—Maitland himself, and a man of honor

In the beginning, indeed, all that restrained her from doing so was her knowledge that Maitland would be more pained by her sacrifice than gladdened or relieved. He was so sure of clearing himself. It was inconceivable to her that there could be men so stupid and crassly unobservant as to be able to confuse the identity of the two men for a single instant. What though they did resemble each other in form and feature? The likeness went no deeper; below the surface, and showing through it with every word and look and gesture, lay a world wide abyss of difference in every grade of thought and feeling and instinct.

She herself could never again be deceived—never! Not for a second could she take the one for the other. What were they saying?

The turmoil of her indignation subsided as she listened, breathlessly, to Maitland's story of his adventures, and the joy that leaped in her for his frank mendacity in suppressing every incident that involved her was all but overpowering. She could have wept for sheer happiness, and at a future time she would, but not now, when everything depended on her maintaining the very silence of death.

How dared they doubt him? The insolents! The crude, brutish insolence of them! Her anger raged high again, and as swiftly was quenched, extinguished in a twinkling by a terror born of her excitement and a bare suggestion thrown out by Hicky.

"... explainin' how a crook like Anisty made three tries in one day to steal some jewels and didn't get 'em. Where were they, all this time?"

Maitland's cool retort was lost upon her. What matter? If they disbelieved him, persisted in calling him Anisty, in natural course they would undertake to search the flat. And if she were found? Oh, she must spare him that humiliation! She had given him cause for suffering enough. She must get away, and that instantly, before—— From a distance, to-morrow morning—to-night, even—by telephone, she could communicate with him

At this juncture O'Hagan entered with his parcel. The rustle of paper as he brushed against the door-jamb was in itself a hint to a mind keyed to the highest pitch of excitement and seeking a way of escape from a position conceived to be perilous. In a trice the girl had turned and fled, cat footed, from the alcove through the bedroom beyond to the door opening on the private hall.

Halting here for a brief reconnoissance, she determined that her scheme was feasible if hazardous. She ran the risk of encountering some one ascend-

ing the stairs from the ground floor, but if she were cautious and quick she could turn back in time. On the other hand, the men whom she most feared were thoroughly occupied with their differences, dead to all save that which was happening within the room's four walls. A curtain hung perhaps a third of the way across the study doorway, tempering the light in the hall, and the broad shoulders of the cabby obscured the remainder of the opening.

It was a chance. She poised herself on tiptoe, half undecided until the crackling of paper as O'Hagan opened the parcel afforded her an opportunity to escape by drowning the noise of her movements.

For two eternal seconds she was edging stealthily down toward the outer door; then, in no time at all, found herself on the landing, confronted by a fresh complication, one unforeseen. How was she to leave the house without being observed, stopped, perhaps detained until too late? There would be men at the door, beyond doubt, possibly police, stationed there to arrest all persons attempting to leave.

There was no time to waste. The choice of two alternatives lay before her—either to return to the alcove or to seek safety in the darkness of the upper floors, untenanted, as she had been at pains to determine. The latter seemed by far the better, the less dangerous, course to pursue, and she took it at once.

There was no light on the first-floor landing. Only a feeble twilight obtained there, partly a reflected glow from the entrance-hall, partly thin and diffused rays escaping from Maitland's study. So it was that the first few steps upward took the girl into darkness so close and unrelieved as to seem almost palpable.

At the turn of the staircase she paused, holding the rail and resting and listening for an instant, before ascending at a more sedate pace to a haven of safety more complete.

Resting so, she was suddenly chilled through and through with fear—sheer childish dread of the intangible and unknown terrors that lurked in the blackness above her. It was as if, rendered supersensitive by strain and excitement, the quivering filaments of her subconsciousness, like spiritual tentacles feeling ahead of her, had encountered and recoiled from a shape of evil, a specter of horror, obscene and malign, crouching there in the shadow of night.

Her breath was smothered in her throat, and her heart smote so madly against the frail walls of its cage that they seemed like to burst, while she stood transfixed, frozen in inaction, limbs stiffening, roots of her hair stirring, fingers gripping the banister-rail until they pained her, and eyes staring wide into the black heart of nothingness until the night seemed pricked with evanescent periods of dun fire and peopled with monstrous and terrible shadows closing about her.

Yet—it was absurd! She must not yield to such puerile superstitions. There was nothing there.

There *was* something there! Something that was stalking like an incarnation of hatred here! If only she dared scream! If only she dared turn and fly back to the comfort of light and human company!

There arose a trampling of feet in the hallway, and she heard Maitland's voice like a far echo as he bade the police good night. And distant and unreachable as he seemed, the sound of his words brought her strength and some reassurance, and she grew slightly more composed. Yet, the instant that he had turned away to talk to the cabman her fright of that unspeakable and incorporeal menace flooded her consciousness like a great wave, sweeping her, metaphorically, off her feet. And indeed, for the time, she felt as if she were drowning, overwhelmed by mighty waters, sinking, sinking into the black gulf of syncope.

Then, as a drowning person clutches at a straw, she grasped again at the vibrations of Maitland's voice. What was he saying?

You will wait outside, please, until I come out or send somebody, whom you will take wherever directed. . . ."

Speaking to the cabman, thinking of her, providing for her escape! Considerate and foresighted, as always! How she could have thanked him! The warmth of gratitude that enveloped her

almost unnerved her. She was hard put to it to restrain her impulse to rush down the stairs and——

But no; she must not risk the chance of rebuff. How could she be sure of what was in his mind—how probe his feeling toward her? Perhaps he would receive her protestations coldly. Heaven knew he had just cause to! Dared she? . . . To be repulsed! . . .

No. He had arranged this means for her flight; she would take advantage of it and . . . and thank him by letter. Better so, for they could never be anything to each other; he must ever think the worst of her; she could never undeceive him, pride restraining her. Better so; she would go, and quickly, before he discovered her absence from the flat.

Incontinently she swung about and flew down the stairs, silently, treading as lightly on the heavily padded steps as though she had been thistledown whirled adrift by the wind, altogether forgetful of the creeping terror she had sensed on the staircase, careless of everything save her immediate need to reach that cab before Maitland should be warned that she was gone.

The door was closing behind the cabby as she reached the bottom step, and she paused, considering that it were best to wait a moment, at least, lest he should be surprised at the quickness with which his employer found work for him, paused, and on some mysterious impulse half turned, glancing back up the stairs.

She was not a thought too soon; another instant's hesitation and she had been caught. Some one—a man—was descending, and rapidly. Maitland? Even in her brief glance she saw the white shield of a shirt-bosom gleam dull against the shadows. Maitland was in evening dress. Could it be possible?

No time now for conjecture—time only for action. She sprang for the door, had it open in a trice, and before the cabby was really enthroned upon his lofty box the girl was on the step, fair, troubled face upturned to him in passionate entreaty.

"Hurry!" she cried, distracted. "Drive off, at once, please—oh, please!"

Perhaps the man had expected something of the sort, analyzing Maitland's words and manner. At all events, he was quick to appreciate. This was what he had been engaged for and paid for royally, in advance.

Seizing reins and whip, he jerked the startled animal between the shafts out of its abstraction and

"I say, cabby! One moment!"

The cabman turned; the figure on the stoop of the house was undoubtedly Maitland—Maitland as he had just seen him, with the addition of a hat. As he looked, the man was at the wheel, clambering in.

"Changed my mind; I'm coming along, cabby," he said cheerfully. "Drive us to the St. Luke Building, please, and hurry!"

"Yessir!"

Bitter as poverty the cruel lash cut round the horse's flanks, and as the hansom shot out at breakneck speed toward Fifth Avenue the girl cowered back in her corner, shivering, staring wide-eyed at the man who had so coolly placed himself at her side.

This, then, was that nameless danger that had haunted her on the staircase, this the personality whose animosity toward her had grown so virulent that even when consciously ignorant of his nearness she had been repelled and frightened by its subtle force. And now—now she was in his power!

Dazed with fear, she started up, acting blindly on the primitive instinct of flight, and in another moment, doubtless, would have thrown herself bodily from cab to sidewalk had her companion not seized her by the forearm and dragged her back to the seat.

"Be still, you little fool!" he said sharply. "Do you think that I'm going to let you go a third time? Not till I'm through with you. And if you scream—by the powers, I'll throttle you!"

CHAPTER XIII.

In the Tower.

SHE sank back, panting, speechless. Anisty looked her over without visible emotion, then laughed nastily.

"This silly ass, Maitland," he observed pleasantly, "is really not so useless as he seems. By doing me the compliment of resembling me he proves to be a convenience. Consider his thoughtfulness in loaning us this cab! To tell the truth, I was quite at a loss as to how to spirit you away, and then Mr. Maitland fixed it all up for me so neatly, bless his heart! . . . And so," concluded the criminal with relish, "I have got you."

"Yes," she assented passively, now regaining something of her shattered poise, and with it the ability to accept the situation quietly, pending an opportunity to turn the tables on her persecutor.

"What is it," she said presently, with some effort—"what is it you wish with me?"

"I have my purpose," with a grim smile.

"You won't tell me?"

"You're dead right, my lady, I will not—just yet. Wait a bit"

She spurred her flagging spirit until it flashed defiance. "Mr. Anisty!"

"Yes?" he responded with a curling lip, cold, cruel eyes on hers.

"I demand——"

"No, you don't!" he cut her short with a snap. "You're not in a position to demand anything. Maybe it would be as well for you to remember whom you're dealing with."

"And——?" heart sinking again.

"And I've been made a fool of just as long as I intend to stand for it. I'm a crook, like yourself, my lady, but with more backbone and some pride in being at the head of my profession. I'm wanted in a dozen places. I'll spend the rest of my days in the pen if they ever get me. Twice to-day I've been within an ace of being nabbed—kindness of you and your Maitland. Now I'm desperate and determined. Do you connect?"

"What?" she asked breathlessly.

"I can make you understand, I fancy. To-night, instead of dropping to the back yard and shinning over the fences to safety, I took the fire-escape up to the top flat—something a copper would never think of—and went through to the hall. Why? To interrupt the tender *tête-à-tête* Maitland had planned. Why again? Because, for one thing, I've never yet been beaten at my own game, and I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. Moreover, no man yet has ever laid hands on me in anger and not regretted it." The criminal's voice fell a note or two, shaking with somber passion. "I'll have that pup's hide yet!" he swore.

The girl tried to nerve herself. "It—it doesn't seem to strike you," she argued, controlling her hysteria by sheer strength of purpose, "that I have only to raise my voice to bring all Broadway to my rescue."

For by now the cab had sheered off into that thoroughfare and was rocking rapidly south, between glittering walls of light. A cable-car swooped down upon and past them, making night hideous with gong and drumming trucks and drowning Anisty's response. For which reason he chose to repeat it, with added emphasis.

"You try it on, my lady, and see what happens."

She had no answer ready, and he proceeded, after waiting a moment; "But you're not going to be such a fool. You have no pleasure in the prospect of seeing the inside of the Tombs, yourself, and, besides, you ought to know me well enough to know——"

"What?" she breathed, in spite of herself.

Anisty folded his arms, thrusting the right hand beneath his coat.

"Maitland got only one of my guns," he announced complacently. "He'd 've got the contents of the other only he chose to play the fool and into my hands. Now I guess you understand," and turning his head he fixed her with an inflexible glare, cold and heartless as steel, "that one squeak out of you will be the last. Oh, I've got no scruples. Arrest to me means a living death. I'll take a shorter course, by preference, and—I'll take you with me for company."

"You—you mean you would shoot me?" she whispered, incredulous.

"Like a dog," he returned suavely.

"You, a man, would—would shoot a woman?"

"You're not a woman, my lady; you're a crook. Just as I'm not a man;

I'm a crook. We're equals—sexless, soulless. You seem to have overlooked that. Amateurs often do. To-night I made you a fair proposition—to play square with me and profit. You chose to be haughty. Now you see the other side of the picture."

Was it bravado or deadly purpose? How could she tell? Her heart misgave her, and she shrank away from him as from some abnormally vicious and loathly reptile. He understood this, and regarded her with a confident sneer, inscrutably strong and malevolent.

"And there is one other reason why you will think twice before making a row," he clinched his case. "If you did that and I meekly permitted the police to collar us, the business would get in the papers—your name and all—and what'd Maitland think of you then, my lady? What'd he think when he read that Dan Anisty had been pinched on Broadway in company with the little woman he'd been making eyes at, whom he was going, in his fine, manlike way, to reach down a hand to and yank up out of the gutter and redeem and—and all that slush? Eh?"

And again his low evil laugh made her shudder. "Now, you won't risk that. You'll come with me and behave, I guess, all right."

She was silent, stupefied with misery.

He turned upon her sharply.

"Well?"

Her lips moved in soundless assent—lips as pallid and bloodless as the wan young face beneath the small hat.

The man grunted impatiently, yet was satisfied, knowing that he had her now completely under control, a condition not hard to bring about in a woman who was worn out with physical fatigue and overwrought with nervous strain. The conditions had been favorable, the result was preeminently comfortable. She would give him no more trouble.

The hansom swerved suddenly across the car-tracks and pulled up at the curb. Anisty rose with an exclamation of relief and climbed down to the sidewalk, turning and extending a hand to assist the girl.

"Come!" he said imperatively. "We've no time to waste."

For an instant only, she harbored a fugitive thought of resistance; then his eyes met hers and held them, and her mind seemed to go blank under his steadfast and domineering regard. "Come!" he repeated sharply. Trembling, she placed a hand in his and somehow found herself by his side. Regardless of appearance, the man retained her hand, merely shifting it beneath his arm, where a firm pressure of the elbow held it as in a vise

"You needn't wait," he said curtly to the cabby, and swung about, the girl by his side

"No nonsense, now," he warned her tensely, again significantly thrusting a hand into his breast pocket.

"I understand," she said faintly, between closed teeth

She had barely time to recognize the towering white façade of upper Broadway's tallest sky scraper ere she was half led, half dragged, into the entrance of the building.

The marble slabs of the vestibule echoed strangely to their footsteps—the slabs that shook from dawn to dark with the shuffle and tread of unnumbered feet. They crossed rapidly toward the elevator-shaft, passing, on their way, deserted cigar and news stands shrouded in dirty brown cloths. By the dark and silent well, where the six elevators (of which one only was alight and ready for business) stood motionless, as if slumbering in utter weariness after the gigantic exertions of the day, they came to a halt, and a chair scraped noisily on the floor as a night-watchman rose, rubbing his eyes and yawning, to face them.

Anisty opened the interview bruskly. "Is Mr. Bannermann in now?" he demanded

The watchman opened his eyes wider, losing some of his sleepy expression, and observed the speaker and his companion, the small, shrinking, frightened looking little woman who bore so heavily on her escort's arm, as if ready to fall with exhaustion. It appeared that he knew Anisty by sight, or else thought that he did.

"Oh, ye're Mister Maitland, ain't ye?" he said. "Nope; if Mister Bannermann's in his offis, I dunno nothin' about it."

"He was to meet me here at two,"

Anisty affirmed glibly. "It's a very important case. I'm sure he must be along immediately, if he's not up stairs. You're sure?"

"Nah, I ain't sure. He may 've been there all night, for all I knows. I'll take ye up, if ye want," with a doubtful glance at the girl.

"This lady is a client of Mr. Bannermann, and in great trouble." The assumed Maitland laid his fingers in a protecting gesture across the girl's hand as it rested on his arm and pressed it cruelly. "I think we will go up; thank you. If Bannermann's not here, I can 'phone him; I've a pass-key to the office."

The watchman appeared satisfied. Maitland's social standing was guarantee enough for him. "All right, sir. Step in."

The girl for the last time tried to hang back. Anisty's brows blackened. "By God!" he told her in a whisper, "if you dare——!"

Somehow she found herself at his side in the steel cage of the elevator. The car shot upward with a rapidly increasing speed that made her head swim, weakened as she was by long strain. Despite Anisty's supporting arm, she reeled back against the wall of the cage and closed her eyes. The man observed her with covert satisfaction.

As the speed decreased she opened her eyes again. The numbers on the floor were dropping down steadily before them, the first she recognized being nineteen. Twenty followed, and the pace was sensibly decreased. At twenty-two the elevator stopped with a slight jar.

"Ye know the way?" inquired the watchman

"Perfectly," replied Anisty. "Two flights up, in the tower."

"Right. When ye want me, ring."

"Thank you."

The car dropped like a plummet, leaving them in darkness, or, rather, in a thick gloom but slightly moderated by the windows at either end of the long corridor. Anisty gripped the girl more firmly.

"Now, my lady!" he said briskly. "No shenannigan!"

The reminder was futile; temporarily, at least, she had become as wax in his hands. So complex had been the emotions of the day, so severe the nervous tension, so heavy the tax upon her stamina, that she was only half conscious of what she was saying or doing, obeying Anisty's orders purposelessly, almost dreamily.

Wearily she stumbled up the two brief flights of stairs leading to the towerlike cupola of the sky-scraper, two floors superimposed upon the roof for little purpose other than to give the building the distinction of being the highest in that section of the city, certainly not to lend any finishing touch of architectural beauty to it.

On the top landing a door confronted them, its glass panel shining dimly in the darkness. Anisty paused, unceremoniously thrusting the girl to one side and away from the head of the stair case, and fumbled in his pocket, presently producing a jingling bunch of keys. For a moment or two he was working at the lock and muttering in an undertone, probably swearing, then with a click the door swung open.

The man thrust his arm inside, touched an electric switch flooding the room with light, and motioned the girl to enter. She obeyed passively, thoroughly subservient, and found herself in a large and well-furnished office, apparently the outer of two rooms. The glare of the electric light at first partly blinded her, and she halted instinctively a few steps from the door, waiting for her eyes to become accustomed to the change.

Behind her the door was closed softly, and there followed a dull metallic snap as a bolt was shot. An instant later Anisty caught her by the arm and roughly, now, and without wasting speech, hurried her into the next room. Then, releasing her, he turned up the lights, and passing to the windows, threw two or three of them wide, for the air in the room was stale and lifeless

"And now," said the criminal in a tone of satisfaction—"*now* we can talk business, my dear."

He removed his overcoat and hat, throwing them over the back of a convenient chair, drew his fingers thoughtfully across his chin, and regarded the

girl with a slight, saturnine smile softening the hard line of his lips. For her part, she remained where he had left her, as if volition was no longer hers. Her arms hung slack at her sides and she was swaying a trifle, her face vacant, eyes blank, very near the breaking-down point.

The man recognized her state, one in which, he felt assured, he could get very little out of her. She must be strengthened and revived before she would or could respond to the direct catechism he had in store for her. In his own interest, therefore, more than from any yielding to motives of pity or compassion, he piloted her to a chair by a window and brought her a glass of clear cold water from the filter in the adjoining room.

At that elevation the cold, fresh breeze blowing in her face was wonderfully invigorating. She let her head fall back upon the cushioned back of the deep, comfortable leather chair, and drank in the clean air in great, deep drafts, with a sense of renewing vigor, both bodily and spiritual. The water helped, too. She dabbled the tip of a ridiculously small handkerchief in it and bathed her throbbing temples, the while Anisty stood over her, waiting with discrimination, but with scant patience.

What was to come she neither knew nor greatly cared, but with an instinctive desire to postpone the inevitable moment of trial she pretended a deadly languor for some moments after becoming conscious of her position and lay passive, long lashes all but touching her cheeks, in which now a faint color was growing, gaze wandering at random out over a dreary wilderness of flat rectangular roofs, livid with moonlight, broken by long, straight clefts of darkness in whose depths lights gleamed faintly. Far in the south the sky came down purple and black to the horizon, where a silver spark glittered like a low-swung star, the torch of Liberty.

"I think," Anisty's clear tones, incisive as a razor edge, cut in upon the trend of her thoughts—"I think we will now get down to business, my lady! Time flies and *I* wait on no man this night!"

She lifted her lashes, meeting his confident stare with a look of calm inquiry. "Well?" she inquired.

"So you're better now? Possibly it was a mistake to give you that rest, my lady. Still, when one's a gentleman cracksman——" He chuckled unpleasantly, not troubling to finish his sentence.

"Well?" he mocked, seating himself easily on the edge of an adjacent table. "We're here at last where we'll suffer no interruptions to our little council of war. Beyond the watchman there's probably not another soul in the building, and from that window, there, it is a straight drop of twenty-four stories to Broadway, while I am between you and the door. So you may be resigned to stay here until I get ready to let you go. If you scream for help, no one will hear you."

"Very well," she assented mechanically, turning her head away with a shiver of disgust. "What is it you want?"

"The jewels," he said bluntly. "You might have guessed that."

"I did."

"And have saved yourself and me considerable trouble by speaking ten minutes ago."

"Yes," she agreed abstractedly.

"Now," he continued with a hint of anger in his voice, "you are going to tell?"

She shook her head slightly.

"Oh, but you are, my lady," and his tone rasped, quickened with the latent brutality of the natural criminal. "I know that you'll not force me to extreme measures. It wouldn't be pleasant for you, you know, and I promise you I shall stop at nothing whatever to make you speak."

She made no answer. Absolute indifference, she felt, was her strongest weapon. She must keep calm and self-possessed, refusing to be terrified into even one quick and thoughtless answer.

"This afternoon," he said harshly, "you stole from me the Maitland jewels. Where are they?"

"I shall not tell."

He bent swiftly forward and took one of her hands in his. Instinctively she clenched it. He wrapped his strong, hard fingers around the small, white

fist, then deliberately inserted a hard finger-joint between her second and third knuckle, slowly increasing the pressure, watching with callous indifference the lines of agony grave themselves upon her smooth and unwrinkled forehead and the color leave her cheeks as the pain grew exquisite. Then, suddenly discontinuing the pressure, but retaining her hand, he laughed cruelly.

"Will you speak, my lady, or will you have more?"

"Don't," she gasped, "please!"

"Where are the jewels? With you?"

"No."

"Have you given them to Maitland?"

"No."

"Where are they?"

"I don't know."

"Stop that nonsense! Where did you leave them?"

"I won't tell—I won't . . . Ah, please, *please!*"

"Tell me!"

"Never. . . . *Ah-h!* . . ."

An abrupt and resounding hammering at the outer door forced him to leave off. He dropped her hand with an oath, and springing to his feet, drew his revolver. Then, with a glance at the girl, who was silently weeping, tears of pain rolling down her cheeks, mouth set in a thin, pale line, he strode to the door and pulled it to after him.

As it closed, the girl leaped to her feet, maddened with torture, wild eyes casting about the room for a weapon of some sort, either of offense or defense, for she could not have endured the torture an instant longer. If forced to fight, fight she would, if only she had something, even a stick of wood, to defend herself with. But there was nothing—nothing at all.

The room was a typical office, well but severely furnished. The rug that covered the tile floor was of rich quality and rare design. The neutral-tinted walls were bare save for a couple of steel engravings in large wooden frames. There were three heavily upholstered leather armchairs and one revolving desk chair, a roll-top desk against the partition wall, a waste paper basket, and a flat-topped desk, or table. And that was all.

Not quite all, else the office equipment had not been complete. There was the telephone—a disk set exposed on a leaf of the roll top. But he would hear? Or was the partition sound proof?

As if in contradiction of the suggestion, there came to her ears very clearly the sound of the hall door creaking on its hinges, and then a man's voice, shrill with anger and anxiety.

"You fool! Do you want to ruin us both? What do you mean——"

The door crashed to, cutting short the protest and drowning Anisty's reply.

"I was passing," the new voice took up its plaintive remonstrance, "and the watchman at the door called me in and said that you were telephoning for me——"

"Damn the interfering fool!" interrupted Anisty.

"But what's this insanity, Anisty? What's this about a woman? What "

The newcomer's tones rose in fright and rage.

"Lower your voice, you ass!" the burglar responded sternly. "And——"

Then he took his own advice, and for a little time the conference was conducted in guarded tones that did not penetrate the partition wall save as a deep rumbling alternating with a passionate squeak.

But long before this the girl was risking all. Receiver to ear, she was imploring Central to connect her with Ninety-Eight-Nine Madison. If only she might get Maitland, tell him where the jewels were hidden, warn him to remove them, then she could escape further suffering by open confession.

"What number?" came Central's languid query, after a space. "Did you say Nine-Ought-Nine-Eight?"

"No, no, Central. Nine-O-Eight Nine Madison, please, and hurry, hurry!"

"Ah, I'm ringin' 'em They ain't answered yet. Gimme time. There they are. Go ahead."

"Hello, hello!"

"Pwhat is ut?"

Her heart sank. O'Hagan. That meant that Maitland was out. "O'Hagan, is that you? . . . Tell Mr Maitland "

"He's gawn out for the noight an'——"

"Tell him, please——"

"but he's out. Ring up in the marnin'."

"But can't you take this message? Please."

The door was suddenly jerked open and Anisty sprang into the room, face white with passion. Terrified, the girl leaped from the desk, carrying the instrument with her and placing the revolving chair between her and her enemy.

"The brass bowl, please—tell him that," she cried clearly into the receiver.

Then Anisty was upon her, striking the telephone from her grasp with one swift blow as he seized her brutally by the waist. The instrument clattered and pounded on the floor, and she was sent reeling and staggering half-way across the room. As she brought up against the flat-topped desk, catching its edge and saving herself from a fall, the burglar caught up the telephone.

"Who is that?" he shouted imperatively into the transmitter.

Whatever the reply, it seemed to please him. His brows cleared, the wrath that had made his face almost unrecognizable subsided; he even smiled. The girl trembled, knowing that he had solved her secret, for she had hoped against hope that the only words he could have heard her speak would have had too cryptic a significance for his comprehension.

As slowly and composedly he replaced the receiver on its hook and returned the 'phone to the desk the short and rotund figure of a man, in rumpled evening dress and wearing a wilted collar, hopped excitedly into the room, casting at the girl one terrified glance out of eyes that glittered with excitement like black diamonds set in a face the hue of yeast and clutched the burglar's arm.

"Oh, Anisty, Anisty!" he cried piteously. "What is it? What is it? Tell me!"

"It's all right," returned the burglar. "Don't you worry, little man. Pull yourself together." And he laughed.

"But what—what——" stammered the other.

"Only that she's given herself away," chuckled Anisty, "beautifully and completely. 'The brass bowl,' says she, thinking I never saw one on Maitland's desk—and 'Who the divvle are you?' says the man on the other end of the wire when I ask who he is."

"And? And?" pleaded the little man, dancing with worry.

"And it means that my lady, here, returned the jewels to Maitland by hiding them under a brass ash receiver on his desk—ass that I was not to know! You are cute, my lady," with an ironic salute to the girl, "but you've met your match in Anisty."

"And," demanded the other as the burglar snatched up his hat and coat, "what will you do, Anisty?"

"Do?" contemptuously. "Why, what is there to do but go and get them? We've risked too much and made New York too hot for the two of us, my dear sir, to get out of the game without the profits."

"But I beg of you——"

"You needn't," grimly. "It won't bring you in any money."

"But Maitland——"

"Is out. O'Hagan answered the 'phone, don't you understand?"

"But he may return!"

"That's his lookout. I'm sorry for him if he does." Anisty jerked the revolver from his pocket and twirled the cylinder significantly. "I owe Mr. Maitland something," he said, nodding to the white-faced girl by the table, "and I shouldn't be sorry to——"

"And what," broke in the newcomer —"what am *I* going to do meanwhile?"

"Devil the bit do *I* care! Stay here and keep this impetuous female from calling up police headquarters, for a good guess. Speaking of which I think we had best settle this telephone business once and for all."

The burglar turned again to the desk and began to work over the instrument with a small screw-driver which he produced from his coat-pocket, talking the while.

"Our best plan, my dear Bannermann, is for you to come with me, at least as far as the nearest corner. You can wait there, if you're too cowardly to go the limit, like a man. I'll get

the loot and join you, and we can make a swift hike for the first train that goes farthest out of town. A pity, for we've done pretty well, you and I, old boy, you with your social *entrée* and bump of locality to locate the spoils, me with my courage and skill to lift 'em—and an equitable division.

"Oh, don't worry about *her,* Bannermann! She's as deep in it as either of us, only she happens to be sentimental and an outsider on this deal. She won't blab. Besides, you're ruined anyway, so far as New York's concerned. Come along. That's finished; she won't send any important messages over that wire to night, I guess.

"My dear young lady"—rising and throwing the overcoat over his arm, he lifted his hat to her in sardonic courtesy—"I can't say it has been a pleasure to know you, but you have made it interesting, I admit. And I bid you a very good night. The scrubwoman will let you out when she comes to clean up in the morning."

The little man bustled after him, bleating and fidgeting, and the lock clicked

She was alone, utterly and forlornly alone. And she had lost everything, all that she had prized and hoped to win, even—even him. She raised fluttering, impotent white hands to her temples, trying to collect her thoughts.

In the outer room a clock was ticking. Unconsciously she moved to the doorway and stood looking for a time at the expressionless white dial. It was some time—a minute or two—before she deciphered the hour.

Twenty minutes past two! Ah, the lifetime she had lived in the past eighty minutes! And the futility of it all!

CHAPTER XIV.

The Wages of Sin.

SLOWLY Maitland returned to the study, put down the lamp on his desk, and stood for a little while in silence, a pained, tired look in his eyes. Then he sighed, reaching up to turn down the gas.

So she was gone! That might have been expected, of course He had been a fool to expect anything else. He was enjoying but his just deserts for having dared to believe that the good in human nature would respond to decent treatment and for having acted on such an idiotic theory.

He sat down at the desk, one arm extended along its edge, fingers drumming a dreary little tune on the hard wood, and thought it all over, from the beginning, without sparing himself.

It was easy to understand, of course, how she had contrived her escape. Remembering the sudden clatter of hoofs in the street, and making a trip to the window to look out and verify his suspicion, he could trace her probable movements with fair accuracy. Of course, she had overheard his concluding remarks to the cabby. Well, she was welcome to it, and he, Maitland, was well rid of the whole damnable business, jewels and all!

What were jewels to him? Of course, they had belonged to his mother, and he would spare no expense to run them down and re-collect them for that vague sainted memory's sake, but the traditional usage of the Maitlands in this case would never be carried out. It had been faithfully observed when, after his mother's death, the stones had been removed from the settings wherein she had worn them and put away, but they would never be reset (even if he were successful in reassembling them) to adorn the bride of the manor's lord. For he would never marry, of course He was young enough to believe that, and to extract a melancholy satisfaction from it.

But as to the manner in which the gray girl had returned to his flat, and for what purpose? That problem baffled him. Why? They were confederates, he concluded from the best of evidence, and Anisty had the jewels. What else did they require of him? There was nothing else of any particular value in his flat. He was puzzled—and saddened

The question haunted him. Why had she returned? And with Anisty, or without? One minute he believed her hand in-glove with the burglar, the next

he was inclined to doubt, to believe their meeting entirely accidental. Now, from what he had heard over the telephone, he had thought they were quarreling, although at the time it had been his notion that O'Hagan was the masculine party to the squabble—the janitor having discovered the girl in the flat. But certainly there had been a difference of opinion, to draw forth that excited negative and to overturn that chair, the chair that still lay on its side, mute witness to a hasty or careless movement on somebody's part.

Eventually he shook his head, signifying that he gave it up, and thought to rid his mind of the matter, to turn his ponderings into other channels. He was weary, and would go to bed, only he did not much believe that he would sleep, for very press of thinking. Perhaps a smoke would soothe his nerves.

Opening a drawer of the desk, he produced an aged pipe and a tobacco-pouch, filled the one from the other, scraped a match under the chair, lighted the weed, and smoked in contemplative content, drawing in comfort with each puff of the grateful incense—all the while holding the extinguished match between thumb and forefinger.

Becoming conscious of this fact, Maitland looked around for the ash-receiver and discovered it inverted under the book. He frowned, remembering why he had put it there. Then, with an impatient gesture, he dropped the match, removed the book, and lifted the bowl, thinking to compare that imprint in the dust with the little hand whose dainty and patrician beauty he should never forget.

After an incredulous and awed moment, the young man rose, eyes alight. *Now* he knew, *now* understood, *now* believed, and was justified of his faith! His heart sang jubilant. But depression speedily followed, with the thought that she was gone, forever removed from his reach, and that by her own wilful act. It was her wish that they should never meet again.

Poor little woman! What had she not suffered, what perils had she not braved, to show that there was honor even in thieves! He wondered at what risk she had managed to deprive Anisty of the jewels; it could have been no small feat—something like robbing a tiger of her whelp—to filch his loot from that pertinacious and vindictive soul. But she had accomplished it, and all for him!

If he could only find that cabby. Perhaps if he tried at the Madison Square rank, immediately ——

Besides, it was clearly his duty not to remain in the flat alone with the jewels another night. There was but one attainable place of security for them, and that the safe of a reputable hotel. He would return to the one he had left at once, merely pausing on his way to inquire of the cabmen if they could direct him to their brother night-hawk.

Maitland shook himself into his top-coat, jammed his hat upon his head, dropped the jewels into one pocket, the cigarette-case into another, and—on impulse—Anisty's revolver, with its two unexploded cartridges, into a third, and pressed the call-button for O'Hagan, not waiting, however, for that worthy to climb the stairs, but meeting him in the entry-hall.

"I'm going back to the hotel, O'Hagan, for the night. You may bring me my letters and any messages in the morning. I wish you'd sleep in the flat to-night, and answer any telephone calls."

"Yis, Misther Maitland, sor."

"Have the police gone, O'Hagan?"

"There's a whole bottleful yet, sor."

"You've not been drinking, I trust?"

The Irishman shuffled. "Shure, sor, an' wud thot be hoshpitible?"

Laughing, Maitland bade him good night and left the house, turning west to gain Fifth Avenue, walking slowly because he was a little tired, and enjoying the rather unusual experience of being abroad at that hour without a distracting group of comrades and fellow revelers.

The sky seemed clearer than ordinarily, the city quieter than he had ever known it, and in the air was a sweet smell, reminding one of the country-side—reminding him, unhappily, of the other night, when he had gone whistling to his destiny along a perfumed country road.

"Good 'eavings, Mister Maitland, sir! It *can't* be you!"

Maitland looked up, bewildered for an instant. The voice that hailed him out of the sky was not familiar. A cab that he had waited on the corner to let pass was reined back suddenly. The driver leaned down from the box and in a thunderstruck tone advertised his stupefaction.

"It ain't in nature, sir, if yer'll pardon my mentionin' it. But 'ere I leaves you not ten minutes ago at the St. Luke Buildin' and finds yer 'ere, when yer 'aven't 'ardly 'ad time——"

Maitland woke up. "What's that?" he questioned sharply. "You left me where ten minutes ago?"

"St. Luke Buildin', corner Broadway an'——"

"I know!" excitedly. "But——"

"——'avin' took yer there with the young lady ——"

"Young lady!"

"——that comes outer the 'ouse with yer, sir——"

"The devil!" Maitland hesitated not a moment; his foot was on the step as he spoke. "Drive me there at once, and drive for all you're worth!" he cried. "If there's an ounce of speed in that plug of yours and you don't get it out——"

"Never fear, sir! We'll make it in five minutes!"

"It'll be worth your while."

"Right-O!"

Maitland dropped into his seat, dumfounded. "Good Lord!" he whispered, and then, savagely: "In the power of that scoundrel -!" Then he felt of the revolver in his pocket, and was comforted a little.

The cab had been headed north. The St Luke rears its massive bulk south of Twenty-Third Street. The driver expertly swung his vehicle almost on a dead center. Simultaneously it careened with the impact of a heavy bulk landing upon the step and falling in a heap on the deck

"My worrd, what's that?" came from aloft. Maitland was altogether too startled to speak.

The heap sat up, resolving itself into the semblance of a man, who spoke in decisive tones:

"If you're going there, I'm going with you, or you don't go—see?"

"The sleuth!" gasped Maitland, astounded

"Ah, cut that out, can't you?" Hicky got on all-fours, found his cigar, stuck it in his mouth, and fell into place at Maitland's side.

"Hicky, I mean But how —"

"If you're Maitland and Anisty's at the St. Luke Buildin', tell that fool up there to drive!"

Maitland had no need to lift the trap; the cabby had already done that.

"All right!" the young man called. "It's Sergeant Hicky. Drive on!"

The lash leaped out over the roof—*crrack!*—and the horse, presumably convinced that no speed other than a dead-run would ever again be demanded of it, tore frantically down the avenue, the hansom rocking like a schooner in a gale. Maitland and the detective were battered against the side and back of the vehicle, and slammed against each other with painful regularity. Under such circumstances speech was difficult, yet they managed to exchange a few sentences

"Yuh got a gun?"

"Anisty's—two good cartridges"

"Just as well I'm along, I guess."

And again, "How'd you s'pose Anisty got this cab?"

"I don't know—must 've been in the house -I told cabby to wait —Anisty seems to have walked out right on your heels."

"Hell!" And a moment later, "What's this about a woman in the case?"

Maitland took swift thought in her behalf

"Too long to go into now," he shunted the query. "You help me catch this scoundrel Anisty and I'll put in a good word for you with the deputy commissioner."

"Ah, you help *me* nab him," grunted the detective, "and I won't need no good word with nobody."

The hansom swung into Broadway, going like a whirlwind, and picked up a uniformed officer in front of the Flat iron Building, who loped, shouting and using his locust stridently, in its wake. A block farther down another fell into line, and he it was who panted at the

step an instant after the cab had lurched to a stop before the entrance to the St. Luke Building

Hicky had rolled out before the policeman had a chance to bluster.

"'Lo, Bergen," he greeted the man. "You know me—Hicky, Central Office. You're just in time. Anisty's in this buildin', or was ten minutes ago. We want all the help we can get."

By way of reply the officer stooped and drummed a loud alarm on the sidewalk with his locust.

"Say," he panted, rising, "you're a wonder, Hicky—if you get him."

"Uh-huh," grunted the detective with a sidelong glance at Maitland. "Come along."

The lobby of the building was quite deserted as they entered, the night-watchman invisible, the night elevator on its way to the roof, as was discovered by inspection of the indicator-dial above the gate. Hicky punched the call-bell savagely.

"Me and him," he said, jerking the free thumb at Maitland, "will go up and hunt him out. Begin at the top floor and work down—that's the way, huh? And you"—to the policeman—"stay here and stop anybody that tries to leave the building. This is the only entrance—what?"

"Basement entrance round the corner," said the officer. "But that's locked, nights."

"When another cop comes, put him there, anyway, for safety. What'n hell's matter with this elevator?"

The detective settled a pudgy index-finger on the push-button and elicited a far-echoing peal. But the cage remained motionless, according to the indicator. Nor did another summons gain any response, nor another.

The policeman who had noticed the cab at Twenty-Third Street entered at this juncture, and was assigned, much to his disgust, to stand guard over the basement door. Hicky grunted his general disapproval of the management of the building, produced his bandanna, used it vigorously, and anathematized the night-watchman in virulent profanity, the uniformed officer meanwhile taking his turn at agitating the button and shaking the gates.

"This won't do," declared Maitland at length. "We will have to walk upstairs, unless one of the other cars will move."

"Ah, they're dead," declared Hicky, as the young man moved down the row, trying gate after gate.

The latch on the third from the night elevator proved to be uncaught. The gate yielded to a slight shove and rolled smoothly back. Maitland stepped into the darkened car and groped for the controller. Presently his fingers encountered it. He moved it cautiously to one side. A blue, hissing spark sprang from the controller-box, and the cage jumped half a dozen feet, only restrained from its ambition to soar precipitately by the young man's instant release of the lever

By discreet manipulation he got it on a level with the street floor again. Hicky, with muttered apology for his incredulity, jumped in. "Let'r rip!" he cried. "Now we'll get 'em, Bergen!"

Maitland pressed the controller slowly wide of its rest, and the car, gradually gaining momentum, shot skyward smoothly, the safety-clutch chains clanking beneath the floor. Half-way to the top Hicky spoke in the young man's ear sharply.

"Stop 'er and hold 'er steady! They're coming down."

Maitland obeyed, handling the car more smoothly as he got the hang of the controller, and looked upward.

Two shafts distant, a cage was dropping swiftly, a filagreed block of light bisected vertically by the black line of the guide. As it neared the level of the dark cage Hicky raised his voice in a stentorian shout: "*Stop that car!*"

The cage continued to fall with unabated speed, heedless of a second warning. As it passed them, Maitland was startled by a report and flash beside him. Hicky had used his revolver.

The shot was answered by a scream from the lighted cage, which halted with a crash some four floors below, and then resumed its downward flight.

"Down! Down! After 'em!" the detective cried in Maitland's ear. "I've winged one; t'other can't get away without——"

"How many were there?"

"Two, only—same as us. Think I hit the operator; hope 'twasn't the watchman."

"Steady!" cautioned Maitland, slowing down as the car dropped.

The other car had reached the ground floor, and the shaft echoed a short chorus of yells from below and a swift exchange of shots—perhaps five in all. Then, like a ball rebounding, the cage swung upward again at full speed.

Peering down through the iron latticework, Maitland could indistinctly distinguish the growing square of lighted flooring, a dark figure lying huddled at the back of the cage, the other, Anisty, at the controller, braced against the side of the car, free hand holding a revolver, face turned upward in an attempt to locate the dark car.

Hicky aided him by firing prematurely, and the burglar replied with spirit, aiming at the flash, his bullet spattering against the back wall of the shaft. Two more shots were exchanged, one on either side, without result, and the lighted cage glided swiftly past and up.

Maitland needed no urging to pursue; his car was already in motion. Yet Anisty's was leaving it rapidly, going at an appalling pace. Toward the top, apparently, he made an attempt to slow up, and partially succeeded. The car struck the buffers, however, with a crash that echoed through the building like a peal of thunder, followed by a splintering, rending sound as the cage, now abruptly dark, began to fall. Before it had descended a dozen feet the safety device acted, and the car was brought to a jarring stop.

The detective and Maitland were then some five floors below.

"Stop at nineteen," Hicky advised. "We got him, now. He'll try to get down—— There!" A gate had rung dully above, and a scurry of footsteps on the tiles was audible. "But we'll cut him off. So, now—*eeeasy!*"

Hicky opened the gate and jumped out, Maitland following.

"Shut that," ordered the detective, "in case he gets past us," and jumped for the staircase.

At least he was without fear. Maitland considered him curiously, a type of all that was best and worst in the police force. His courage was unquestionable—nay, admirable; his resource in emergencies where action was needed really wonderful.

"You guard them stairs," Hicky called after him, "while I go through the halls! Don't hesitate to shoot!" Then he was gone, clumping heavily down the corridor toward the rear of the building.

Maitland, yielding his own initiative to the other's generalship, stood sentinel, revolver in hand, as ordered, until Hicky, returning hot and sweating from his tour of the floor, reported "nothing doing."

The same result appeared from the twentieth and twenty-first floors, but as they reached the latter unexpected reenforcements were gained by the arrival of another cage containing three policemen. Maitland, leaving Hicky to pant explanations and instructions, sprang, alone, up the stairs.

It was foolhardy, but one must bear in mind that he was young and very much concerned over an actor in the tragedy in whom the police, to their knowledge, had no interest whatever. To him the capture of Anisty was a matter of secondary importance; the real matter at stake was the safety of the girl whom Anisty, by whatever infernal ingenuity, had spirited into this place of darkness and whispering halls. Where was she? in what degree of suffering or danger?—these were the questions that sent him in search of her without a thought of personal risk.

More active than the corpulent Hicky, he had sprinted down the hall of the twenty second floor and back without discovering anything by the time the police contingent had reached the stair-head.

As he swung up the first of the two final flights into the tower the black darkness above was split by a tongue of fire, and a bullet, whistling past his cheek, flattened itself with a vicious spat against the marble wainscoting. Instinctively his finger closed upon the trigger of the weapon in his hand, and flash and report followed on the motion. The glass panel of a door was splintered, and fell in crashing fragments.

Footsteps sounded on the upper stair-

way. Hicky, below, burst into a frenzy of caution and advice, which Maitland hardly heard. Already he was springing hot-foot after the fugitive, taking the steps two at a jump. A door above banged like a rifle shot as he turned into the last flight; its lighted panel loomed above him, shedding a diffused guiding light. On its frosted surface the name of

HENRY BANNERMANN
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law

stood out in black relief, letters two inches high.

"Bannermann's office, by all that's strange!"

Even as the thought flashed through his mind as his foot touched the upper step, a woman's scream of terror shrilled from within. Maddened, he threw himself bodily against the door, seizing the knob. The bolt within had been shot. Helplessly, he fell back, baffled, tears of rage starting to his eyes, *her* shriek ringing in his ears like the cry of a lost and wandering soul.

"God!" he cried incoherently, and sent the pistol butt crashing against the glazed panel. It was thick and stubborn; the first blow scarcely cracked it. He redoubled his efforts, Hicky coming up to aid him. Suddenly it seemed to dissolve before their eyes and fall in fragments.

In the doorway to the farther room Anisty stood, with revolver poised. As the glass disappeared he fired, and missed. Hicky's revolver spat over Maitland's shoulder. The criminal reeled as if struck a heavy blow. His right arm fell useless at his side, the revolver rattling on the floor.

Hicky covered him. "Surrender!" he bellowed, and fired again, for Anisty had fallen upon his knees, groping for the weapon with his uninjured arm.

The detective's bullet flew high, smashing through the outer window. Anisty struggled to his feet, fired once again at the door, the bullet burying itself in the wainscoting, and sent his last crashing into his brain, true to his vow not to be taken alive.

In another instant the bolt had been drawn and the police had pushed Maitland ahead of them into the office. In two bounds he crossed the threshold of Bannermann's private room and was standing over his double's body. Then he turned to the huddled figure of the gray girl, who lay at length in a corner of the room, her face the hue of death. Maitland fell upon his knees by her side, but she had merely fainted.

* * *

Bannermann was dying, some one said within his hearing; Hicky's chance shot had gone through the lawyer's lungs. Maitland caught at the name in utter amazement.

"Bannermann?" he questioned fiercely. "Are you sure? What in Heaven's name has *he* to do with this muss?"

And being informed, in response, merely that the stricken man had been removed from the elevator-car at the twenty-first floor, Maitland hurried down, leaving the girl, still unconscious, in Bannermann's outer office, under the care of the janitor's wife.

He found his erstwhile legal adviser sobbing out his life, prone on the stone flooring of the hall. Behind him a group of men were crowding round the night-watchman and listening to his hardly coherent statement of the treatment he had received at the hands of the law-breakers.

". . . grabbed me 'nd trun me out inter th' hall, 'nd then I hears th' shootin' 'nd runs down tuh th' sixteenth floor 'nd hides. . . ."

Maitland removed his coat and rolled it into a makeshift pillow; then dropping on his knees, he gently put it beneath the lawyer's head. The little man breathed more easily for a time, then opened dull eyes.

"Ah-h, Maitland!" he gasped, groping for his friend's hand.

Maitland's fingers closed over the other's icy ones. "Poor, poor old chap!" he said brokenly. "What . . . "—forbearing to conclude his question.

Bannermann moved restlessly. "Ah," he said faintly, "it's only right, you know, Dan. . . . I might have looked for something like this . . . man of Anisty's stamp . desperate character. . . ."

He lay still for a moment, then continued: "'Member that night at the

Primordial? When was it? Last night? I . . . can't seem to think . . . dined with you and badgered you about your jewels?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, . . . I've been doing that sort of thing for years. Anisty always divided fairly. . . . But he was impetuous. This would never have happened if he had waited for me to make sure. I only guessed the jewels were at Maitland Manor; *he* had to go to find out for himself . . . impatient . . . I couldn't get word to him in time, and you ran away so quick——

"No; it's only just . . . punishment. . . . What 'd they say: . . . 'Wages of sin is——'"

His fingers closed convulsively.

"Maitland!"

The young man looked up; Hicky was calling to him from the head of the stairs.

"Your young lady's come to and is asking f'r you."

CHAPTER XV.

Confessional.

IN New York it is possible to raise a crowd at any hour of the day or night. Four policemen were required to make a path through the throng gathered about the entrance to the St. Luke Building at a few minutes after three o'clock that morning. Down this hewn lane the girl passed, closely veiled, resting on Maitland's arm.

His night-hawk cabman was still there. Maitland, helping the girl in, stood on the step and delivered his instructions.

"Drive fast for a few moments and shake off this crowd Then I'll tell you where to take us."

He sat back by her side, closing the apron. After some minutes, "Better?" he asked as cheerfully as he could.

She sighed profoundly, watching him through the mist-like folds of her veil. "Thank you, yes," she said. And after a little pause, uncertainly, "You have been very kind."

"Oh, but——"

"Oh, but," she interrupted with calm decision, "you *have*. Why pretend?"

"I think," he said thoughtfully, trying to turn her thoughts, "that I can spare you the annoyance of that inquest. Of course, you didn't give your true name?"

"On the contrary, I did. And I do not wish to be spared."

"No?" he said dreamily. Then, half to himself: "Sylvia——"

Upon this subject she also desired no debate, with Maitland in such a mood.

"I shall attend the inquest," she said; "I've nothing to conceal."

"But it will all come out," he protested, alarmed.

"That I am . . . a thief?"

He was silent.

"Oh!" she cried bitterly. "That you should still think me that!"

"I don't," he said quietly. "But the newspapers, the world——"

"You do!" she contradicted.

"I don't. You——"

"It makes no difference, you——"

"What makes no difference?" He put it squarely. "Whether or not I believe you a thief?"

And in her turn she fell silent for a space. Then—

"That does make a difference," she acceded meekly. "I'm sorry——"

"You have convinced me. Don't you suppose I understand that you brought back the jewels?"

"But——"

"You got them back and brought them to me, at a cruel price. . . . Sylvia."

"What do you know of the price?"

"I happen to have met the late Mr. Anisty. He met you at lunch—kept the engagement he prevented me from keeping. And you, I don't know how, got the jewels from him, understanding, again, I don't know how, that he was the real Anisty. And, at the risk of everything, you took them to my rooms, where he discovered you. . . . I ask you, would a thief do that?"

"Then—then what do you think of me?"

"I don't know. You might"—diffidently—"tell."

She turned away, looking out of the window. "You would despise me."

"Do you think so?" he asked, in a tone so dangerous that she plunged headlong into her explanation to prevent his continuing.

"You heard me give my name as Sylvia Graeme? Have you never heard of the Graemes?"

"The name is somehow familiar, but ——"

"The Graemes—the family that was allied to yours by marriage? Why, your own mother was half a Graeme, your father's nearest friend a Graeme."

"You forget that my father died before I was old enough to know him, my mother a trifle later. Now that you mention it, I remember her maiden name."

"I'm your seventy-second-degree cousin, or about that. But John Graeme, my father, was your father's friend and a partner in many of his business transactions. You wouldn't know, naturally. When your father died so suddenly there were considerable sums, I'm told, owing John Graeme, of which he never received one penny. He never asked; he had ample for his needs. But when he died, we found ourselves left penniless—my mother, my sisters, myself.

"There were those memoranda of credits due in his papers. We consulted a lawyer, who went to see your Mr. Bannermann. Bannermann denied all knowledge on his or your part of any such liabilities. My lawyer told me that we must seek for proof among your papers. I asked him how, and he laughed and suggested, jokingly, that I burglarize your apartments in search of them."

"I see."

"He was joking, having given up the case as hopeless. *We* were in deadly earnest. I adopted his suggestion without modification and deliberately came to New York and hired a room opposite yours—Number Twenty—whence I could watch your goings and comings. When I arrived you were out of town. I had provided myself with skeleton keys, a burglar's kit—everything that I could think of—and had a little money to press my search with. I went to your rooms, opened your desk, examined everything, and found nothing."

"It was then you left that handprint?"

"Yes. That evening, going out, I met you, but never dreamed that you were you. That night in Greenfields, I honestly believed you Anisty; I had seen his portrait—yours never. Then, when you overcame him and made me leave the library, I waited outside the window, heard you speak to the servants, and knew that you could not be Anisty. Of course, I had gone there also for the papers.

"To think that you were Anisty, at first, amused me. I enjoyed flirting with the gentleman burglar. Afterward, when I knew——"

She paused, and the pause lengthened into a silence fast becoming perilously intimate.

At length he turned to her.

"I understand. If those papers exist, they shall be found. From the first I knew that you were not what you pretended to be—believed against belief. Only once I wavered, and then I found the jewels beneath the bowl. Do you believe that I believed?"

"I must," she said softly.

"Let me see your eyes, that I may know whether you are telling me the truth," he demanded.

Without demur she raised her veil. Whatever the trials had been that were past, they had left no scar. She was flawlessly beautiful in his sight. The eyes that met his were like pools of tawny flame in which the light leaped ever higher.

She was the first to remember.

"Where are we?" she cried, staring about her at the unfamiliar landmarks.

He took a brief, inconsequential survey. "Central Park and Ninety-Third Street, East," he told her.

"But I must go home—at this hour——"

Maitland reached up and lifted the trap with his finger-tips.

"Cabby," he said, "you may drive to——" and gave the address. "And cabby——"

"Yessir."

"Don't drive fast," ordered Maitland, and sat back, contented and expectant.

Rhymes of the Rail.

Romance, Humor, Pathos, and Tragedy of Railroad Life as Poets Great and Small Have Seen It.

SONG OF THE ENGINEER.

I LOVE the feel of the throttle,
The glare of the raging fire,
The whirl and grip
When the drivers slip
And the sand gets under the tire;

The purr of the thinned exhaust,
The lurch from side to side
As I hook her back
To the center rack
And open the throttle wide;

The long, swift glide on the grade,
With the wind of night in my hair;
The power I feel
O'er the quivering steel
When she checks as I give her the "air";

The rush under bridge, over stream,
The whirl past cottage and farm;
The anxious gaze
Through the headlight's blaze
For the gleam from a semaphore arm.

Then I let her drift through the yard,
And down from my seat I climb;
A slave to my hands
She, panting, stands
At her journey's end—on time.

J. C. Sanderson, in Yale Monthly.

I'M HAPPY.

I'M sitting by the fire to-night,
With my baby on my knee.
The coals are glowing hot and bright,
I'm happy as can be.
I'm waiting for the man I love,
Whose footsteps firm and strong
Are music to my waiting ears,
I'm happy all day long.

I'm happy as I work all day
And singing as I go,
My baby on my arm sometimes
While working to and fro;
The kettle singing merrily,
The lamps and windows bright,
And supper hot and tasty
When papa comes at night.

Don't talk to me of "suffrage,"
Of "politics," or plan;
Give me a fireside cozy,
A baby, and a man;
The ancients may have been quite wise,
The modern very sweet,
But without these requirements
Life is not quite complete.

I hear the engine whistle now
As he goes rushing by,
He waves his lantern merrily,
I hold my lamp up high;
The baby crows and jumps and calls
And waves a "how-de-do,"
And papa throws her kisses
And the baby throws one, too.

Oh! monster of the strength and steam,
Be careful of my love,
Protect and guard him kindly
I pray to God above,
From all the ills and dangers
That are in a railroad life,
And send him home in safety
To his baby and his wife.

Mrs. Agnes Ten Voorde, in Railroad Trainmen's Journal

THE SONG OF THE WHEELS.

RIPETY-RAP, ripety-rap,
Clatterty-bang, over the rail,
Clattering fast we tell our tale.
See! here we go,
Now fast, now slow;
Now up, now down,
Slow through the town,
But springing faster o'er the fields,
Drawn by the arm the piston wields,
Chasing each other over the land,
A merry, dancing, whirling band;
Till, long and loud, we hear a shriek,
The terrible voice of our giant speak,
And ready we get for the brakes' embrace
Which soon shall end our rapid race.
Thus, thus we go,
Now fast, now slow,
O'er hill and vale
We tell our tale—
Ripety-rap, ripety-rap,
Clatterty-bang, over the rail.

Ding dong, ding-dong, we hear the bell,
And now we scamper away pell-mell,
Your kind entreaties do not avail,
We follow where leads the iron trail.
Ripety-rap, ripety-rap,
Clatterty bang, over the rail
Round, round we whirl,
And dust we hurl
On like a shot.
With boxes hot,
We seek the West;
Nor ever rest
Until within the yard side-tracked
With other wearied ones we're packed
To cool our axles, lest they fail
And throw us from the shining rail
But still we ham our merry tune
And only ask one greater boon:
That soon you'll place us on the track
That we may spin our journey back.
Ah! here we go,
Now fast, now slow,
O'er hill and vale
We tell our tale—
Ripety-rap, ripety-rap,
Clatterty-bang, over the rail

I. B. Hingeley, in The Iron Trail

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

THERE'S a light at last in the sable mist,
And it hangs like a rising star
On the border-line 'twixt earth and sky
Where the rails run straight and far,
And deeply sounds from hill to hill,
In mighty monotone,
A distant voice—a hoarse, wild note
With savage warning blown.
'Tis the night express, and well 'tis named,
For behold! from out of the night
It comes and darkly adown the rails
It looms to the startled sight
Larger, nearer, nearer yet
Till at last there's a clang and a roar,
A wave of heat, a gleam of red,
From a closing furnace-door,
Then the crash and shriek of the rushing train
And our hearts beat fast and high
When sudden and swift through the shadowy mist
The night express goes by!

W. Hurd Hillyer, in London Trade Review

THE GRADUATE

WITH most of his illusions gone,
Gone glimmering afar,
He's doing now quite well upon
The front end of a car

Louisville Courier-Journal

"A GET-A-WAY."

THE hotel halls resounded with
The porter's loud tattoo—
'Twas 3 A.M. in winter time
Outside the air was blue

The drummer, on an Osterinoor,
Was sunk in sweet repose,
But he had left that call for three,
So, grudgingly, arose.

The porter, just outside the door,
Called out, with panting breath:
"De train am comin' 'round de bend,
Be quick, or you'll be left!"

The drummer reached the bottom stair—
In fact, he fairly jumped,
And out into the cold wind plunged—
Oh, how his poor heart pumped!

His shoes unlaced, his socks were in
His pocket. And his shirt
Was showing quite promiscuous, as
He made "ze one grand spurt."

His collar, only caught behind,
Flapped in the chilly blast.
His shoes were filled with snow, but he
Arrived in time, at last!

And then the air got "bluer" still—
His words I can't relate.
For, as the train came rolling in,
'Twas nothing but a freight!

Mark T. Hammond, in The Sample Case.

A SONG OF THE AIR-SHIP.

OH, the horse, and the wheel, and the automobile,
And the train for the people who crawl,
But for him who will dare take a ride in the air,
A journey to heaven's blue wall;
A race with stars in their silvery cars,
And a brush with the moon as we fly,
Is the trip to enjoy when all earth-pleasures cloy,
Then ho! for a spin in the sky
The world, with its woes, and its rains and its snows,
Drops down like a plummet below,
And the universe lies straight ahead as we rise
Like an arrow unloosed from the bow
The cloud-wreaths divide like the foam on the tide,
And the planets like lamp-posts flash by
As we daringly sweep through the aerial deep
Ho! ho! for a spin in the sky

Leslie's Weekly

Tales of the Throttle.

BY WALTER GARDNER.

WHEREVER a few railroad men are gathered together with a spare hour, comfortable chairs, and well-filled pipes, there will the tales of the iron trail flow forth in prodigal abundance. Among his own kind the old railroader loses the shyness and indifference which oppress him in the presence of a stranger, especially if the stranger is suspected of having a fountain-pen and a note-book up his sleeve.

Incidents which would furnish the ordinary individual with material for conversation for days are to the old engineer merely the subject of an idle tale, a story to while away a leisure quarter of an hour. It happened in the course of the day's work, and he tells it for what it is worth, that is all.

In the stories which follow all the incidents are related as they actually happened to real railroaders. The setting is fictitious, and a few of the names have been changed or suppressed for good reason, but the stories themselves are true in every detail. As in the introduction to previous stories of this kind, a group of railroad men is represented as sitting in the roundhouse, waiting their turn to go out.

Stories of the Locomotive Which Jumped a Brook, the Ghost at the Abilene Curve, on the Road with Jay Gould, Hauling a Hog on a Locomotive, and Out of a Pullman Into a Cold Bath.

"SAY, Mike, how's Seventeen?"

"Laid out, of course. That train is sure a hoodoo. Second 16—with cattle—has car off at Malvern. Climbed a frog and, of course, laid out Seventeen."

"How much is she off?"

"Don't know yet. An hour, or an hour and a half, anyway."

"More grief for the owl gang, of course. Well, let's go over to the roundhouse and see what Jimmie is up to."

The engineer and fireman of the switcher and the three yard men of the crew were soon seated around the roundhouse stove. Pipes were lit and the yard crew, with Jimmie, the night hostler, and the engineer and fireman of the engine that was to pull Seventeen over the eastern division placed themselves in comfortable positions and prepared to kill the waiting hours by swapping yarns.

"Jimmie, do you remember Billy Mason, that ran the eight spot on the east end?"

"Sure, who would ever forgit him? I remember him and the time that he picked up a cow and knocked her through the end window of Dennis O'Brien's section-house."

"Sure enough. And do you remember how Dennis swore that Billy had a spite at that window because it had a red curtain and when his engine swung around the curve he would always slow

down, thinking it was a danger signal, and so knocked the cow through it on purpose?"

"Well, you know that Billy, along in the eighties, took a notion to go to Texas. At that time going to Texas was regarded very much like going to the infernal regions. Good enginemen happened to be scarce, and Billy got an engine on the Houston and Texas Central, I think it was.

An Athletic Locomotive.

"They had just received some new ten-wheelers on that road, and Billy was given one of them. After he had run a few trips on freight, until she had got limbered up and got her legs under her, she was put on a passenger run.

"The ten-wheelers were regarded as the acme of engine-building at that time, and they were designed to be used in either freight or passenger service. These engines all had too much overhang in the rear, the rear driver being under the fire-box, the deck-plate run back to carry the cab, and the boiler-head run back into the cab much farther than was the practise with eight-wheelers.

"The result of this overhang was a frequent breakage of back spring-hangers, and the weight, settling on the rear axle, caused them to squat and lift the trucks off the rail. If this occurred on a curve-off she would go into the ditch.

"Well, Billy was humming along one day somewhere below Corsicana. He was late and had her down in the corner, patting her on the back, when the back spring-hanger broke just as he swung onto a curve. This curve was on a side hill, and a little brook, or branch, as they call it down there, was on the right side. It was about ten feet wide and four or five feet deep.

"When the spring-hanger broke she squatted and lifted her trucks. At the same moment the coupling broke—they were using the link and pin coupler in those days—at the rear of the tender. The engine kept on and jumped clear across the branch. The opposite bank was several feet lower, and the engine landed on the other side, plowing up the soft soil with the nose of her pilot.

"She excavated quite a respectable cut before she stopped, with her pilot buried to the coupler and the loose earth piled up on her pilot-beam almost to the headlight brackets. Her drivers had sunk into the soft soil nearly a foot, and she was well canted to the right, but did not go over. The bars of the pilot were not even cracked.

"As she left the rails the fireman went overboard through the left gangway, landing against the rocky side of the cut and getting a broken leg for his trouble. It all happened so quickly that Billy did not have time to get down off his seat and stayed with his engine.

"He was not even scratched, and the boys say that he was sitting there as unconcerned when the engine stopped as though jumping gulches was a regular thing and counted in the day's work.

"How that engine made that jump was a puzzle to everybody. Of course, an engine working down in the corner with a full throttle, suddenly released from the weight of her train, would naturally jump lively.

"They had the devil's own time getting her back on the track. The boys said that after that feat they would not be surprised at anything that might happen to Billy or his engine."

Out With Jay Gould.

"Did you ever hear the story of Billy's experience when pulling Jay Gould's special over the line?"

"No, I don't know that I have. Still, there are so many stories told about Billy that I may have heard this one."

"Well, it won't do any harm to tell it again. Those of you who knew him also knew that Billy, while a good, careful runner, was considered by some of the brass collars to be a little reckless; but on the other hand, those who were going over the road on a special, and wanted to ride fast, invariably requested that Billy be assigned to haul them.

"One day Jay Gould was coming over the road in a special with his private car Atalanta. Those of you who have seen Jay Gould will remember that he was a little man with a black beard, and he was just as nervy when out on the road as when in Wall Street.

"Well, for some reason, the Wizard of Wall Street was in a hurry, and Billy was assigned to pull him over the division. Billy had orders to go as fast as he could turn a wheel, and he was fanning them along in great shape. The three cars that composed the train were just about the right weight to hold his engine down to her work and let her have a chance to show what was in her.

"She was a Blood engine, and very sensitive. She was easy on the lever and responsive to the slightest touch on the throttle, just for all the world like a thoroughbred race-horse

"Billy was proud of her, and wo to the unfortunate who once got him started descanting on the merits of that engine. There was no stopping him, once he was fairly under way, and the only way the boys could shut him off was to get up and walk off, leaving him talking.

Trouble at the Crossing.

"Billy had her going and was leaning out of the cab-window, smoking his pipe and keeping his 'eagle eye,' that the reporters talk about, on the track ahead. His engine was working well, and he was trying for a record for a fast run over the division, and, besides, was naturally anxious for a good run, for it was not every day that he had a chance to pull the 'chief mogul' over the road.

"He was congratulating himself on the smoothness with which things were running and had blown the usual crossing signal of two long and two short blasts of the whistle for a road crossing, when a farmer and his wife, seated in a lumber wagon drawn by a rather sorry-looking team of horses, drove onto the track ahead of him

"They evidently did not consider the speed at which the special was coming, or did not heed the whistle, for they had just fairly got on the rails when Billy squealed the alarm and threw on his emergency stop, while the farmer was frantically plying the whip in order to induce his team to move faster. But he could not get clear and the engine swept by him, striking the hind wheels of the wagon, knocking it clear of the track and dumping the farmer and his wife unceremoniously beside the road

"Billy looked back, and says the farmer was sitting on the bank rubbing his head, as though wondering what had happened to him, while the old lady stood beside him, shaking her umbrella at the vanishing train. Billy said he couldn't hear what she was saying, but she was evidently roasting him and the railroad good and plenty.

"The train backed up to the spot, and as soon as he found there was no damage done except the smashing of a rather rickety old farm wagon, Gould gave the orders to proceed, but to stop at the first telegraph station.

"They did so, and Billy is authority for the statement that Jay Gould wired back instructions to the agent nearest the crossing where the wagon had been struck to at once institute legal proceedings in the name of the company against the old farmer for putting Mr. Gould's life in danger.

"Billy used to chuckle every time he told the story over the quickness with which Gould acted in order to forestall a damage suit against the company. At that time the railroads might as well hold up their hands as expect to obtain a favorable decision in a damage suit.

"In fact, I believe it was Jay Gould who first made the statement that there was nothing that improved the breed of Texas steers so much as crossing them with a locomotive of one of the Gould lines."

The Ghost at the Curve.

"Did you ever hear of the ghost that appeared on the Kansas Pacific in the seventies, when the road was fairly in operation only as far as Abilene?"

"No," answered the gang in chorus. "Who ever heard of ghosts on a railroad?"

"This ghost story is true. At least, I have no reason to doubt the statements made by the boys who were running on the road at the time"

"Well, why the deuce don't you tell the story?"

"One reason is that the story is so ridiculous that few people will believe it. However, if you want to hear it I'll tell it to you as it was told to me.

"Out near Abilene the road ran

across a comparatively level prairie, but a curve had been put in to avoid some low lying land, the track swinging around it. Along this curve some enterprising settler had planted some catalpa-trees. One night, just after midnight, Billy Creel swung around that curve pulling a through freight and saw a woman dressed in white standing on the track, waving what he took to be a white scarf.

"He squealed for brakes and plugged his engine, but it was too late, and by the time he had brought the train to a full stop it had passed the spot where he had seen the woman.

"The con. and the train crew came running ahead to learn the cause of the stop. He told them what he had seen, and all hands went back along the train, peering under every car and examining every truck, in the firm expectation of finding the mangled body of a woman. But no trace of one could be found, and there was no sign of blood or any other evidence of an accident.

"Thoroughly mystified, the boys pulled out and duly reported the circumstance at Abilene. The next night Tommy Watson came along, and as he swung onto the curve again he saw the woman in white frantically waving her arms. He squealed for the brakes and threw her over. The same examination of the train followed, but with no better results.

"Night after night that train, which struck this curve between 12.15 and 12.30 at night, was stopped by the same incident, and the boys began to think that this portion of the line was really haunted. Inquiries as to a possible murder or other crime having been committed near the spot were made, but nothing calculated to throw light upon the mystery was unearthed.

"The matter was decidedly perplexing. When that figure appeared every train stopped, notwithstanding that all the enginemen realized that it was a myth.

"Finally Creel, Mason, Watson, the master mechanic, and the super. decided to investigate, so the boys laid off a trip and the whole party went to the curve and camped beside the track. At twelve o'clock they started to walk along the line, and at 12.10 they saw the woman before them. They advanced a few steps and she disappeared. They went back a short distance and at a certain point the woman was seen again, waving her arms, appearing very distinctly, but when the party advanced a few steps she disappeared.

"Then they heard the midnight freight coming from the east, and they stepped aside into the shade of the catalpas to see what would happen. Jimmie Wilson was running the engine, and they could see him leaning out of the cab-window, smoking his pipe, and whirling 'em along at a good clip.

"Now Wilson was running on the east end, and though he knew this division he had not been running over it for some time. They took him and his engine off the east end and put him on this run because he knew nothing about the mysterious woman in white.

"But as the engine struck the point of the curve they saw him lean forward suddenly, squeal for the brakes and plug his engine, and saw the brakemen hustling over the top of the train setting brakes as fast as they could. The party in the shade of the catalpas kept quiet, and the usual program of looking for a body under the train was followed out. Nothing was found and the train went on.

"The boys came out from under the catalpas and went over the ground as before, but no trace of the woman in white could be seen. So they piled on the hand-car and pumped back to Abilene.

Laying the Fantom.

"The next night they were again on the spot, convinced that there was really something uncanny in the thing, especially when an engineman going over the division for the first time in months would stop his train at the same time and in the same place and manner as the others, and afterward report the affair at Abilene.

"Up to 12.10 no trace of the woman in white was found, but at that instant she was visible from the point of the curve, and the boys saw that she was in view for a distance of possibly

fifty feet as they advanced toward her, when she would suddenly disappear.

"Watson, meanwhile, had started along the line east of the row of catalpa trees, while the others were watching the ghost. Suddenly they saw his shadow appear plainly outlined against the garments of the woman in white and pass on, like an eclipse.

"They all made a rush for the spot, and after a short investigation the mystery was explained. The catalpas grew so thickly that they cast a dense shadow across the road-bed at midnight. One of the trees planted had failed to grow and left a gap so that when the moon was at the full it shone through this opening for probably half an hour.

"The foliage grew in such shape that the opening resembled the form of a woman, and the waving of the branches caused this peculiar optical illusion of the waving garments. Some of the trees were cut away, and there were no more trains stopped by ghosts on that road."

"But," asked Jimmie, "how was it the thing appeared only at a certain time and not every month in the year?"

"Well, none of the boys were astronomers, but they concluded that in September, when the thing occurred -and in no other month—the position of the full moon at midnight was just right to cast the shadow; and besides, it is probable that in September the growth of the foliage had reached just the proper development necessary to complete the illusion."

Livestock on a Passenger.

"Well," said Jimmie, "I have never had any experiences of smashing farm-wagons or being flagged down by ghosts, but I had a funny experience when I was firing on the old Cairo and St Louis."

"What was that, Jimmie?"

"I had been transferred from engine thirteen, that was top-heavy and would climb the rail and turn on her back whenever she had half a chance, and had become known as the hoodoo engine, to engine two, a little engine with four coupled drivers and a pony truck. She was a little devil to run and an easy steamer

"I seldom had to use the blower on her. She had the diamond stack and the short smoke-box. This was long before the day of straight stacks and extension fronts. The only fault that she had was a habit of dropping her petticoat pipe, though why I could never understand.

"The pony truck was under the pilot, so that the most of her weight was on the drivers. She had a broad pilot beam, and the space between it and the boiler was decked over so that it was quite roomy. It was because of this roomy deck that we missed a bad wreck one day

"We were coming north from Cairo pulling train Five, a passenger-train with a baggage, express, and mail-car and two coaches, three cars in all. We got our clearance at Waterloo, and from there to East Carondelet we made no stops, the Sparta accommodation handling all the local business.

"We were a little late out of Waterloo, with a nineteen-mile run before us to the shops at East Carondelet. I gave the old girl a few shovels, and climbed up on my locker to take it easy

"About a mile out of Waterloo we struck a long tangent, and Billy Facer, my engineer, got her down in the corner and patted her on the back.

"We were sailing serenely along at about a twenty-mile-an-hour gait, which was fast time for a narrow-gage in those days, when a fat Chester White sow waddled upon the track, looked at us an instant, and then, flirting her tail, started down the track ahead of us. Billy swore that she snorted when she saw us coming, as though to express her contempt for the baby engine on a baby track.

"Now, to strike that hog meant not only fresh pork but it meant a roll in the ditch for that engine, and possibly the train. Billy squealed for brakes—we had no air—and shut her off. But it was too late. We seemed destined to hit that hog

"So Billy gave two blasts of the whistle, and as he felt the release of the brakes he pulled her wide open, hoping to hit the brute hard enough to knock it clear of the track

"Suddenly the hog disappeared. I

thought she had got off on Billy's side of the engine and he thought she had climbed off on mine. Neither of us imagined that we had hit the brute.

"We pulled into the yard at East Carondelet, and we noticed that every person we passed turned and looked toward the front of the engine, and all faces wore a broad grin. Smith, the master mechanic, was standing on the platform when we stopped, and he was grinning like the rest as he said:

"'Facer, when did you get orders to carry livestock on passenger trains?'

"Billy couldn't see the joke, so he made no answer, but swung down off the engine, oil-can in hand. As he passed around the front of the engine he saw that Chester White sow squatted on her hams on the pilot-deck, as unconcerned as though she were in the habit of traveling that way. She had not been injured in the least, but it took a dozen men to get her down.

"We concluded that the nose of the pilot had caught the hog fairly between the hind legs as she trotted ahead of us and the force of the blow was such that it slid her right up the pilot-bars and against the boiler-head, where she settled down comfortably into the position in which we found her."

Free Baths For the Pullman.

"Talking about the Cairo and St. Louis, and Facer, puts me in mind of a funny thing that happened one night. Facer was rather a serious kind of a chap. While he enjoyed a joke and was a good fellow, it was seldom that one heard him utter a genuine old-fashioned yell of laughter. But on this occasion he certainly made up for all previous deficiencies.

"There had been some kind of a religious or Sunday-school convention at Cairo, and our road captured the East St. Louis, Belleville, Venice, and Alton and a good part of the St. Louis delegations. There were so many of them that we had to run two sections.

"The run both ways was made in the night. Nothing of interest happened on the down trip and everything went smoothly. We delivered the gang at the St. Charles, in Cairo, all right.

"On the return trip we left Cairo, pulling the second section, about eight o'clock that night. The first section was half an hour ahead of us, but at the same time we kept a sharp lookout for her tail lights.

"We had got as far as Red Bud when something caused the engine of the first section to break down about half a mile out of town. This was in a prairie, and the borrow pits along each side of the road-bed were about three feet deep and about ten feet wide, and were filled to a depth of about eighteen inches with water, upon which a very thin film of ice had formed.

Overboard in a Hurry.

"We came up and saw that the tail-lights of the first section were stationary about the same time that we were flagged down by the rear brakeman of the first section. He couldn't tell us how badly the engine was crippled, as he had started back to flag us as soon as his train stopped, but he thought that it was nothing more serious than the slipping of an eccentric.

"We took him aboard the engine and then crawled up slowly, so as to be in position to push the first section on into Red Bud, if necessary. The narrow-gage Pullmans in those days were not calculated to induce people to leave their happy homes in order to ride in them, but when one had an all-night's trip ahead they were a great improvement over a day coach.

"Like all narrow-gage coaches, the steps of these sleepers came pretty close to the ground, and it was an easy step from the ground to the lower car-step.

"We were crawling up slowly, not thinking of any alarm to the people ahead, when suddenly the door of the Pullman opened and out the passengers streamed in all varieties of dress and undress, and without stopping to ascertain the danger they were in they went off the platform in one, two, three order, splash, splash, splash, into the borrow pit and the icy-cold water. Those behind undoubtedly heard the noise that the first people made when they plumped into that cold water, but that did not stop them.

"Steadily and gravely they streamed out of the door and plumped down into that water. In two minutes the sleeper was empty of all save the conductor and the porter.

"Before the exodus began our engine had stopped dead, probably twenty feet from the first section, and the solemn procession of white-robed passengers marching solemnly into that cold bath at four o'clock in the morning in the early part of March was altogether too much for Facer, and he fairly shrieked as he heard the splash made by each passenger and the varied remarks that accompanied the thrill of the plunge Facer always declared that the men of the party then and there lost their religion.

"The whole panic was caused by an excitable individual who happened to be prowling around, and glancing through the rear door saw our headlight coming up. Without waiting to see what it meant, he shouted:

"'Collision! Collision! Leap for your lives!'

"The passengers, roused out of sleep, followed like a flock of sheep.

"Well, of course Facer and I were called up on the carpet, and the super., Hamilton, demanded what we meant by crawling up so close to the second section

"Facer started to explain, but when he got to the point where the passengers began going overboard he began to laugh so heartily that I had to finish the story, and before I got through Hamilton was shouting with laughter, and his chief clerk poked his head through the door to see whether we had all gone crazy or not.

"Even after Facer lost his legs in the wreck of his engine and was forced to use his arms and hands as legs and feet, it was only necessary to ask him if he had ever heard of a load of Pullman passengers taking a cold bath early in the morning to start him off."

TELEGRAPHING TO TIMBUCTOO.

Place Which Until Recently Typified Remoteness Will Soon Be Within a Few Hours of New York.

NO corner of the world is too remote for the giants of Commercialism and Science to put forth their hands and bring within the magic circle of civilization and wealth-producing centers. Timbuctoo, that place symbolical of darkness and danger to all traders and white men, has at last been conquered by the indomitable and patient will of the explorer, the trader, the missionary, and the influence of civilized governments, and promises to become one of the important trade centers of the tropical or semitropical world.

An extract from a letter sent by William E. Curtis to the Chicago *Record-Herald* describes the project to carry a telegraph line across the Sahara from Algiers to Timbuctoo:

The wires will run from the city of Algiers across the sandy waste down to the oasis of Touat, which is a very important point From there they will follow a caravan trail that has been used for centuries south of the Ahagar Mountains, and thence southwestward to Timbuctoo and thence follow the river-bank to the port of Dakar on the Atlantic coast, in the province of Senegal.

The work was commenced last winter and has been going on nearly nine months Many precautions and considerable preparation were necessary, but thus far no great difficulties have been encountered

All water, provisions, materials, and everything that is needed must be carried in on the backs of camels, and supply trains are passing to and fro with great regularity between Algiers and Timbuctoo and the camping grounds of the several parties at work on the line

The manual labor is being done by natives from desert tribes until recently in a savage state, and five years ago they would have cheerfully slaughtered any white man or Christian who ventured among them

OPENING THE CONGO COUNTRY.

Building Railroads to Tie Together the Navigable Stretches of the Congo River and Open the Rich Mines of the Interior.

THE pioneer railroad of Central Africa was opened a few weeks ago, and is likely to be the beginning of a network of railways in that vast country through which runs the Congo River and many another mighty stream watering wide and wonderfully fertile lands, productive enough to almost feed the world, and as yet practically unexplored.

For over a year more than two thousand natives, under the supervision of European engineers, have been devoting their energies to the construction of the road. It is seventy-five miles long, and connects the two towns of Stanley Falls and Ponthierville, nine hundred and seventy miles from the mouth of the Congo, and about one thousand one hundred miles from Zanzibar, on the opposite coast.

The object of the road, as of the similar ones which will be built, is practically to make the Congo River available for steam transportation from near the source to the mouth. At present this is hindered by the recurrence of rapids between certain points; the road just put into operation joins two navigable stretches of the river which were divided by rapids between the two towns. The building of the road has added two hundred and sixty miles of steam transportation to the thirteen hundred and twenty-five already in operation between the mouth of the Congo and Stanley Falls.

The Next Step Forward.

The next move planned by the Congo Free State government is the building of a railway between two villages farther up the river, one hundred and eighty miles apart, which will open a stretch of river three hundred and seventy-two miles long, terminating where the commercial value of the river practically ceases. When this is finished the total length of steam transportation along the Congo will be two thousand one hundred and forty-four miles.

An impetus to the completion of the series of roads is the fact that the end will connect with the rich gold-mining district of Katanga, reported to be of fabulous richness in gold deposit, and toward which the Cape to Cairo Railway is making rapid progress.

From the beginning the work has been done rapidly and energetically. Enormous difficulties stood in the way and were overcome. Forests had to be hewn through. No authentic maps showing the lay of the land were in existence. Here nature reigned in her most uncurbed moods, and the instruments which the white men had to overcome her with were, in many cases, almost equally uncurbed black men. A wide strip of forest had to be cleared because of the necessity of securing the track against the danger of falling timber. Fortunately, the grading of the road-bed was a matter of comparative simplicity, as the land is alluvial and there is an entire absence of rock.

Getting to the "Front."

Twelve bridges of wood were erected to allow the rapid transportation of material, so as not to interfere with the advance of the road, but these could not be made permanent owing to the climate, and they are being replaced by steel ones. Telephonic communication was established between the head of the road and the "front" by stretching a wire on steel rails stuck upright or on trees.

Ties made from the bombali-tree, a wood very much like cedar in color and hardness, could be obtained in plenty from the surrounding forest. Sawmills were erected and lime-kilns put into commission, fed by limestone prospected for and mined in the vicinity.

The whites employed on the roads are mostly Belgians, though there are other European nationalities represented. Most of the black skilled labor came from the West African colonies, where they learned their trade and volunteered for the work. Native policemen are distributed among the workers to keep order, and efficient medical service and sanitary arrangements are installed.

The death-rate has been singularly low considering the conditions and the climate. The men are being rushed to the final strip of road as fast as they can be spared from the completed strip, and it is estimated that about five thousand will be employed on this last link. The cost of the road is about two and a quarter million dollars.

QUICKSANDS

BY GEORGE CARLING.

Cartwright's Difficulty in Finding Where He Stood With His Company and His Sweetheart.

JOY, fierce joy, was in Cartwright's heart as he read over the letter he had just written. It was to the general manager of the Grayson-Morrow Electric Company and embodied his resignation from their staff of engineers.

Incidentally, it contained some information which Cartwright thought would be wholesome, and some opinions be frowned upon, but which, if eliminated, would blot out all the keenness of his delight at the opportunity of expressing them.

He read the letter again carefully, noting with satisfaction that there was nothing of discourtesy in it. It was a frank and manly statement of the manner in which he had been treated by his department chief, and it put in unmistakable terms his determination to work no longer under the existing conditions.

Once before he had sent in his resignation. That was three years previously, when an advance of salary which had been promised him, and which he knew he had fairly earned, was delayed for over a year. The excuses made by Bolder, his department chief, were flimsy in the extreme. It was Bolder's policy to strengthen his own position by attempts at record-breaking cheapness of operation, and although Cartwright's threatened resignation brought the advance of salary at once, it did not remove his rankling disgust at a policy which used for its method coldness and utter lack of any expressed appreciation of good work.

If Bolder could by any means cause his subordinates to feel a small, doubting opinion of themselves, he used those means systematically. Cartwright had a large capacity for work, and good work at that. Some of the largest of the great construction operations of his company had been entrusted to him, and although he had met many difficulties, and met them with a success which his forceful domination insured, he had never yet heard any expression of approval.

Bolder's recent treatment of him had been flagrantly unfair. The position of one of the district managers had become vacant. This was undoubtedly, in the regular line of promotion by seniority and by a record of good, clean work, Cartwright's job. Instead, it had been that day announced that Semperly was appointed.

Semperly! with but three years' experience against Cartwright's eight. Semperly! who, although a good fellow and no fool, had shown no particular brilliancy in the work. Semperly! who was (and this was the true reason) a nephew of the brother-in-law of the wife of Bolder!

Cartwright was wild with rage and disgust. He knew that an appeal to the general manager would bring him no satisfaction. That gentleman was fond of talking about his continual watchfulness for good men and of the certainty of advancement for such men, yet he closed his eyes to the almost universal nepotism and favoritism exercised by his department chiefs.

So the resignation had been written, and Cartwright now gazed at the sealed envelope with immense satisfaction.

But there was something else—something which told him that the frigid Bolder and Semperly and the great

Company had after all but little to do with his present weariness, with the intense, obtrusive longing which was making his heart sore. Without these feelings he could possibly have held his own and fought his way through professional discouragement. But against a force which instantly disarmed him with a rippling laugh, a radiance of eyes and speech, a torture of enticing, elusive loveliness, he was powerless.

So now it was really with a feeling of relief that he strolled around to call on Her, to tell her that he was going away, that his life of longing and uncertainty, of a tantalizing hope of possession which continually eluded him, had become unbearable.

She was sitting in the garden. As he walked up the path he met Mr. J. Parker Furbush, who had just left her. A stiff nod was exchanged between that gentleman and himself, then he dropped on the grass near where the girl sat.

"I shouldn't think you'd take much to red hair," he observed, as he gazed after the retreating Furbush.

"Jack! How dare you! It is not red. It's tawny—a beautiful tawny!"

Jack snorted. "And he's smaller than you! Twenty pounds lighter, I guess."

"He isn't! He's whole lots heavier!"

Cartwright laughed, but his eyes were somber with a dull, heavy pain as he looked steadfastly across the little orchard.

"Tell me truly, Jeannie," he said plaintively; "are you going to marry him?"

"You have no right to ask me that, Jack!" Then, as her roguish eyes dropped before the flash in his, she added: "I don't know."

There was silence for some moments. Jack, leaning on his elbow, stared dully into the sky, and the girl's eyes stole curiously around to him. She saw a mass of brown curls, dark-lashed hazel eyes—brooding and dissatisfied—a mouth of eloquent, laughing curves, but now with a curiously pathetic little droop at the corners.

"Jack!"

"Yes?"

"You and I have always been good friends."

"Well?"

"And we've been making fun and flirting and having such splendid good times together—until you——"

"Until I discovered that the fun was all yours, and that my share was only misery."

"And why must it be so, Jack? Why can't we be good comrades, as we have always been?"

"That's what I've been trying to make you understand, Girl!" His voice was fiercely expressive. "How can the heart that's sore and troubled with love and doubt content itself with empty friendship? Even that mayn't last much longer!" and he cast his eyes savagely over the path which Furbush had taken.

"See here, Jack!" She looked into his eyes, but her own fell again instantly. "You must not go on like this. It's not right. Sit up here by me and tell me about your work—about that big new power plant—about anything, except——"

"Except my love for you, you mean!" He said it with a piteous fierceness. "Good Heaven! That shows how little you know about it, how little you understand. And you will not let me teach you. Or perhaps Furbush——"

"Jack!" Her beautiful eyes were flashing now. "I will not hear that! You are unfair—unmanly!"

"Not that, Jeannie!" he pleaded "Not that, you know. But I cannot bear it. I cannot bear to think of you as that man's wife—or any other man's, for the matter of that."

There was another period of silence. Then, in a manner far more tender and subdued than he had yet used, he said:

"We must not quarrel, little girl; you must not be angry with me. I am going away soon."

"Oh, Jack!"

It was a pitiful little cry—a moan, rather. He turned quickly and gazed at her with a startled, longing expectancy, but on the instant her face was again wreathed in smiles.

"We'll have such fun corresponding," she said. "I'm getting awfully rusty on letter-writing—the right kind!"

He turned away, sick at heart, while she plied him with questions as to his plans. He rallied bravely and answered

with some of his old-time raillery, but his eyes were dull and sad, and the queer little droop in the corners of his mouth twitched piteously now and then.

"I guess I'll be going now," he said, after he had told what little of his affairs he thought would interest her.

"You—you'll be here to say good-by before you leave town, Jack?"

"Sure I will! It'll be a month anyhow before I get away."

It was three miles to the center of the city, where Cartwright had rooms, and he strode along furiously, feeling miserable. Earlier in the evening there had been a ray of hope that the announcement of his leaving Jeannie might awaken some little spark of love, some hope-giving sign of regret. But now he could not but feel that her love was not for him, and the light of his life seemed gone. The future held nothing for him.

In a month his resignation would take effect. After that he would go away. He had no plans, nor had he the heart to plan. The St. Louis Company, the great rival of his own people, had once or twice, in the mysterious, non-committal manner in which great corporations move, intimated to him that a good offer was ready for him at any time when he was ready to consider it. Perhaps he would go to them.

But he knew that he was in a poor mood to put mind and energy into anything. The ambition which makes a future was blotted out by the insistent hopelessness and helplessness of the present.

As he reached the main business street his arm was grasped and a well-known voice rang out cheerily:

"Jack, my boy! What's your hurry?"

"Why!—it's Mr. Gurney!—my old friend Gurney! Thought you were in Colorado!"

"Well, I'm here just now, Jack. Came on to sell some lumber But what's the matter? You're in trouble about something."

"No—not exactly. I've been working pretty hard, lately, and I suppose I'm a little run down." But the smile which accompanied the words was on the mouth rather than in the eyes

Gurney glanced at him anxiously.

"I don't like your looks, my lad! I'm going back in a week; take a vacation and come with me. We'll go over the old ground again and get some game. I'm needing a little bracer myself!"

Jack shook his head. "Can't possibly do that, Gurney, but perhaps," he continued slowly—"perhaps I can come out there in a month. I think I can."

"Well, let's go around to the hotel, Jack, and have a smoke. It's early yet."

"I was going to look you up in the morning, my boy," continued the old gentleman when they were comfortably seated with cigars and a cool-looking bottle before them. "I think I've something kinder interesting to tell you.

"I was over at Sequine Lake the other day, where that new power plant is to be built, you know. I haven't been in that part of Colorado for over twenty years.

"I was up there last month," said Cartwright. "Our company is figuring on the construction."

"So I heard, Jack. That's going to be an almighty big dam. I saw the stakes set for it. It'll run straight across from one of those big posts to the other, eh?"

"Yes."

Gurney rapped the ash from his cigar thoughtfully.

"Whoever builds that dam, Jack, will run across trouble that they don't expect, I guess."

Cartwright's thoughts had wandered back to the girl. He answered absently, "Eh?"

"Quicksands, my boy!"

Jeannie was forgotten instantly. Nothing is more dreaded by the engineer than the treacherous quicksand. Nothing in excavating operations swallows up wealth and brings grim bankruptcy to the front more surely than that ever-shifting, unstable, but fair-looking surface.

Cartwright looked at Gurney with dismay. "Good Heavens, Gurney! What do you mean? How can you know?"

"I'll tell you the story," said the old man grimly. "It was back in the seventies, pretty nearly thirty years ago, when I was freighting through that country. Settlers were scarcer than hen's teeth, but supplies had to be hauled over to Sutton's Creek, where there was a mining camp, and there was good money in it.

"We used to ford the Sequine River about three miles below the lake. Late one summer the upper creek had pretty near dried up, and the lake was so low that some light teams had crossed at the lower end just where that dam is staked out. You see, it saved pretty near five miles on the haul.

"I came down there one day with my team and a load of flour. I hadn't crossed there before, but, as I said, some light teams had, and it looked all right. There was a lot of sedge-grass on top, and gravel underneath, as it seemed, anyway, I started over. About forty rods from the east bank, right where that great boulder juts out, the horses sank in. I roused 'em all I could, but it wasn't any use. They floundered on for a dozen feet and then stuck.

"Three hours afterward, my boy, those horses and the wagon were down out of sight. They're down there yet, God knows how far. I was alone and helpless. Had to jump from the tail of the wagon and scramble back to save my own life. 'Tain't any dream, Jack. Every time I think of it I hear the screams of those poor brutes as they sank lower and lower. Ever hear a horse scream, Jack?"

Cartwright looked at him in horror. "Yes, once," he replied slowly. "Are you sure, Gurney, that you crossed just at the line of those stakes?"

"Certain! There's the big boulder at one end and a great four-foot butternut at the other. They're there now, and they were there then!"

Cartwright nodded. He remembered the landmarks well. Soon after, with a promise to dine with Gurney next day, he left.

He wanted to get away and think it all over. The heated room and the gruesomeness of the old lumberman's story stifled him, while the stupendous importance of it all surged through his brain and caused a feverish unrest. Outside, in the clear freshness of the September night, he came to realize all that this discovery meant to him. The full force of the irony of the situation came upon him.

The opportunity of revenge for the disappointments and broken faith which he had suffered stood out in tempting clearness. No contract had yet been made for the construction and equipment of the great Sequine plant, but he knew well that it would be secured, either by his own company or its bitter rival, the St. Louis concern; and it was with a sense of satisfaction that he now saw his opportunity.

If he gave this story to the St. Louis company they would refrain from bidding, and the contract, with all its hidden and unknown peril and disaster, would go to his own company. He knew that the little outside concerns would not count. They were altogether unable to compete with the vast resources of the two great rivals.

Then it occurred to him that he could make it cut both ways. His warning, of so great value, would of course make him "solid" with the St. Louis company and doubtless assure adequate return in the shape of a good position with them. His company had not kept its promises, had not been loyal to him; why should he be loyal to it?

Somehow, this aspect of loyalty brought a twinge with it. He strode along fiercely through the night, heeding neither distance nor fatigue. He turned his grievances over and over again—the petty meanness of Bolder, the cold indifference of the general manager. But back would come insistently that matter of loyalty, and with it the old pride in his company—in the monuments of its achievements which were to be found in so many great plants of the country.

How often had he felt a glow of satisfaction on presenting his card to great organizers and financiers! How clearly he remembered the thrill of pride and ambition with which he had first scanned the legend at the lower left-hand corner of those cards:

Assistant Engineer, Construction Dept
Grayson-Morrow Electric Co

Then he thought of his associates—good fellows, all of them. Even Semperly wasn't at all bad. What would they think of him? If this story had come to him after his resignation had taken effect he would have been perfectly justified in doing whatever he

pleased with it. But he was still in the company's employ. This warning belonged to them.

And another difficulty confronted him. If his company refrained from bidding on account of this warning, and after all the quicksand story proved to be a mistake, his career, he knew, would be ended, and ended most ignobly. There was no time to investigate the matter. The bids would be closed within four or five days.

The decision to bid or not must be made solely upon his information, and in case of a mistake no rectitude of motive on his part would be considered by his chiefs. They would give him no credit for commendable caution—of that he was sure. Instead, he would be made the scapegoat of the whole miserable affair. He would receive the scathing sarcasm of his superiors and the galling ridicule of his fellow engineers.

Of course, he ran the same risk if he elected to follow his first impulse of revenge and notified the St. Louis people. The same miserable ending might occur. Altogether, as he thought more and more deeply the matter became more and more involved. The lines were crossed and recrossed, and, as he said bitterly to himself, "there were short circuits everywhere!"

But presently the troubled lines on his face smoothed out and the clear light of decision came into his eyes. He looked around him, and saw, with surprise, that he was miles away from home. But he boarded an early morning market car and within the hour was writing a letter to the St. Louis company, informing them fully of the possible trouble they might meet with at Sequine Lake. Then he flung himself on a lounge and got a couple of hours' sleep.

He made three attempts that morning before he could secure an interview with Mr. Houghton, his general manager. That gentleman had just read Cartwright's letter of resignation, and he exhibited no little impatience when that gentleman told him that he had a somewhat interesting matter to communicate.

"I am altogether too busy to bother with details!" he said bruskly. "Can you not lay this before your chief—Mr. Bolder?"

"This is a matter of so much importance, Mr. Houghton, that I must ask you to listen to it," replied Cartwright.

"Well, go ahead!"

Then the engineer told, as briefly as he could, the story which he had heard from Gurney. As he related it the impatient look on the general manager's face gave way to one of cynical doubt.

"And do you mean to say," he asked with a very evident sneer, "that you place any credence in this—er—man Gurney's yarn?"

Cartwright was indignant. "Mr. Houghton," he said firmly, "Mr. Gurney is an old acquaintance and friend of mine. I have implicit confidence in his absolute truthfulness and in his sound common sense and judgment."

"Is this—er—Mr. Gurney in town now?"

"He is, sir."

"Well, suppose you bring him around, Cartwright. I should like to talk with him myself."

"Mr. Gurney is a very busy man," replied Cartwright coldly. "But no doubt I can arrange an interview with him at his hotel, if you wish."

The manager glared at him. For several minutes he chewed his mustache nervously. Then he said:

"Of course, you see the position this puts us into, Cartwright. If we pay attention to this—er—rumor and refrain from bidding, or even add sufficient to our bid to cover any contingent expense, we of course lose the contract. That is sure! And we want this contract! We've got to have it! That plant will be in a section of the country where it is of vital importance to us to get a strong foothold."

"But you don't want to lose on the contract, Mr. Houghton, and perhaps lose a very heavy sum."

"And we don't want those St. Louis fellows to get ahead of us on it, either," retorted the manager savagely.

"I think I have covered that point, Mr. Houghton."

"How?"

"I have already notified them of what they may expect at the lake."

"What! You have notified them of *that?*" His words came explosively, as from a repeating rifle.

"Yes, sir!"

The manager's face darkened with a black scowl.

"I see!" he said. There was a ring of biting sarcasm in his tones. "I received your resignation this morning. Evidently you have some understanding with the St. Louis Electric Company!"

Cartwright's face flushed hotly. "There is nothing of the kind," he asserted. "My reason for notifying them was purely in the interest of this company."

"No doubt!" said the manager coldly.

"When they receive my letter," Cartwright continued, "they will be in precisely the same position that you are in at this moment; and in all probability they will act as I think you will—decline to bid. But if we suggest it they will probably agree to join with us in a request to the Sequine Power Company to extend the time for the opening of the bids long enough to make test-borings up there and see what we're all up against, and I have no doubt the Sequine Power Company will make such extension. It is to their interest to do so. That will put the whole matter back on a sound business basis."

The manager brooded over it for several minutes. Then he said slowly:

"Cartwright, I think that you are right. I shall consult the executive committee about this at once. Keep within call; I may want to see you again."

* * * * *

Four weeks later, Cartwright returned from Colorado. Those weeks had been busy ones for him. He had been entrusted with the delicate mission of getting the cooperation of the St. Louis company and the extension of time from the Sequine company. Both of these objects had been attained.

Then he had taken charge of the test-borings and found that Gurney's statements were absolutely correct, with the result that the site of the great dam was to be relocated.

"Mr. Cartwright," said the manager affably, when he had heard the report, "we intend to establish a branch at Denver, the first of the year, and you may have the position of district manager, if you wish. The salary will be four thousand dollars a year."

Then he hurriedly added, as he saw that Cartwright did not readily respond: "Of course, I shall not ask you to wait for that increase until the new office is ready, Cartwright. It will commence at once."

Still Jack hesitated.

"You have some other offer, I suppose?" observed the manager suavely.

"I'm hardly thinking of that, Mr. Houghton," answered Jack vaguely, "although it is true that the St. Louis people have recently offered me a position. But I—I—cannot give you an answer to this, very well, until to-morrow. I have some other matters to consider, sir; but I will let you know my decision in the morning."

"Very well, Mr. Cartwright," and there was a quizzical smile on the manager's face as Jack left him.

"In the morning, eh!" he soliloquized. "And it is now five o'clock! A decision made in the evening generally means a girl in the case. I guess we'll come out all right."

As he walked over to call on Miss Jeannie, Jack felt in much more buoyant spirits than when he had left her, a month before.

He had been engaged on delicate and absorbing work, which had resulted in highly creditable success, and this success seemed, to his hungry, yearning, hoping heart, a good omen of the success of his love.

Jeannie was expecting him. Never had she looked, in his eyes, so radiantly beautiful, so fair, so sweet, so winsome. And as she stepped forward to greet him, with a wealth of welcome in her eyes, he brushed aside the small extended hand and with sudden, uncontrollable impulse caught her in his arms. Once, twice, three times, he kissed her passionately.

She tore herself away, her eyes blazing.

"How dare you! How dare you, sir!"

Then she dropped into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

"I—I couldn't help it, Jeannie!" muttered Jack helplessly. "Honest, I couldn't! Oh, my girl, my girl! If you only knew—if you only understood—how much I love you, you would not

have one thought of reproof—you could not!"

There was no reply. The beautiful face was still down on the little hands.

"I've never done that before, Jeannie," moaned Jack miserably, "and there's small chance, I guess, that I'll ever do it again. But I've got to know, my darling! One way or the other, I've *got* to know. I cannot go on this way. I cannot! It is killing me! Either I must have your love or I must leave you altogether. You can understand that. Can you not, dearest?"

Still there was no reply.

"You know just how matters are with me, Jeannie," he went on pleadingly. "I have written you all. The company wants me to stay with them. The St. Louis company wants me down there. It all depends upon you. I cannot stay here unless I have you, sweetheart!

"See, here are two letters which I have written to the St. Louis people. One accepts their offer, the other rejects it. Read them, Jeannie, and hand me back the one I must send—but, oh, for God's sake, let it not be the one that sends me away!"

He tossed the letters into her lap and turned away, waiting. The girl glanced shyly up at him. Her cheeks were still flaming, the tendrils of her hair were floating bewitchingly, where, in her sudden burst of surprise and anger, she had thrust her little fingers; yet the eyes were unspeakably tender and loving.

She read the letters through slowly, then she said:

"Jack!"

"Well?"

"Are you not dissatisfied with the Grayson company? Haven't they always treated you shamefully?"

"That is nothing, Jeannie; you must not think of that. You must think of yourself now, dear, yourself and me. Nothing else counts."

She read the letters again. Then, leaning forward, she dropped one into the fire; the other she handed to him.

He grasped it convulsively and gave a hasty glance; then it fluttered from his fingers and he turned away. She had handed him the acceptance—he was dismissed!

But an instant later her arm stole around his neck and her gentle hand clasped his chin and turned his face toward hers.

"Oh, Jack, don't! Don't look so! Look at me, Jack! Why, Jack, dear—you old stupid! Why don't you ask me to go to St. Louis with you?"

A LIVELY LIFE.

Stirring Scenes Through Which Old Jonas Hagar Passed in His Career as Conductor.

FIFTY-SIX years in the employ of various New Jersey railroads was the record of Jonas Hagar, who died recently in New Brunswick, New Jersey, at the age of seventy-seven. His railroading began on the docks of the Camden and Amboy at South Amboy when that railroad had its terminal there. Hagar was then sixteen years old. Soon he jumped to brakeman, and then to conductor, and when the "Johnny Bull" began to run on the Camden and Amboy he was made its conductor. At that time the conductors rode in a little gig or cabin on top of the coaches—a sort of relic of the boxes of the old stage-coaches.

During the Civil War Hagar was in charge of trains carrying Union soldiers to the front, and many times he was compelled to lock a particularly uproarious crowd in the cars to protect himself from their violence.

Just after the close of the war, while in the employ of the New Jersey Railroad—now a part of the Pennsylvania system—Hagar's arm was badly crushed in a wreck. As a partial compensation he was assured that his salary should continue through his life—a promise which was kept to the letter. The road was little the loser, however, as Hagar was in active service down to about four years ago.

MORE RAILROADS WANTED.

So Rapidly Is the Productive Power of the Country Outgrowing the Means of Transporting the Great Staples from Producer to Consumer.

THE United States is face to face with a transportation famine. In spite of the fabulous investments of individuals and of vast corporations, in spite of the fact that railroads are being promoted and built and extended with a rapidity which is nothing less than dazzling, in spite of the fact that the car and locomotive plants are expanding their capacity and working day and night, and that trains are running at the limit of their speed and drawing power, the truth is plain that we are outgrowing, and to all appearances will continue to outgrow, our railroads.

The total ton-mileage of freight traffic has increased in nine years by eighty-five billion tons, or over one hundred per cent, and the passenger mileage by nine billion five hundred million, or seventy five per cent. This is in comparison with a thirty-three per cent increase in the number of locomotives, a forty per cent increase in the number of cars, and a seventeen per cent increase in the track mileage. The railroads of the country are at the present time taxed to their utmost in a futile endeavor to transport the enormous quantities of products, natural and industrial, which the farmers and manufacturers are pouring upon them.

Looking Forward.

What is going to be the result ten years hence? Our present population is eighty-five millions; at the present rate of increase, the population in ten years will be one hundred and five millions. The increase in freight traffic of the past decade has been one hundred per cent, against an average increase in facilities of about thirty per cent, or a proportionate gain of traffic over equipment, in round figures, of sixty per cent.

The wheat production of the country is nine hundred million bushels this year more than the production of 1900, and the average gain in the output of pig iron is nearly one million nine hundred thousand tons per year since that time. Other industries have increased proportionately, especially Portland cement, the manufacture of which has increased by nearly five hundred per cent, while the output of coal has an average increase of twenty-five million tons a year. The cotton crop also has been phenomenal.

The late Edward Atkinson estimated that it would be necessary during the next ten or fifteen years to increase the railroad mileage of the country at the average rate of ten thousand miles a year. This, with all the necessary appendages of stations, terminals, and apparatus would involve an expenditure of about four or five billion dollars.

Roads Swamped With Freight.

However this may be, the congestion increased so much during the months of September and October of 1906 that the railroad companies were face to face with a blockade of their lines. One of the big Eastern companies had at one time orders for four thousand two hundred and thirty-five cars which it could not fill. The Union Pacific on October 26 reported that they had ten thousand cars which they could not move, and the Pennsylvania had to consider the advisability of giving notice that for thirty-six hours it would receive no consignments from the Pittsburgh district.

Indeed, every conceivable device has been adopted to bring in the much-needed cars. Hundreds of men are employed by each company to devote their time exclusively to the work. Notices have been issued, increased demurrages charged, limited numbers of cars supplied to various districts, and all kinds of suggestions made and acted upon, but, in spite of all the clever and gigantic efforts made, the railroads have been left hopelessly in the rear by the vast harvests of nature and of labor.

In a public address last November Mr. J. J. Hill declared that the great need of the future was increased trackage. It is estimated that to care for the business of the country properly an addition of about twenty-five per cent in second, third, or fourth tracks, sidings, and yard tracks is necessary.

Mr. Harahan, newly elected president of the Illinois Central, is of the opinion that more cars and not more tracks are necessary, while still others think improved terminal facilities will solve the problem.

Travels of a Terrier.

BY REMSEN CRAWFORD.

IN a glass cabinet in the museum of the Post-Office Department in Washington there is the stuffed image of an Irish terrier sitting erect in a startlingly lifelike posture. This is the mortal remains of "Owney," the post-office dog. The taxidermist has done his work like a master, and a world of pathetic interest attaches to the little dog sitting, in death, among the paraphernalia of the postal service, which he served in life to the best of his humble canine ability.

Thousands of sightseers in the national capital have seen this curious replica of life, and have wondered what deed of courage or martyrdom it commemorated. The only information imparted by the placard in the case is that "Owney" was the mascot of the railway postal clerks of America. But those few who know his true life-story will tell you of his career from the beginning of his attachment to the post-office in Albany, through his travels all over the Union and to foreign lands, down to his tragic death.

In the case of "Owney," as Mr Crawford shows, the adage "Love me, love my dog," was exemplified and emphasized with a force and point such as has fallen to the lot of few individuals of his race.

"Owney," the Post-Office Dog, Tells How He Traveled in Mail-Cars All Over the United States and as Far Away as China and Japan.

"I'M weary of all this pomp and vain show. I long for my old life on the railroad trains. It's all very nice to be placed on a pedestal like a piece of stone and called a hero and a patriot at the capitol of my country, but it's out of my line. I'm not that kind of a dog.

"Irish terriers know they are not pretty. My hair's too coarse and shaggy and my shape is entirely too irregular for me to pose. Yes, I'm weary of all this glory, and want to go back to the mail-cars again and travel from city to city, from country to country, just like I used to."

It was not Owney himself that said this. The dog has been dead several years. But the spirit that shines from the sepulchral eyes of his statue spoke these words to the sympathetic observer as eloquently and unmistakably as words were ever spoken from the lips of man.

A group of ladies from distant parts of the country and one or two visitors from foreign lands had paused in the museum of the Post-Office Department in Washington before the lifeless body of the celebrated dog.

There seemed to be some sort of communication between the living and the dead, and one of the women actually extended her hand as if to lay it caressingly upon the ungainly head of the terrier. And Owney, too, or perhaps the shade of Owney, seemed to realize that the wayfarers were anxious to hear the story of his extraordinary adventures.

The spirit of the place seemed to en-

circle them, and their quickened sympathies led their imagination until it seemed as if the dog expressed to them his longings, his ideas, and his past achievements.

"How gladly would I throw aside this mantle of glory," he said to them, "and leap from this place of show, back upon the passing mail wagon and start on another long journey in care of the letters of Uncle Sam's people. I would like to take the route to Albany first, just to look in on the boys of the post office there, for that's my home, you know, or at least the place I used to call home.

How Owney Entered the Service.

"Dear me, how I recall now the very first day they ever took me into the Albany post-office. I can't remember much that happened before that time, but I can bring to mind very clearly the day I was playing with a cord that dangled from the truck loaded with mail-bags down there at the station of the New York Central.

"The pouches were awaiting the arrival of a mail train, and I had got lost in some way or other and was amusing myself pulling at that cord of rope when one of the mail-drivers came along and began to play with me.

"I don't know, but somehow it seems to me that my owner had taken me off the last train bound for New York and had forgotten me in his haste to catch the train, after walking about the station. I have a faint idea that he had traveled with me a long distance and was taking me to his home in New York.

"Anyhow, seeing that I was left there like a waif, I was glad enough to be picked up by the mail driver. He took me to the Albany post office and placed me on some empty mail bags down in the basement. He brought some milk and soft bread and I ate greedily, for I was hungry. Somehow I felt at home from the very outset.

"Those mail-clerks, busy as they were, distributing letters and papers, all found time to give me a stroke while passing the corner allotted to me, and I saw right off that they were all good fellows—just the kind of men a dog likes.

"Did you ever see a dog that didn't like a good fellow? That is particularly true of Irish dogs. Take an Irish setter. He'll tramp all day with a crack shot who's a jolly good chap, and come home at night all tired out and curl up under the table where he can hear the rattle of the poker chips, and likes it all the better because the game is going on.

"Now, with us smaller Irish dogs it's pretty much the same. We don't hunt much. That wasn't what we were made for. We were made for body-guards, and many's the time my ancestors have laid down and died over the dead bodies of their masters and friends, because they wouldn't desert them in wilderness or storm.

"It wasn't long before I was grown large enough to realize that these men in the post-office were doing something very important. I saw by the strict attention they paid to the letters and papers and parcels that these things were of great value. It came to me that these locked mail bags were treasures belonging to somebody.

Makes Himself a Postal-Guard.

"Of course, I was too young in those days to learn that they really belonged to the government. I simply thought they belonged to Jim, the mail driver, who took them, and often took me, in the wagon to the post office. But, anyhow, I grew up with a thorough understanding that nobody must touch those pouches after they left the post-office except Jim, and I naturally made up my mind, as any Irish terrier would, that nobody else should ever lay hand on them except over my dead body.

"One of your children in growing up has to be taught the duties of life that are laid before it in whatever environment its lot may be cast, but it's different with a puppy. I naturally fell into my job. I saw that those mail-bags had to be watched, and it was quite clear to me, even at that early age, that if I had any duty in life, it was to guard the mail, to sound alarm by barking whenever any person approached the wagon or the truck on which the parcels were taken to and from the trains.

"It was in the discharge of my duty

as I saw it that one day I got fastened in a railway mail-car just as it was leaving the Albany station and went out on my first trip with the railway postal-clerks. Jim, the driver of our wagon, had tossed all the mail in the car and had gone in the restaurant to get a piece of pie

"Not knowing that there was anybody in the car to take care of the mail, I leaped in upon the pouches, determined to stay there until Jim came back. I faced about to watch any meddler who might approach, and in this way didn't notice the railway postal-clerk at work in the far end of the car.

"All of a sudden the train started and I was in a dilemma. I might have jumped out of the car, but I was determined to stand by those mail bags no matter what turned up. Finally the door slammed and I found myself face to face with the railway postal-clerk

Owney Makes New Friends.

"I saw at a glance this chap was on the square. He was a tall, handsome fellow with a black mustache, and wore his cap on the back of his head while he was at work. He seemed to be as busy as the billy goat when the bees got after him, but when he saw me crouching there on those bags, a look of astonishment came over his face, which broke into a broad grin, and he laid his hands on me, and said:

"'Well, upon my soul, Owney, how in the devil did you ever get into this car?'

"Of course, when he called my name I knew that he was acquainted with me. In fact, he knew all about how I had been raised in the Albany post-office, knew how the boys had first picked me up, how they had all asked time and again, 'Who's your owner?' until I got to thinking my name was 'Owney,' and how, when they found I answered to that sound, they called me by the name.

"He knew all about me, and I felt perfectly safe in his hands, for I knew I would get back some day to see Jim and Tom and all the other fellows in the Albany post-office. The only thing that worried me was the thought that Jim might miss me and might need me.

"The thought that some of his mail-bags might go astray in my absence tormented me so when I tried to sleep that I just lay there and whined aloud. But after passing each station the railway postal-clerk would come over and give me a pat and say a kind word or two, and I soon quit worrying.

"The man fed me out of his own lunch-basket and gave me water to drink, and when night came he fixed a bed for me of empty mail-bags, so I began to feel quite at home in the mail-car. At one station the fireman and engineer came around and shook hands with me, and the conductor and trainmen were careful to see that I didn't get left at any station when they once got acquainted with me This was all quite unnecessary. I wonder if they thought I would ever desert those mail bags!

"I think I went as far as Buffalo, or it may have been some other town, on that first trip. Anyhow, the clerk took me back with him, and I was glad to get home with the Albany fellows again. They were rejoiced at seeing me alive. They all knew I hadn't gone off on my own hook, for no Irish terrier was ever a deserter.

"Jim just smiled all over himself with joy at seeing me bounce off the train at Albany. But I enjoyed that trip. It had a kind of fascination for me, riding on the rail and guarding the mail while passing stations. Naturally enough, I had learned by this time that I was safe in this world wherever there was a mail-pouch.

Leaps Into Prominence.

"Somehow, it leaked out that I had been off on a trip, and several reporters for the Albany papers came down to the post-office that afternoon to see me. They wrote all sorts of stuff they didn't know about my travels, and soon I became a well known character on the streets of Albany.

"Somebody said the story got out in the Associated Press that a dog had performed a wonderful feat in 'following a mail-bag across the country,' and I believe it, for after that first trip I found that the whole world seemed to know me wherever I traveled.

"Well, I stayed around home for about a month, until one day I was perched on a truck load of mail at the station when that same postal-clerk looked out of a car.

"'Well, Owney, are you ready for another trip?'

"Somehow, an irrepressible desire came over me to see more of the life they lead on the railroad trains, and just as the train was pulling out I leaped into the car. Of course, I thought we would make the same kind of a trip, but when we got to Buffalo that clerk put a tag on me and handed me over to another clerk, and told him to take me along and pass me around for a long run over the continent.

"Whenever they changed routes, I was passed from one railway mail-clerk to another with a tag to show the transfer. I noticed that each clerk took a receipt from the next one to show that I had been delivered just as they do in the case of a registered package, so I felt safe.

"I knew that it was no wild goose chase I was on, but that I was being sent around to get acquainted with the men who keep track of the mails in transit. Anyhow, as long as I stuck to those musty-smelling mail bags I knew I was in the hands of my friends.

His First Trip to Chicago.

"We arrived in Chicago just as it was growing dark, and I saw the mail-wagons all lined up at the station. I started right off to get aboard one of them, for I felt that that was my place. The railway-clerk tried to take me home with him, but I didn't want to go, and before he could catch me I had bounced upon the nearest wagon. Then he took a receipt for me from the driver, and I knew that I was still being cared for all right.

"I slept in the Chicago post-office that night. Many of the clerks came around and examined the tags on me which the other fellows had fastened there. It seemed to me that they were keeping a record of my travels, and this proved to be correct, for the next morning I was stamped with the Chicago date-stamp and turned over to another postal-clerk.

"They put me on a train going west, and I had a long trip away out to San Francisco, always staying in the mail-car and going to the post-offices of certain towns and cities when they decided to let me have a night's rest from travel. Wherever I went I never lost sight of the mail-bags. I couldn't lie down in peace unless it was on a mail-bag.

"On the return trip I came around by the Southern Pacific and saw such towns as Houston, New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Atlanta, Charlotte, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. When I got back to Albany I had a great bundle of stamped tags on me showing where I had been. All the way around the continent I was treated like a prince by those railway mail-clerk friends of mine.

"Was I glad to get back home in Albany? Well, you can put your last dollar on it. And Jim! Why that fellow was the happiest chap I ever saw when he met me at the train.

"Meantime there had been articles in the newspapers about me all over the United States, and the people of Albany passing through the streets all stopped and gazed at me as I barked my satisfaction and joy at once more riding up the hill from the railroad station.

"Naturally I felt proud of having made such a long trip, just me, a plain dog. Jim took all the tags off me, and there were many reporters down there that day to get the story from those records.

"I stayed at home several months then, riding back and forth between the post office and the trains with Jim. Finally they started me off again with a tag which told who I was and called upon all the post office people wherever I went to treat me nice and pass me along from one to the other. I was glad enough to undertake this trip, for I knew they were going to make a record tour of it—that is, from a dog's standpoint.

Out For a World's Record.

"Sure enough. I went up on the Adirondack express and landed in Montreal. I had never been in Canada before, but I didn't feel a bit of a stranger so long as I was with the mail bags and

in the hands of the post-office people. They had all heard of me before I got there, and they were equally anxious to give me godspeed across their own country

"I went away out West somewhere, and finally landed back down in this country around Seattle, and then went to San Francisco again. They bundled me up for a trip back by way of St. Louis. There they sent me down to Mexico. The postmaster of the City of Mexico was deeply interested in me and put a tag on me written by himself.

"By this time I was all covered with tags again. I was sent back to St Louis, and then came across by Louisville, Kentucky, and once more to Washington. I had then traveled in two foreign countries, Canada and Mexico, and had gone through the heart of my own country.

Introduced in Washington.

"Some of the boys took me up to the Capitol and I was introduced to many United States Senators and Congressmen, and they also took me into the private office of Postmaster-General Wanamaker. He took me on his knee and, I suppose, tried to tell me that he was the boss of all the mail-clerks throughout the land, but I didn't know any better than to think he was just one of the boys.

"He sent out and had a fine set of harness made for me with rings all over it so that I could more conveniently carry the tags that had been tied to me in my travels. I had so many of them dangling about my body I felt like a sheep must feel with a heavy coating of wool on its back. Then they sent me back to Albany.

"They were then beginning to call me 'the railroad dog,' and 'the tramp dog,' and 'the globe-trotting terrier,' and all sorts of names, but I still felt that I belonged to the man that owned the mail-bags, whoever he might be. Of course, I was written up again. In fact by this time I had been written up so often and in so many towns and cities in the United States, Mexico, and Canada, that I was about the best known dog in the world.

"It wasn't long before they started me off again. This time I had on Mr. Wanamaker's harness and could hold more tags than ever. I went straight through to San Francisco. You can imagine my surprise when they put me in a wagon loaded with mail and ran me down beside a steamer that was about to set sail for China and Japan

"Did I mind it? Why, no, I was glad of the opportunity of traveling over the seas to other worlds, although I felt safer and more at home on the railroad trains. But so long as I was with the mail I knew I was safe. Besides, the men on the steamer took me in with as much kindness as the boys had done on the mail-cars, so I knew it would be all right.

"I had felt in all my travels that I was being sent around to guard the mail. I had never thought for an instant that I was taking a pleasure trip. I was determined to go where duty called me, and in fact I felt proud of the fact that they thought me so important in the service as to give me such a long watch. There are not many dogs in the world that get sent on so long a mission

"Well, we steamed out of San Francisco, and headed for Honolulu. My, what a long journey it seemed! Hawaii is a pretty country rising up out of the ocean, and may be you think I wasn't glad to see the land again. I had slept on the mail-bags all the way over and was glad enough when one of the clerks took me to the post-office in Honolulu and introduced me to the postmaster.

"The papers there had notices about my arrival, and there were many ladies down at the pier to see me off. They clamored about me to read what was written and stamped on the tags I carried in the harness Mr. Wanamaker had given me

"From Honolulu we went to Japan and China. I'll never forget the attentions shown me in Japan. The Mikado gave orders for me to be sent to the palace, and he took me on his knee and seemed glad to meet a dog that had traveled over the world as I had done He had a gold medal made and fastened to my harness with the coat of arms of Japan on one side and a dedication inscribed on the other.

"I never left the presence of the mail men in Japan, for I felt that I belonged

to them and was at home with them, no matter whether they were Americans or Japanese.

"On my return to this country I was sent back to Albany, which I still called my home. I had come to be regarded as the United States's own dog by this time, having been received in the palace of a foreign ruler and been showered with attentions in all the foreign countries I entered.

End of Owney's Globe-Trotting.

"Yes, I took many trips after that, but they were in the United States and Canada for the most part. I had caught the traveling fever, and would often say good-by to Jim down there at the railroad station in Albany and go off with the boys on the mail cars. It was on one of these trips that I met the untimely fate that finds me here as a statue to-day.

"I reached Toledo, Ohio, one evening, and decided to spend the night with the fellows in the post-office. They all knew me, for I still had tags on me, picked up here and there after leaving Albany. Next morning one of the newspapers in Toledo sent a reporter and a photographer down to the post-office to write me up and take my picture.

"They were getting ready to take the picture, when I objected to such notoriety. I was tired of it. One of the clerks grabbed me and was holding me for the picture against my will, when I snapped at him. They all thought I had hydrophobia, and sent out for a big, burly policeman, who shot me to death then and there.

"It was a woful mistake. I know the boys at Albany must have felt sad when they heard of it. The fact that they have stuffed my ugly old hair and hide and placed me here at the nation's Capitol is proof enough that the boys on the railroad trains grieved over my death, and that the great officials of the government regarded me at least as a faithful dog and a true patriot."

WAIT TILL TO-MORROW.

"Write Your Letter While Angry if You Must, but Don't Mail It Until Next Day."

HANGING on the wall in the office of George W. Martin, general agent of the Rock Island-Frisco lines, is a card on which is printed, according to the Denver *Post*.

"Write Your Letter While Angry, if You Must, but Don't Mail It Until the Next Day."

"That card," said Mr. Martin to some friends, "offers mighty good advice. Every man now and then, I believe, feels that he must write a letter raising the mischief about something. I know I often feel that way. When that feeling comes over one he must get rid of it, and the only way to do so is to write the letter. The writing gets the meanness out of his system.

"Then it is that he'll do well to follow the card's advice and lay the letter aside until the next day. On the morrow he'll read the letter and find it too strong. He'll be mighty glad then that he didn't mail it. But it will have served a good purpose, nevertheless.

"I remember a young fellow who one time wrote a mean letter to his father. He and I worked in the same office. He read me the letter, and I advised him not to send it. He was mad, though, and refused to take the advice. He sealed it, and asked me to mail it for him. I simply dropped it in my pocket and let it stay there until the next day. The following morning he came in the office looking worried.

"'George,' he said, 'I wish I had never written that letter to the old gentleman. It will break his heart. I'd give fifty dollars to get it back.'

"I pitched it out to him. 'There it is,' I said. 'I didn't mail it, because I knew you'd be sorry about it.'

"Well, sir, that fellow actually wanted to pay me fifty dollars for not mailing the letter. That card has some mighty good common sense on it," concluded Mr. Martin.

The Railroad Man's Magazine

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FOR

VOLUME I

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1906

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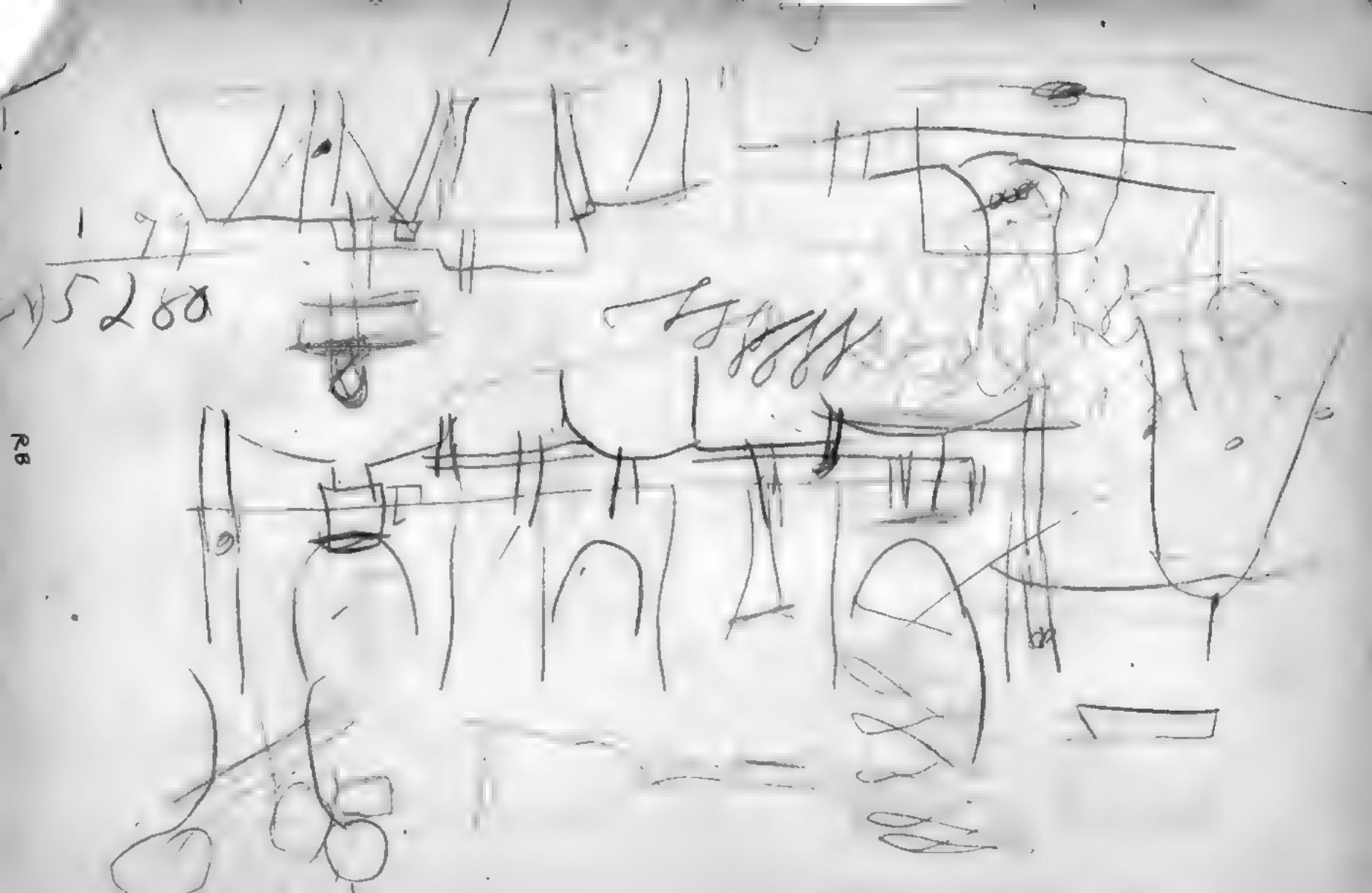

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RE

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